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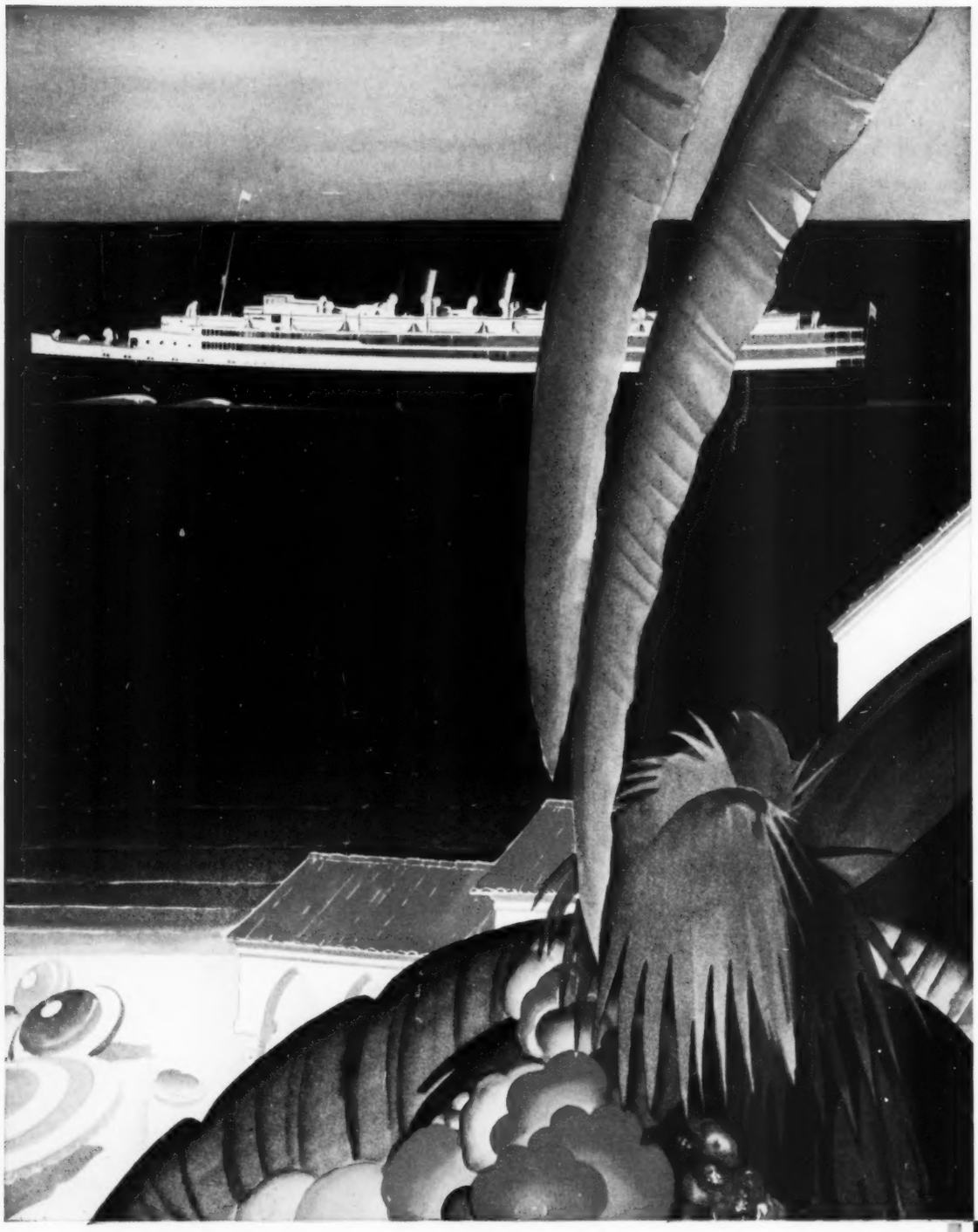

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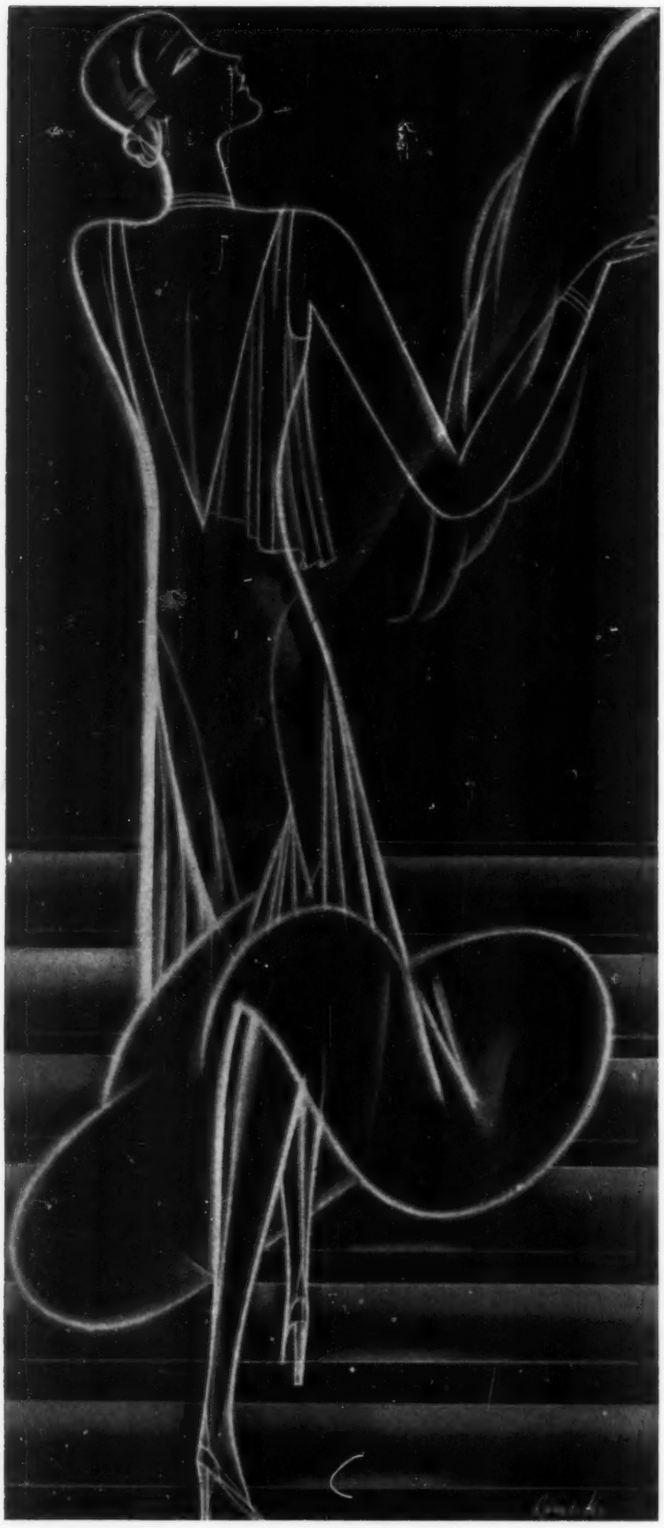

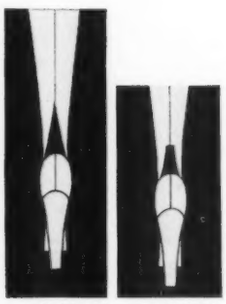

SLIPPER HEEL* SLENDO* HEEL

KAYSER assumes a new importance to the mode, for quality has returned to fashion...only the finest is smart...and Kayser quality is unexcelled. Pure thread silk gives the rare beauty of texture...pure dyes achieve the richness and subtlety of the lovely shades...precise fashioning assures a flawless fit. Styled with two noted heels..."Slipper Heel," pointed to create slender ankle lines..."Slendo" Heel, new, pertly narrow and flattering. Yet, this hosiery is amazingly inexpensive...from $1.35

KAYSER SILK HOSIERY

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You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library

HARPER'S BAZAAR is published monthly at 572 Madison Avenue, New York, by Harper's Bazar, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Yearly subscription price $4.00. Entered as second class matter May 4th, 1901, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

CONTINENTAL BEACH FASHIONS ARE WORN BY THE PALM BEACH "REGULARS"

WORTH made this green silk tricot suit for one of his smartest patrons who wears with it a white coat lined to match, and a little beret. We have copied the ensemble in many new colors. *(Left)* **$49.50**

A typical Cap d'Antibes pajama ensemble of Shantung silk with scarlet trousers and beret, dark blue coat and bag, and yellow jumper. Copied in the original colors and other smart shades. *(Center)* **$39.50**

This smart wool jersey suit, beach coat and beret has new criss-crossings of color. We have copied it in the white, black and jade of the original, as well as in many other new color blendings. *(Right)* **$35.00**

THE BEACH AND BATHING SHOP
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Franklin Simon & Co.
A STORE OF INDIVIDUAL SHOPS
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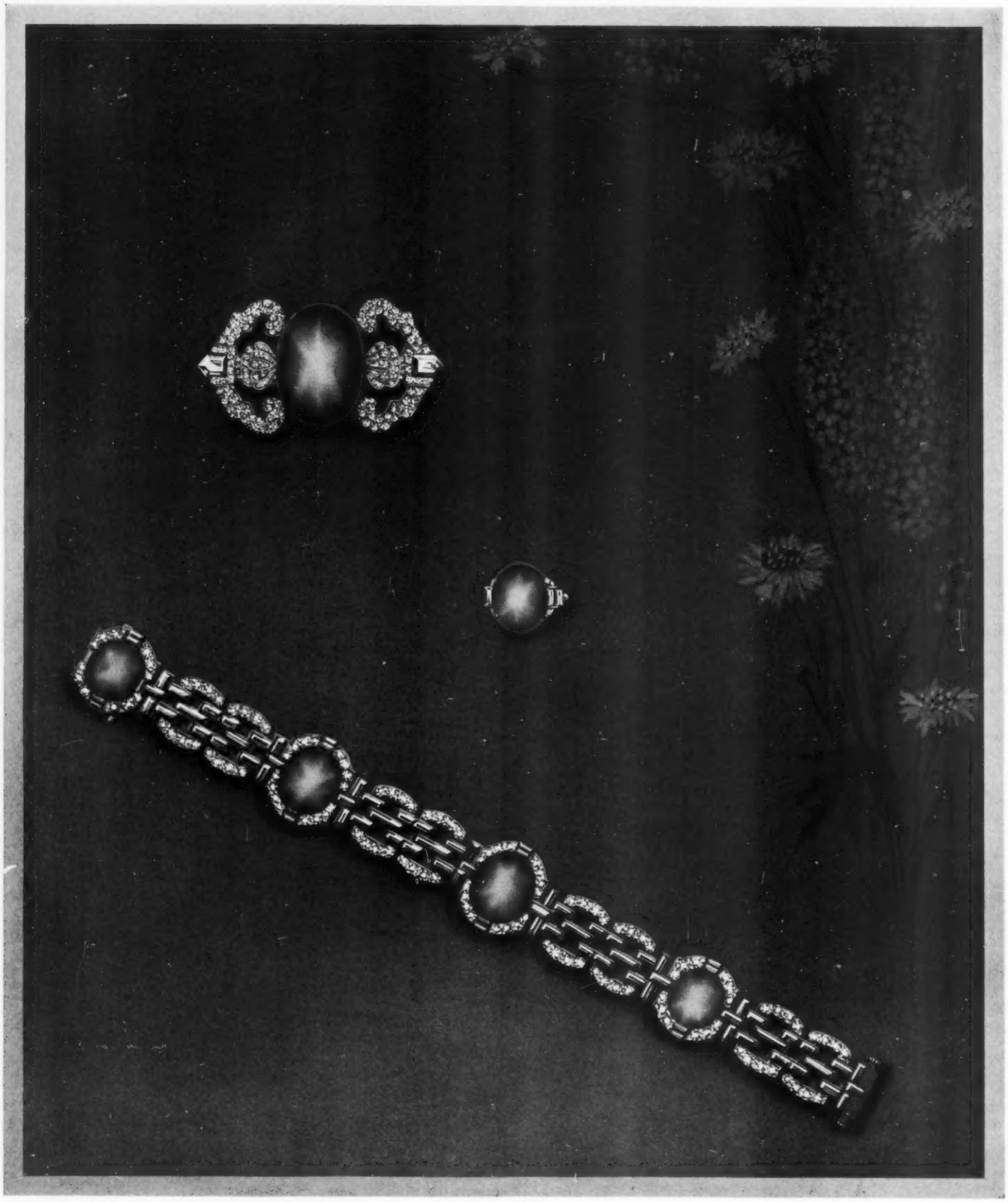

Rare star sapphires of corn-flower blue, fascinating in their ever-changing charm. The pieces illustrated show delightful presentation of these fine gems.

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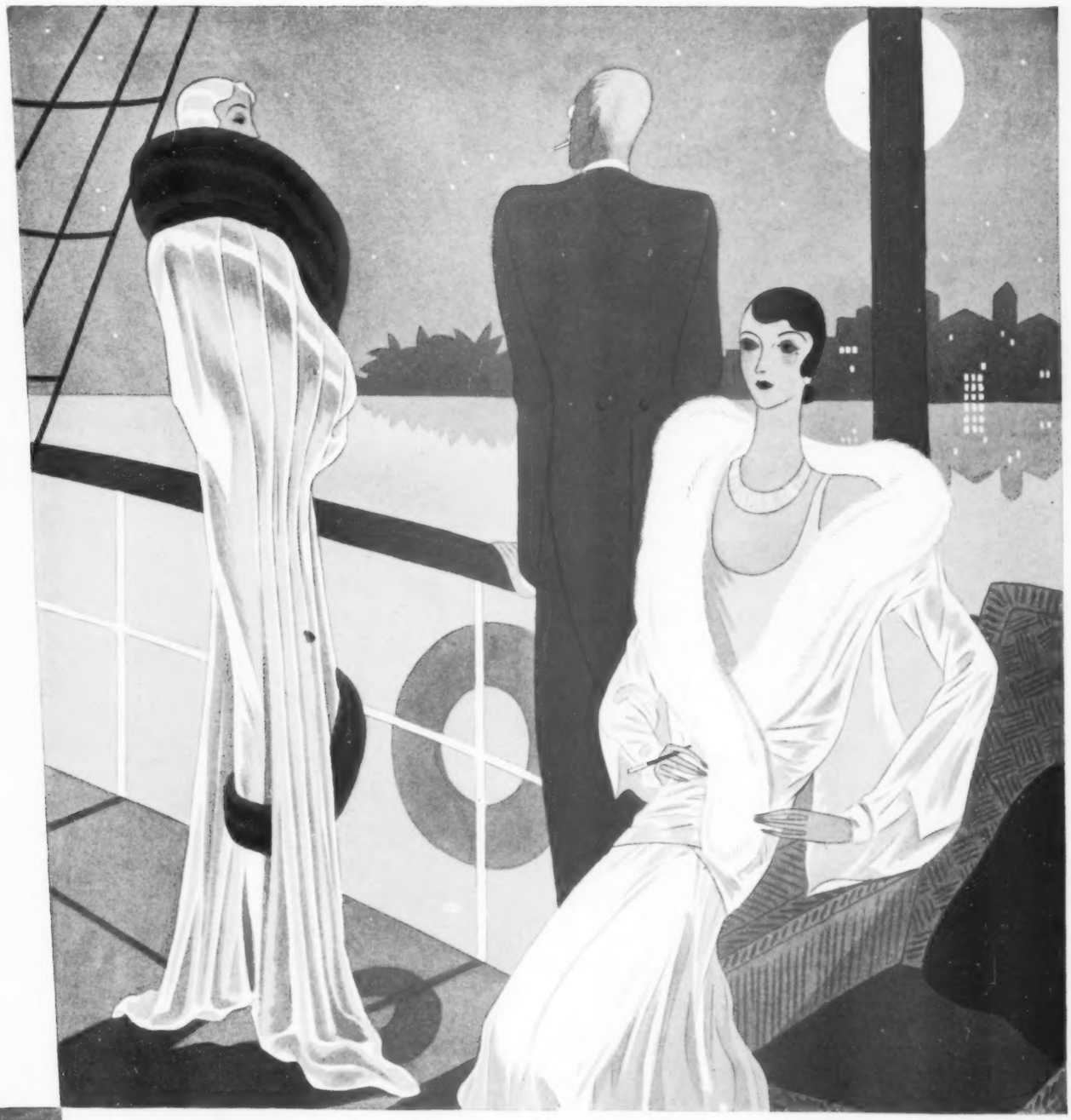

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To a collection widely known for its variety and beauty we are continually adding the individually chic new wrap . . . .

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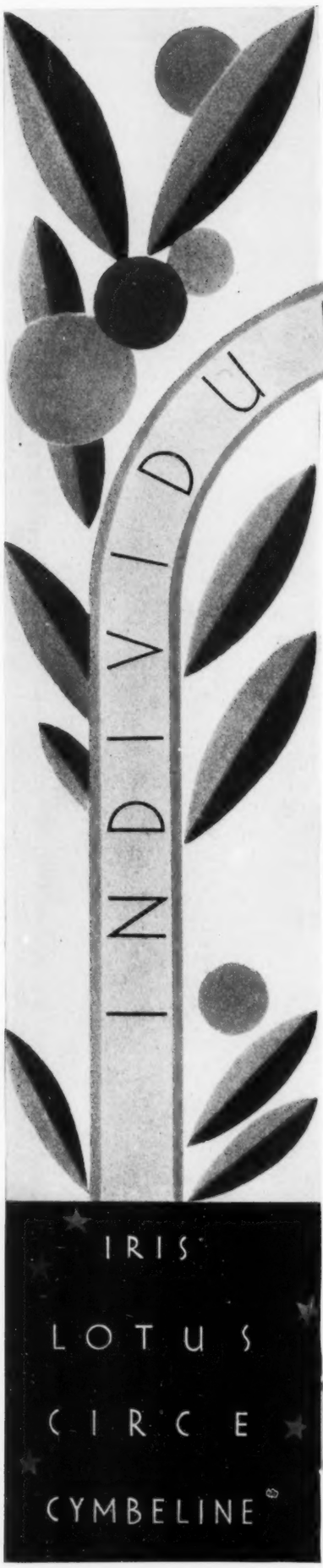

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Palm Beach colors in Gordon Individually-Proportioned*Stockings

INDIVIDUALLY—

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DIANNE
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At the playgrounds of the South —the seal of approval is set upon the new Gordon shades. Subtle . . . shimmering . . . full of character . . . they are. Keyed to the new femininity too — for today, more than ever, stockings must evidence the most fastidious taste. And these do . . . indeed!

For daytime . . . Gordon nominates RACHELLE • CERES • CLAIR TAN LIGHTAN • SPORTAN • DIANNE • FORTUNA and MARRON.

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These . . . you will find NOW in up-to-the-moment Northern shops.

Individually-Proportioned* Stockings are designed for your leg dimensions as well as your footsize. That's why they fit you better, are smarter looking, more comfortable — and wear longer.

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LOTUS
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SOUTHLAND FASHIONS

SEASON 1930

Best's Southland Shop, Second floor, can outfit you before you go, and Best's shop at Palm Beach can serve you while you're there.

The smart young person leads a double life—dressing in carnival spirit for the beach, and in a sweet, pretty, feminine, and almost formal fashion on other occasions.

THESE BEST FASHIONS ARE BOOKED FOR AN IMPORTANT SUCCESS

The Quaint Dotted Swiss Frock.....25.00
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The Antibes One-piece Swimming Suit with no back at all..... 6.50

The Shantung Beach Overall that requires nothing underneath.....12.50

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Best & Co.

Fifth Ave. at 35th St.—N. Y.

Paris Palm Beach London

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THE taunting words of the old song are cruel, but not without truth. A double chin handicaps a woman in the deadliest way of all: it makes her just faintly ridiculous. You can't hide a double chin, nor can you blame it on Fate. It's a sign of your own laziness—and it makes you look stodgy, and middle-aged, and everything no woman wants to be!

How foolish it is to tolerate a drooping underchin! A little daily care will keep your chinline clear-cut, young. Proper treatment will correct the relaxed muscles and flabby tissue that cause a double chin. Don't let two chins develop!

Send for the Dorothy Gray booklet. It describes the treatment for preventing double chin and for correcting it—the simple scientific treatment which has proved so successful in the Dorothy Gray salons. The same Dorothy Gray preparations used in the salons may be had at leading shops everywhere. Thus you can readily follow the authentic Dorothy Gray treatment right in your own home—in just a few minutes a day.

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Fashions for Southern Settings

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Line.....is the most important element in your hat.....and Dunlap is the most important specialist in Line

DUNLAP'S NEW BRIM *Line*

...IT DOESN'T MASK THE EYEBROWS

A new line . . . one that combines the flattering shadow of a brim with the frank, youthful air of an off-the-face hat. To combine the two is ever so new . . and Dunlap, the ablest line-interpreter of them all, has done it in one inspired curve. That the crown, really quite deep, has the fashionable appearance of being shallow..is added proof of the Dunlap genius for line.

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LA RAILLEUSE, a blithe little felt that will break records for speed and fashion quite as nonchalantly on a Westchester boulevard as on a Florida speedway. In colors for either latitude. $15. Other Dunlap hats, $12.50 and up.

At **KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP:** *New York, Chicago, Palm Beach. And other smart shops throughout the country. Executive Offices: Dunlap & Co., 711 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

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At breakfast in an illustrious old plantation mansion on a moss-hung, palmetto-fringed road to New Orleans . . . at luncheon in a spacious, Spanish, flagged patio of Tucson . . . at tea in a wide, white, beautifully built house overlooking the Columbia river drive, west of the west's Portland . . . at dinner in a venerable stone manor on famed Sixteenth Street in Washington, D. C. . . . wherever gracious entertainment is understood and practiced, the magic of exquisite linens is called upon to exert its fullest effect. Exquisite linens . . . from Marshall Field and Company.

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Truly marvelous to behold is Field's extraordinary collection of linens . . . so extensive that its like is not known here or abroad; so exclusive that only at Field's are purchasable many of the world's finest designs and weaves. Heavy, glamorous damasks and fascinating brocades . . . beautiful exotic laces, tracing a delicate, perhaps forgotten motif . . . crisp colored cloths for informal hours . . . the new organdies and voiles . . . There is almost nothing in fine or smart linens that Field's has not secured for you. You are cordially invited to visit the Linen Room when you next come to Chicago.

Marshall Field and company

RETAIL · CHICAGO

LET FRANCES DENNEY LEAD YOU TO LOVELINESS

The entire lifetime of this gracious lady — born to the culture of aristocratic old Philadelphia—has been devoted to the science and art of making women more beautiful.

From her vast knowledge of the skin — gained here and abroad — Miss DENNEY has created preparations that make loveliness easy to win and easy to retain.

Cleansing Cream: Delightfully fragrant. Melts quickly into the pores, gently removes the impurities and leaves the skin exquisitely soft and clean. $1.00, $2.00, $3.50.

Herbal Skin Tonic: Revitalizes the cells, restores active circulation and leaves the skin freshened and invigorated. $1.00, $2.00.

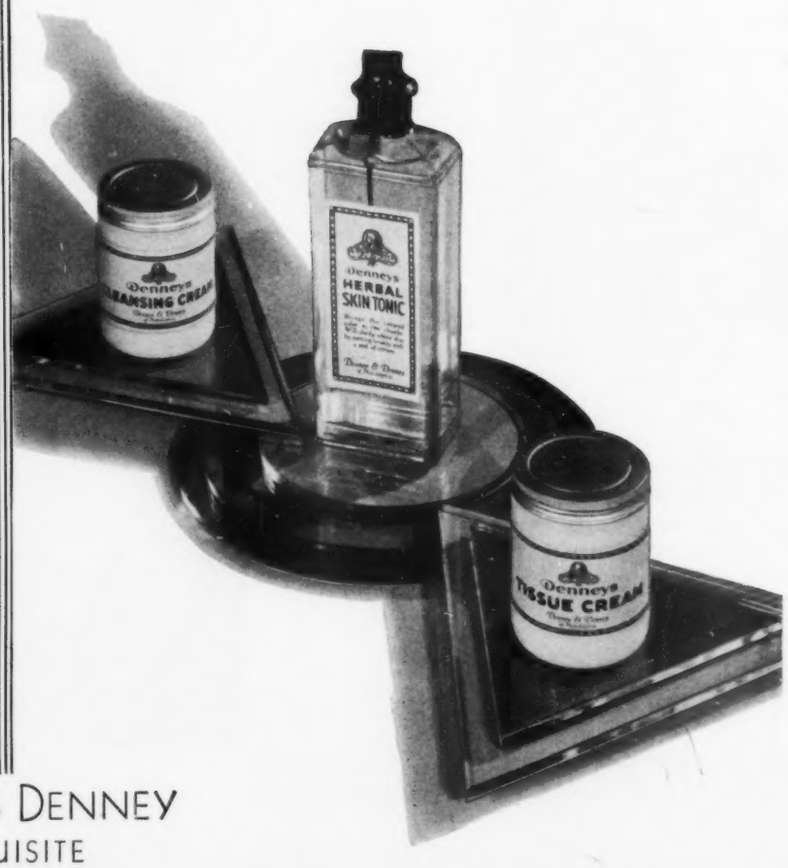
Tissue Cream: A deep tissue builder. It nourishes the tissues and helps wonderfully in restoring the firm, smooth contour of youth. $1.00, $1.75, $4.00.

Anti-Wrinkle Cream: A rich, nourishing cream that erases lines and wrinkles. Wonderful for removing that tired look around the eyes. $1.50, $2.50.

Muscle Oil: A deeply penetrating oil for nourishing dry or wrinkled skin. Also for strengthening relaxed and sagging muscles. $1.00, $2.50, $4.00.

Special Astringent: Recommended for the treatment of sagging muscles, wrinkles and double chin. Leaves a delightful feeling of coolness. $2.00, $3.50, $6.50.

These preparations—used for years by Miss DENNEY in her Philadelphia Salon—are now available through selected stores in each city. A letter to Miss DENNEY in Philadelphia will bring you the name of the store nearest to you.



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EXQUISITE
PREPARATIONS

DENNEY & DENNEY: PHILADELPHIA—NEW YORK—PARIS

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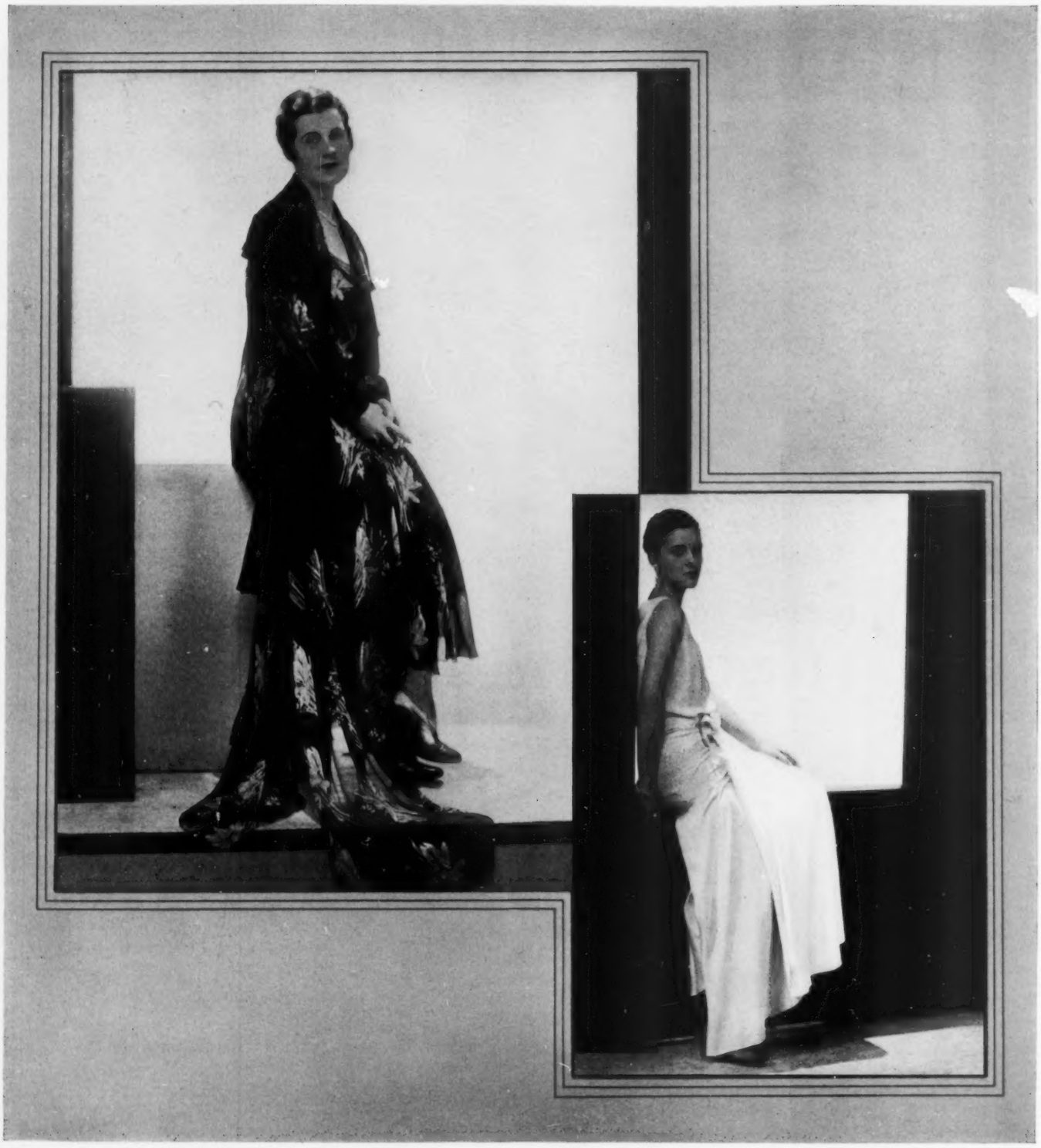
When the strap seems to slide THROUGH *the slipper* . . . *You know it's* NEW!

Besides the novelty of its simulated sliding strap, this slipper has a diplomatic little way of making one's foot seem more petite . . . It's just such artist-inspired ideas as these that lift I. Miller Shoes (and their wearers!) above the usual . . . The first of the many 1930 innovations, designed to make January and every successive month a style event in all I. Miller Shops and Agencies!

Black Kid with Grey Reptile
Brown Kid with Beige Reptile
Green Kid with Green Reptile
Blue Kid with Blue Reptile

SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



Gabor Eder

MRS. Wendell Phillips Barker of New York and Miss Eleanor Barker have chosen for their Southern wardrobe these original Sally Milgrim conceptions. Dignity and charm unite in Mrs. Barker's ensemble of flowered chiffon and velvet, while pale blue, in princess lines, enhances Miss Eleanor's youthful beauty. New presentations of Gowns, Wraps and Suits are now being shown at the Milgrim Salons in Miami Beach, Chicago, Cleveland and at 6 West 57th Street, New York.

MILGRIM

We announce the opening of our New Miami Beach Shop, 738 Lincoln Road, where we will present our original collections for Smart Southern Wear

"When It's Carnival Time In Cuba"

(FEBRUARY 9th TO MARCH 9th)

and at all other times . . .

You will want to visit El Encanto, just as you do the Capitol, "Morro Castle" and the "Casino Nacional", for El Encanto is Cuba's largest and smartest department store—truly Spanish in atmosphere but with a scope in treasures as wide as the world . . . Spanish Linens—Shawls—Antique and novelty jewelry—fans—gowns and millinery from Paris—imports from all over the world!

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A captivating variety of French perfumes very reasonably priced because of lower Customs' duties. Jeanne Lanvin's famous "My Sin" and the newly created "Amour Espagnol" (Spanish Love) are among the favorites, sold exclusively by El Encanto.

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So accomplished are our modistes in the creation of typical Spanish costumes that El Encanto has designed most of the prize winning models of recent years.

Write for our interesting new TOURIST BOOK.

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Branches at the Hotel Sevilla, Hotel Almendares, Hotel Presidente, and also in the city of Camaguey, Cuba

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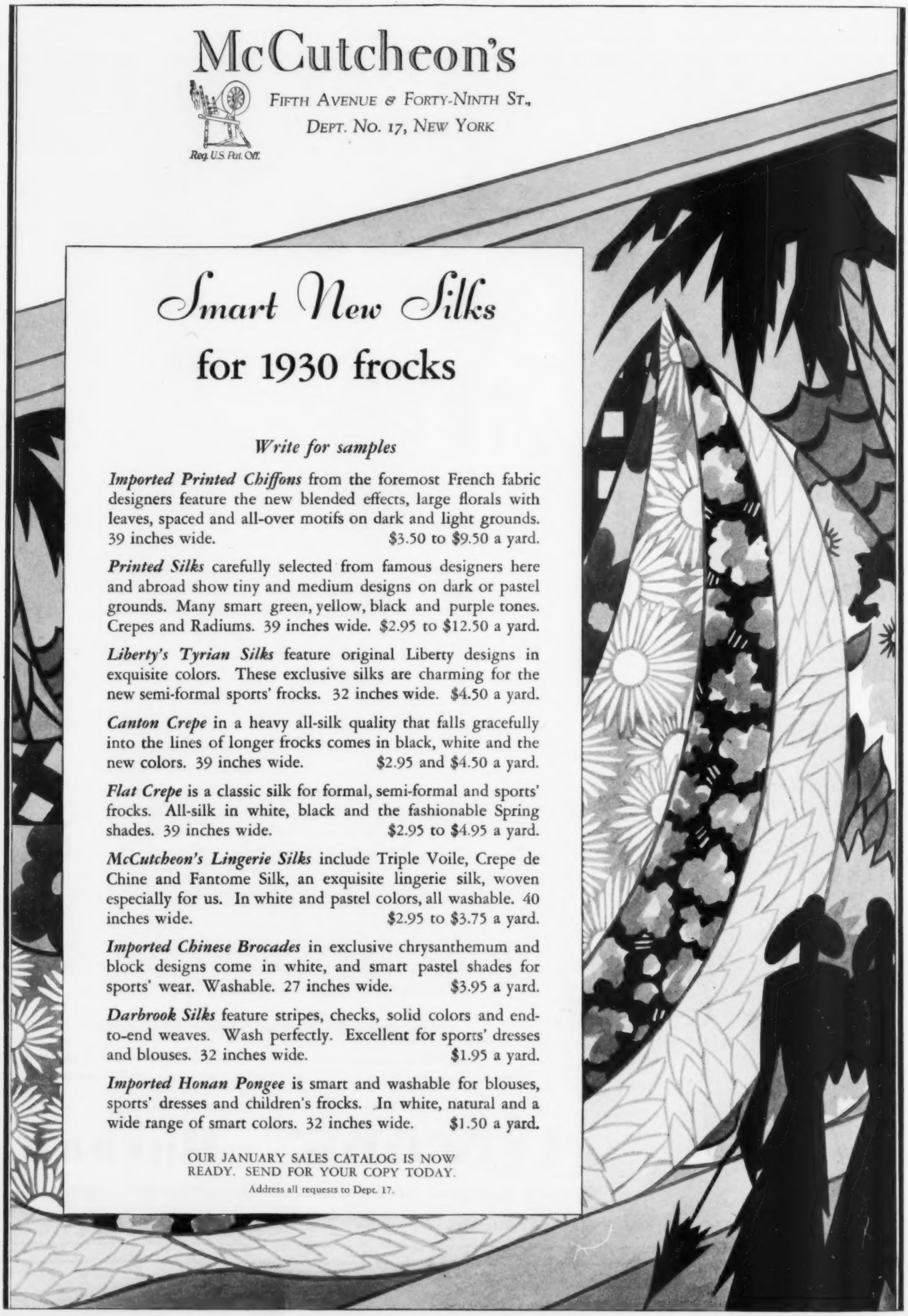

Smart New Silks
for 1930 frocks

Write for samples

Imported Printed Chiffons from the foremost French fabric designers feature the new blended effects, large florals with leaves, spaced and all-over motifs on dark and light grounds. 39 inches wide. $3.50 to $9.50 a yard.

Printed Silks carefully selected from famous designers here and abroad show tiny and medium designs on dark or pastel grounds. Many smart green, yellow, black and purple tones. Crepes and Radiums. 39 inches wide. $2.95 to $12.50 a yard.

Liberty's Tyrian Silks feature original Liberty designs in exquisite colors. These exclusive silks are charming for the new semi-formal sports' frocks. 32 inches wide. $4.50 a yard.

Canton Crepe in a heavy all-silk quality that falls gracefully into the lines of longer frocks comes in black, white and the new colors. 39 inches wide. $2.95 and $4.50 a yard.

Flat Crepe is a classic silk for formal, semi-formal and sports' frocks. All-silk in white, black and the fashionable Spring shades. 39 inches wide. $2.95 to $4.95 a yard.

McCutcheon's Lingerie Silks include Triple Voile, Crepe de Chine and Fantome Silk, an exquisite lingerie silk, woven especially for us. In white and pastel colors, all washable. 40 inches wide. $2.95 to $3.75 a yard.

Imported Chinese Brocades in exclusive chrysanthemum and block designs come in white, and smart pastel shades for sports' wear. Washable. 27 inches wide. $3.95 a yard.

Darbrook Silks feature stripes, checks, solid colors and end-to-end weaves. Wash perfectly. Excellent for sports' dresses and blouses. 32 inches wide. $1.95 a yard.

Imported Honan Pongee is smart and washable for blouses, sports' dresses and children's frocks. In white, natural and a wide range of smart colors. 32 inches wide. $1.50 a yard.

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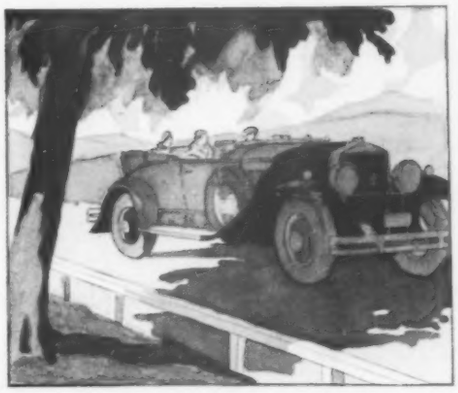
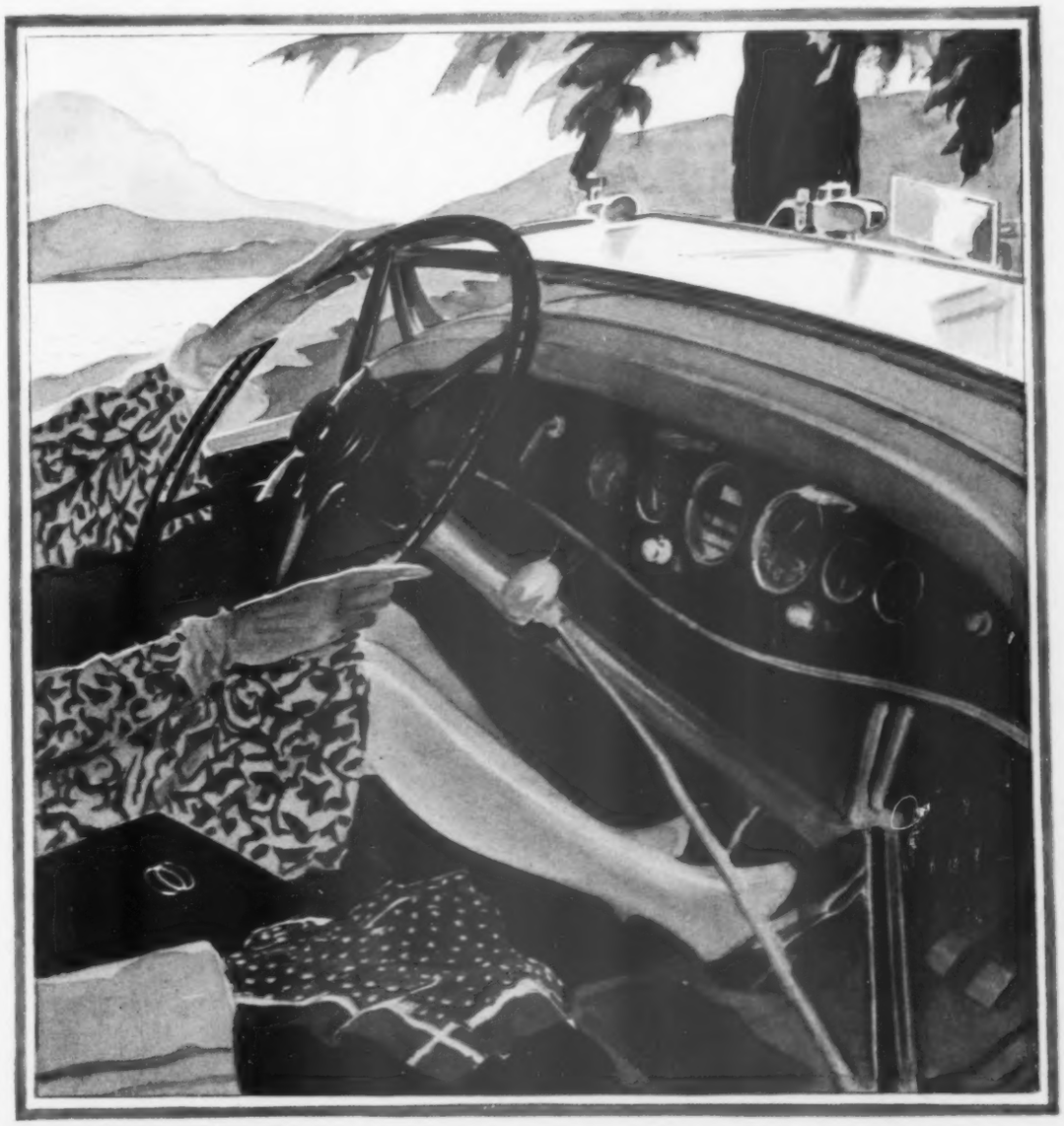
BEAUTY *that endures . .*



cadillac

JUST as the smart, restrained modernism and enduring beauty of Cadillac lines, and the intimate touches of Cadillac interior appointments, cannot be convincingly imitated, neither can its simplicity of control, easy flow of power, and stamina for sustained speed be captured by any other car . . . ¶ If you could peer into the mechanism of these cars, you would see beauty there also—a different kind of beauty—a beauty that grows out of scientific design and ultra-modern engineering developments . . . ¶ It is this beauty that makes it possible for you to guide and maneuver these mighty Eights in traffic congestion as easily as you would a light, inexpensive, less prepossessing car. It is this that makes it possible for you to shift gears *at any speed* (from high to second, if need be) with unbelievable ease, simplicity and confidence. No tugging of the gear-shift; no timing of gears; not the slightest suggestion of clashing . . . ¶ It is this beauty which gives you the most powerful and responsive of brakes—brakes that seldom require adjustment, but which you may simply and quickly adjust on those rare occasions when adjustment is needed. And finally, it is this that gives you the finest type of eight-cylinder performance . . . ¶ If there be a question in your mind as to the exactitude of these statements, ask any Cadillac dealer for a trials car—and convince yourself. Cadillac does not ask you to take anything for granted.



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE SOCIAL CALENDAR

1 9 *January* 3 0

PALM BEACH ~ DINNER AT "WHITEHALL"

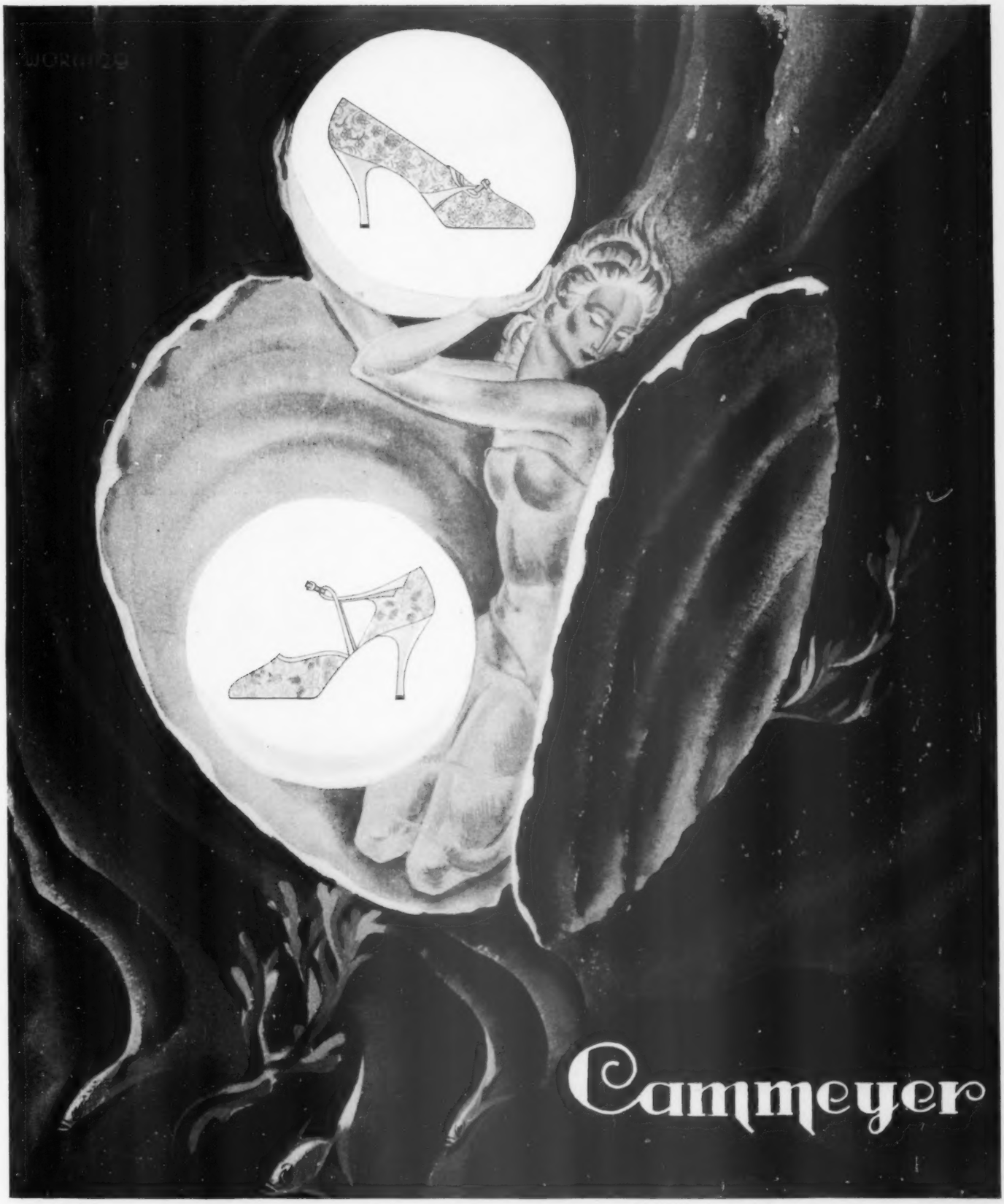
Luminously lovely as Florida's starlit nights—"LA LOIE" Silvel, the DURABLE transparent velvet, makes the perfect wrap accompaniment to the sweeping beauty of new-line evening frocks. This exquisite fabric swathes the figure softly, flatteringly in living color, because of its *all-silk georgette back* . . . Its durability is valiantly meeting the severest of all tests—in hundreds of performances of THE VELVET REVUE now touring the country.

Costumes by KURZMAN

"LA LOIE" SILVEL

THE DURABLE TRANSPARENT VELVET

The Shelton Looms
ONE PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY



PRESENTING FILET D'OR . . .

An exquisite net delicately patterned with pastel shades . . . in Cammeyer's own interpretations for the Southern mode . . . with harmonizing two-tone trimming.

Southern and Midwinter fashions by Cammeyer will be shown in many cities. We shall be pleased to tell you where you can see them and mail you a brochure of new styles.

PALM BEACH SHOP, FASHION BEAUX ARTS BUILDING

SALON de LUXE FIFTH AVENUE at FIFTY THIRD NEW YORK

Palm Beach's newest Fashion Shop . . .

THE FIRST SHOP OF COMPLETE COSTUMES

It's a new idea for Palm Beach . . . this shop of complete costumes. There against a simple Spanish background, complete resort costumes, designed and executed by the foremost New York creators, await you . . . each with its correct and appropriate accessories. From the most inconsequential bit of lingerie to the last clasp of a bracelet on your wrist, you can be outfitted . . . correctly . . . smartly . . . completely at Hatch's.

If you "travel light" to Palm Beach, you will find Fifth Avenue awaiting you at the corner of Sunset and Palm Beach Avenues.

SILKS——by Cheney
featuring the new Staccato prints for beach costumes, the dramatic Spanish prints, their exotic Lazarska prints and the gorgeous floral chiffons.*

SHOES——by Cousins
with new and outstandingly different effects in leather and fabric for your every costume.

STOCKINGS——by Gordon
with the new Individually-Proportioned Service in their famous V-line and Narrow Heel.*

UNDERWEAR—by Gordon
including the adorable Somersets for sports wear and the exquisite Chiffoam** for evening.*

TOILETRIES—by Hudnut
*Compacte and Poudre le Début** and the new Du Barry** preparations and powders in natural skin tones and sun-tan shades.*

JEWELRY——by Napier
translating into delicate formal and spectacular informal modern designs the charm of 1830.

CORSETS——by Redfern
designed to give you the new princess silhouette . . . and sports garments of perfect comfort.

Frocks, coats, millinery, handbags, gloves, bathing suits . . . there's no end to the smartness and newness and completeness you'll find at Hatch's!

Hatch's INC.
the shop of complete costumes

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Inherent quality . . . a finer hosiery fabric . . . give you unexpected wear in Windsor no matter how sheer the number you select . . . You'll find Windsor Hosiery in the full gamut of newest colors . . . in the appropriate weights for street, evening, sports and resort wear . . . at the smarter shops and stores

Windsor

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MODEL FROM JAY-THORPE

At Palm Beach or Lake Placid

THE NEW SPORTS CREATIONS
GIVE FIRST THOUGHT
TO THEIR FASTENINGS

MODEL FROM B. ALTMAN & CO., SPORTS DEPT.

The suit for southern flying, above, is of white chamois and jersey. Both the bloused jacket and trousers are closed with Talon Slide Fasteners.

The five-piece skiing costume, right, is developed in yellow chamois and jersey. Jacket, skirt, and close-fitting trunks are all Talon fastened.

COSTUMES for active sports are twice as smart since they've discovered the new Talon Slide Fastener. Flat and pliable as a tailored seam, it finishes an opening with the trim, smooth suavity demanded of the new fashions. When closed, the sides of the fastener are firmly meshed, leaving no loose edges to gape, no bulky overlapping of material... Talon Slide Fasteners cannot rust—from weather or laundering. They never jam or catch, but slide open or closed at the merest pull... The name Talon or Hookless on the tab insures perfect performance.

TALON

THE ORIGINAL SLIDE FASTENER

The Hookless Fastener Co., Meadville, Pennsylvania

GUERLAIN

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(PRONOUNCED LYOU) A NEW PERFUME

THIRTY DOLLARS

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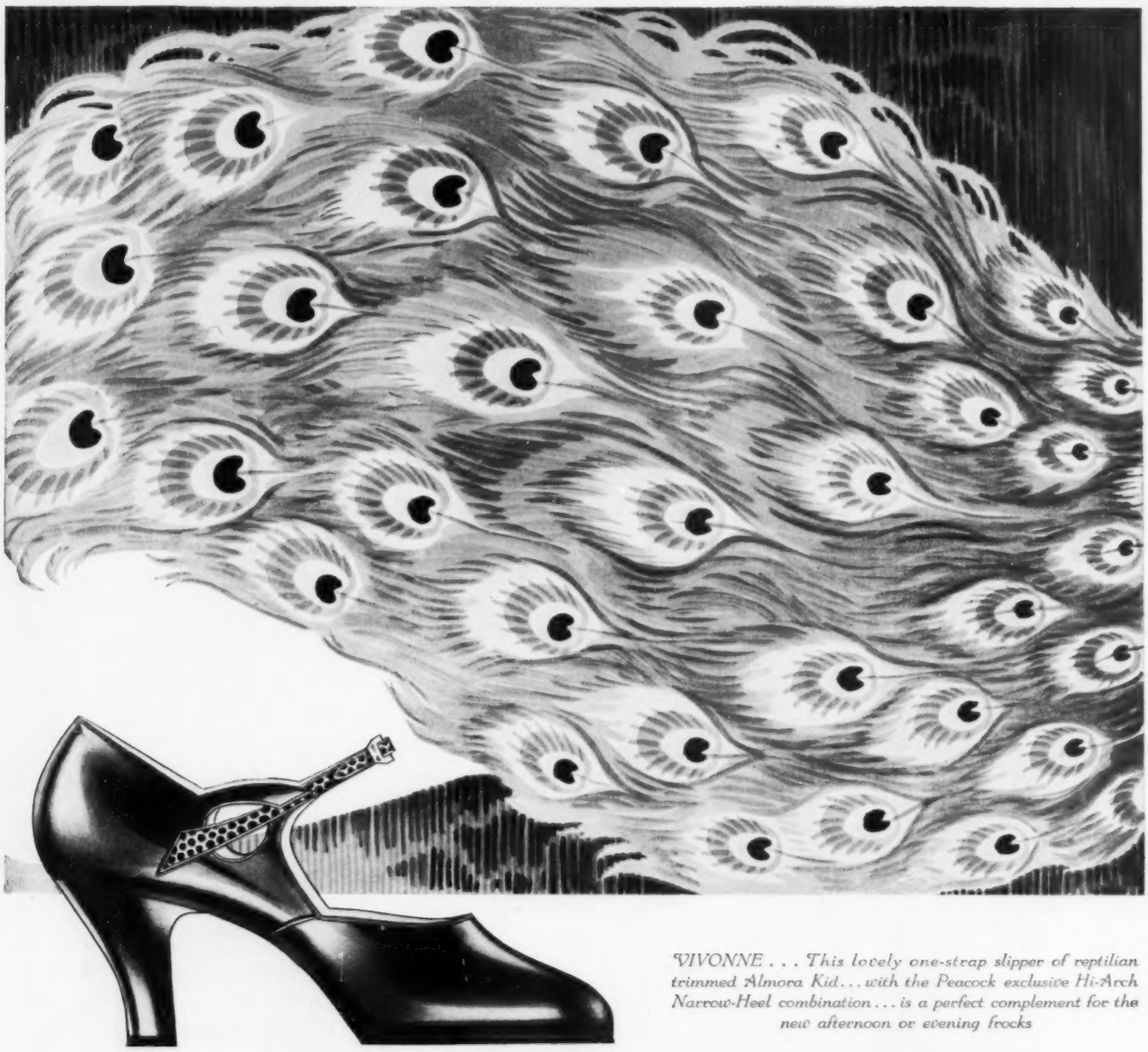
PEACOCK



VIVONNE . . . This lovely one-strap slipper of reptilian trimmed Almora Kid . . . with the Peacock exclusive Hi-Arch Narrow-Heel combination . . . is a perfect complement for the new afternoon or evening frocks

YOU'LL step with pride and perfect ease . . . if, at the focusing point of your long, moulded costume . . . there is revealed a pair of inimitably fashioned Peacock Hi-Arch, Narrow-Heel Footwear. Ten Dollars to Twenty-Five . . . Many Smart Styles at Ten to Twelve-Fifty.

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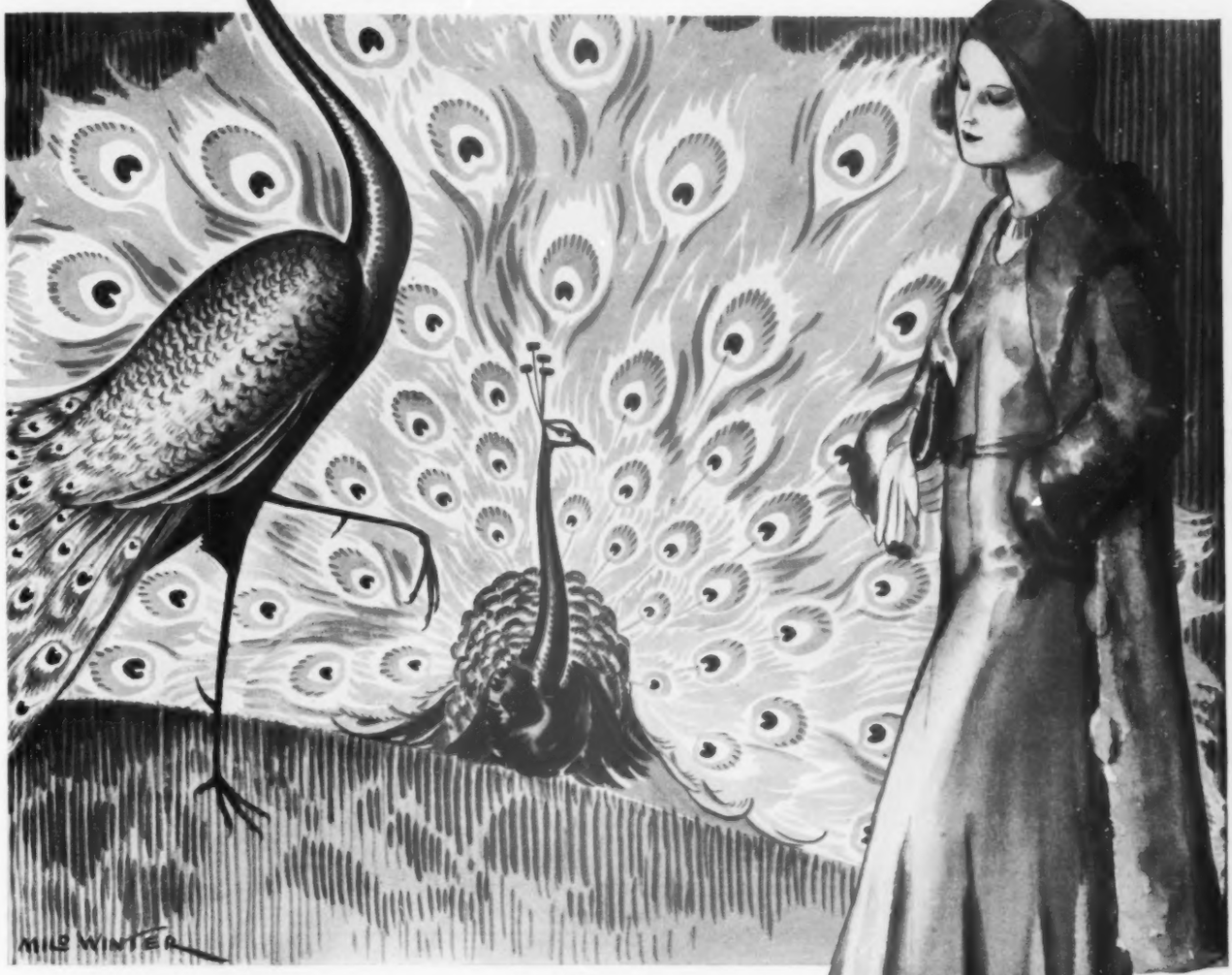

ELRAYNE . . . The strikingly beautiful lines of this Peacock Hi-Arch, Narrow-Heel pump . . . of brown kid and brown watersnake with ivory kid piping . . . make it a decided favorite for afternoon dansant or tea

* * *

OLITA (at right) . . . Note the modernistic handling of brown calf trim on brown suede . . . which gives to this original Peacock Hi-Arch Narrow-Heel Oxford, with harness leather heel . . . an individuality all its own

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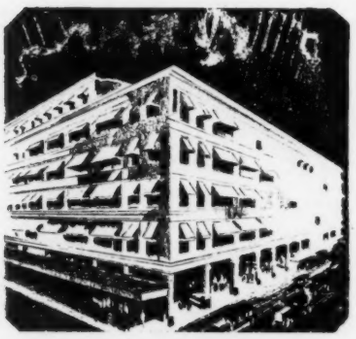

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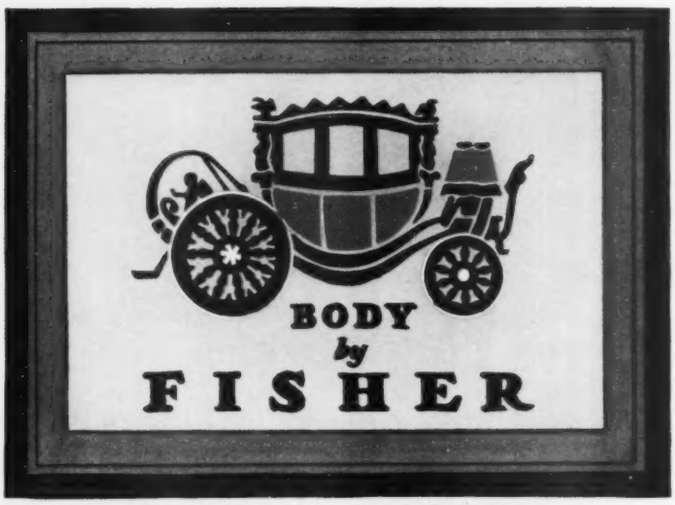

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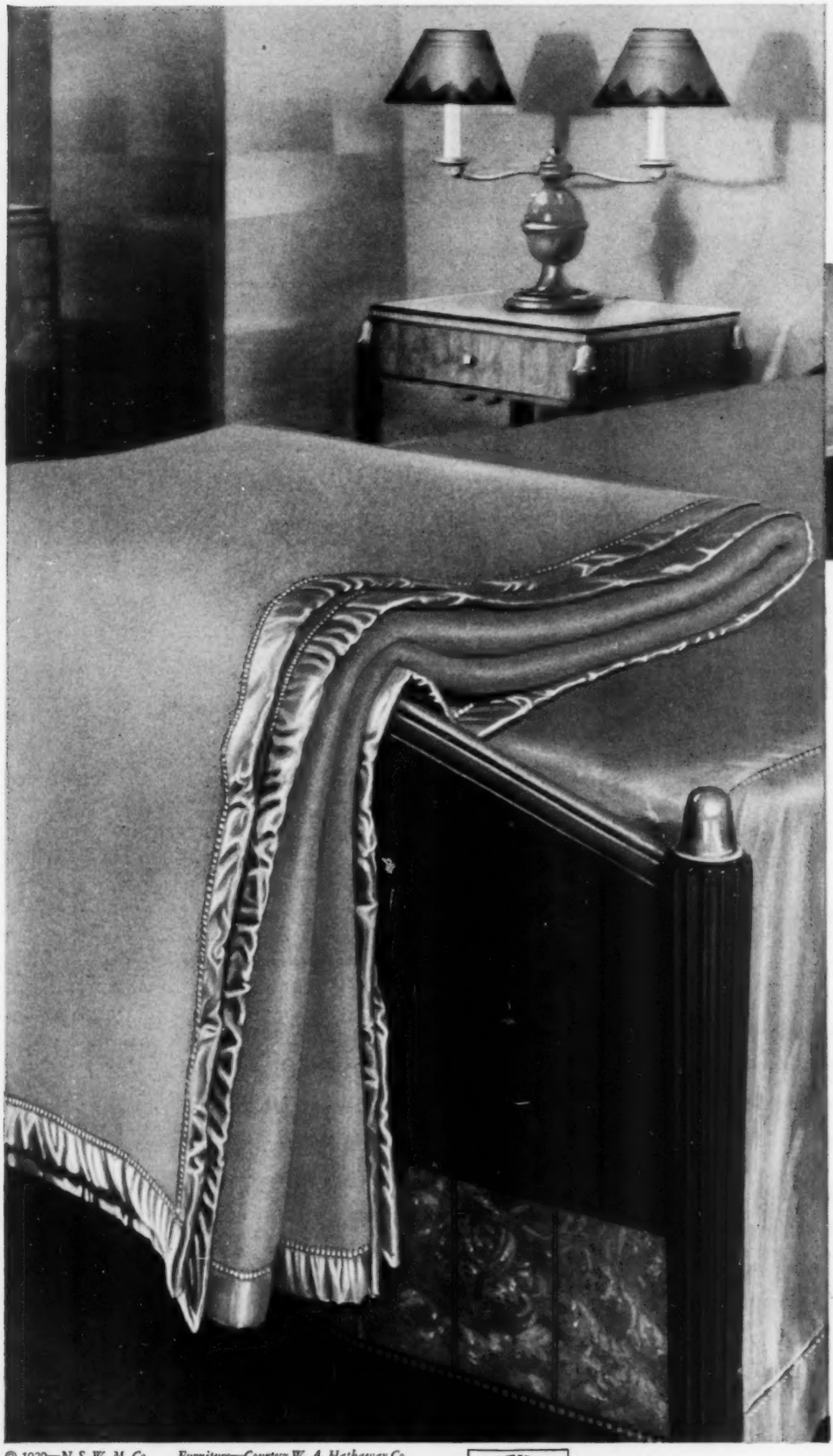

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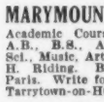

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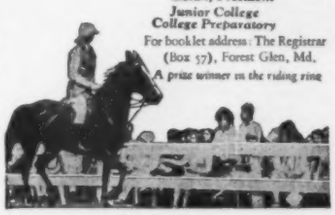

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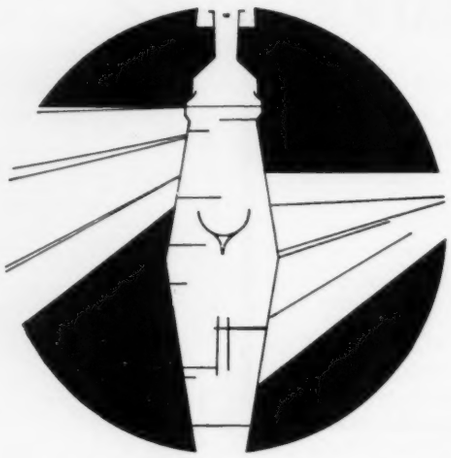

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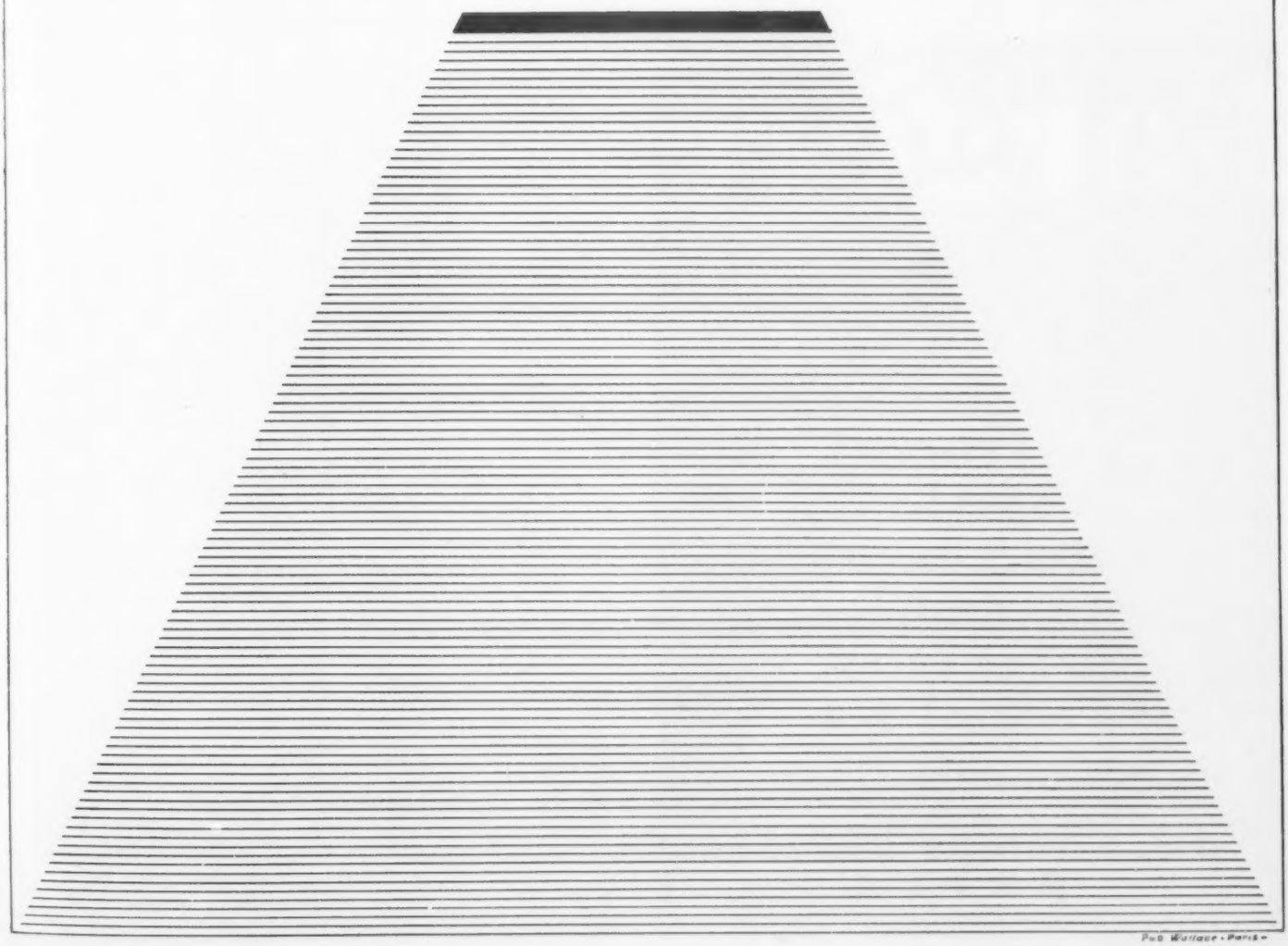

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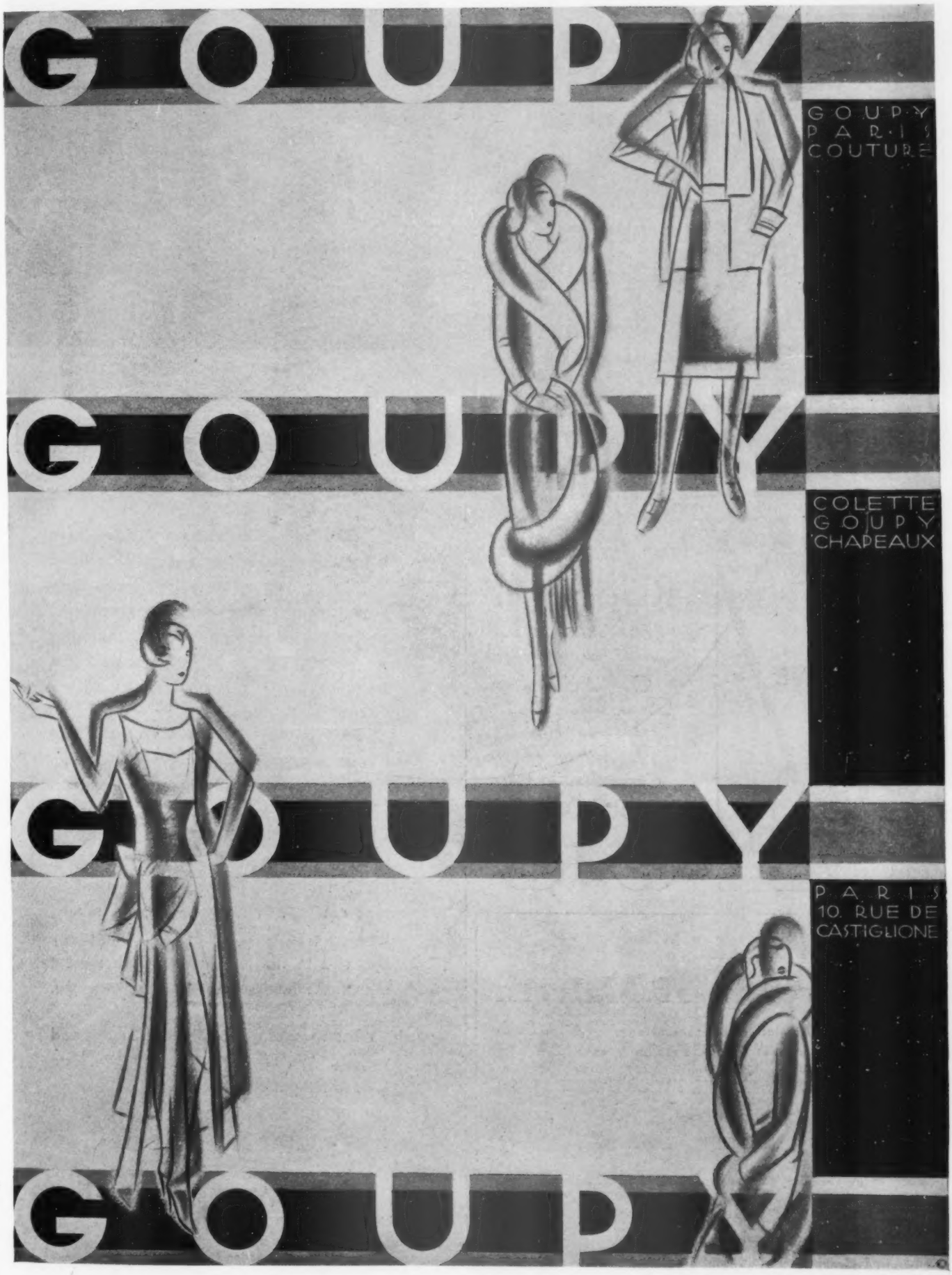
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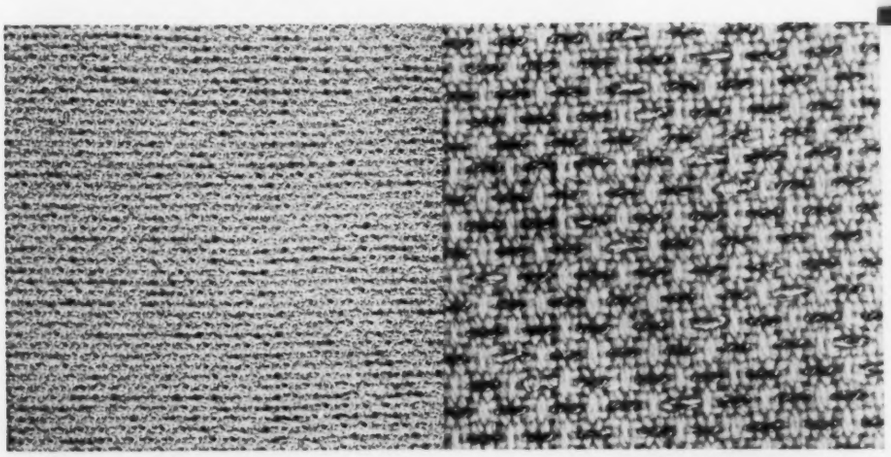

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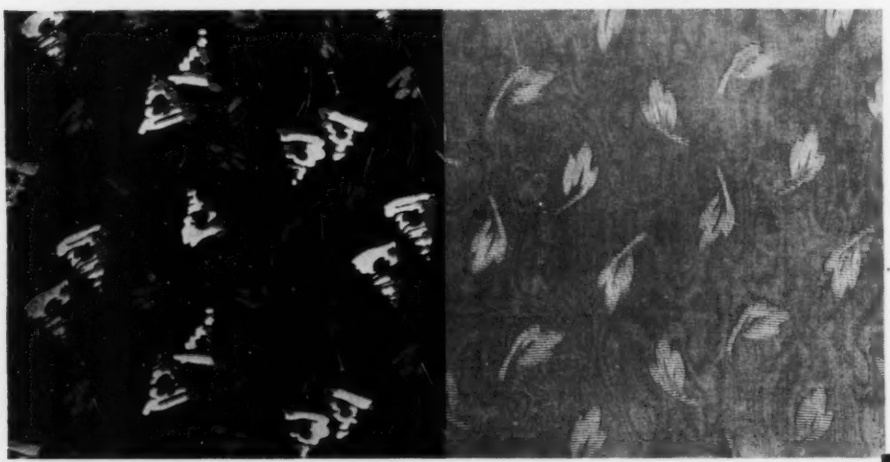

3. This all rayon flat crêpe with its firm, fine texture and exquisite sheen is especially suited to this season's softly clinging frocks. It adapts itself to all the whimsies of "dressmaker" styles. White and tan with a touch of capucine on a red brown

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For afternoon wear, Madame Talbot has designed "Sweet Love" of clinging rayon crêpe satin. Few fabrics express so fully the prevailing mode of luxury in daytime clothes as do the exquisite satins made wholly or in part of rayon

A very deep bertha and flounces of tiny box pleats with scalloped edges accentuate the feminine lines of this extremely chic costume. A narrow silver kid belt with a crystal buckle provides bright contrast. It is worn with an alluring black hat in the flattering bonnet style, nude hose and severely simple opera pumps

RAYON

250 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

An Index to the Advertisements in this Issue

The advertisements in this issue represent a social register of fashionable products, places, and shops. You are invited to make use of this index in planning your purchasing.

AUTOMOBILES

Cadillac Motor Car Co. ... Opp. 16
Chrysler Motor Co. ... Opp. 116
Dupont Motor Co. ... 141
Fisher Body Corp. ... 23B-24C
Ford Motor Company ... Opp. 132
Packard Motor Car Co. ... Opp. 108
Studebaker Corp. of America ... 143

CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATES

Stephen F. Whitman & Sons, Inc. ... 46

CIGARETTES

American Tobacco Company (Lucky Strikes) ... Back Cover
R. J. Reynolds Company (Camels) ... Opp. 117

ACCESSORIES

The Hookless Fastener Co. (Talon) ... 20

FABRICS

Cotton Textile Inst. ... 139
Haas Bros. ... 126
North Star Woolen Mills ... Opp. 25
Rayon Inst. of America, Inc. ... 36 & 37
Shelton Looms ... Opp. 17

FOOD PRODUCTS

Campbell's Soup Company ... 103
Kellogg Company (Rice Crispies) ... 142
Peek Frean & Co., Ltd. (Allwheat Crispbread) ... Opp. 124

HOME FURNISHINGS

American Radiator Company ... Third Cover
Brewer-Titchenor Corp. ... 138
Crane Company (Bathroom Fixtures) ... Opp. 24
Wm. H. Plummer & Co., Ltd. ... 112

HOSIERY

Artcraft Silk Hosiery Mills ... 146
Brown Durrell Co. (Gordon Hosiery) ... 6
Julius Kayser ... 2
Phoenix Hosiery Company ... 133
Silk-Eze Corp. (Soap for Hosiery) ... 114 & 115
Windsor Mills ... 19

LEATHER GOODS—TRUNKS, BAGS AND NOVELTIES

Hartmann Trunk Company ... 147
F. Hecht & Co. (Leathers) ... 125
C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc. ... 113

MILLINERY

Crofut & Knapp Company ... 42
Kaskel & Kaskel-Dunlap ... 10

PERFUMES, TOILETRIES—BEAUTY PREPARATIONS, ETC.

Elizabeth Arden ... 111
Caron Corporation ... 105
Denney & Denney ... 12
Marjorie Dork ... 118
Marie Earle ... 108
Dorothy Gray ... 8
Guerlain ... 21
Hind's Honey & Almond Cream ... 132
Hinze Ambrosia, Inc. ... 145
Kotex ... 129
Lesquendieu ... Opp. 125
Listerine ... Opp. 133
B. Manuel ... 118
Madame Mays ... 119
Louis Parme ... 118
Pierre ... 119
Pinaud, Inc. ... 124
Pond's Creams ... 107
Primrose House ... 117
Helena Rubinstein ... 127
J. Schaeffer ... 144
E. R. Squibb & Sons ... 131
Venus Corp. ... 142
Yardley & Co., Ltd. ... 40

READY TO WEAR

Del Monte Hickey ... 130
Mrs. Franklin, Inc. ... 122

SHOES

D. Armstrong & Co. ... 128
Boyd Welsh Shoe Co. (Peacock Shoes) ... 22 & 23
Delman ... 109
Irving Drew Co. ... 140
Everett & Barron Co. (Cinderella) ... 144
Daniel Greene Felt Shoe Co. ... 137
Golo Slipper Company ... 123
Lavalie, Inc. ... 134
Miller Rubber Co. (Shuglov) ... 135
I. Miller & Sons, Inc. ... 13

RETAIL STORES AND SHOPS

Apparel—Shoes, Etc.

B. Altman & Co. ... 9
Bergdorf Goodman ... 41
Best & Co. ... 7
Bonwit Teller & Co. ... 5
Bruck Weiss ... 116
Burdine's (Miami) ... 24
Dobb's ... 110
Mabel Eldridge & Daisy Garson, Inc. ... 119
El Encanto (Havana) ... 15
Franklin Simon ... 3
Hatch's, Inc. (Palm Beach) ... 18
Kathleen, Inc. ... 118
Kurzman ... 120
Jas. McCutcheon Co. ... 16
Marshall Field & Co. ... 11
Milgrim ... 14
Saks-Fifth Avenue ... 104 & 44
Stein & Blaine ... 106
Stewart & Co. ... 39
A. Sulka & Company ... 141
John Wanamaker ... 119

Jewelry

J. E. Caldwell & Co. ... 4
Marcus & Co. ... Opp. 109
Tiffany & Co. ... 1

Shoes

Cammeyer ... 17
Shoecraft Salon ... 119
Sommers ... 146

LONDON AND PARIS HOUSES

Louiseboulanger ... 30
Callot Soeurs ... 31
Goupy ... 33
Norman Hartnell ... 35
Kargere ... 32
London Shops ... 34
Cecil Welly ... 32
Paris Shops ... 30

HOTELS, RESORTS AND TRAVEL

American Express Company ... 148
Canadian Pacific Railways (Chateau Frontenac) ... 149
Frank C. Clark ... 151
Clyde Line ... 2nd Cover
Thos. Cook & Son (Homeric) ... 150
Cunard Steamship Line, Ltd. (Mediterranean Cruise) ... 148
Cunard Steamship Line, Ltd. (West Indies Cruise) ... 154
Cuban National Tourist Commission ... 152
French Line ... 136
Grace Line ... 155
Hamburg American Line ... 155
Hawaii Tourist Bureau ... Opp. 149
Holland American Line ... 150
Hotel St. Regis ... 153
International Mercantile Marine ... 155
Japan Tourist Bureau ... Opp. 148
Lamport & Holt Line ... 151
Lloyd Sabaudo Line ... 155
London Midland & Scottish Railways ... 149
Fraser McLean Co. ... 155
Navigazione General Italiana ... 151
Norwegian Government Railways ... 153
Pinehurst, Inc. ... 155
Plaza & Savoy Plaza ... 150
Princess Hotel (Bermuda) ... 151
Railways of France (Int'l Wagon-Lits) ... 147
Raymond & Whitcomb Co. ... 153
Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. (Union Castle) ... 151
Student's Travel Club ... 151
Ward Line (Havana) ... 151

SCHOOLS ... 25-29

TELEPHONE SERVICE ARRANGEMENTS

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. ... 156

MISCELLANEOUS

Dean's ... 32
Wrigley's ... 121

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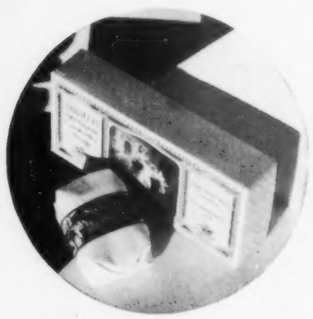

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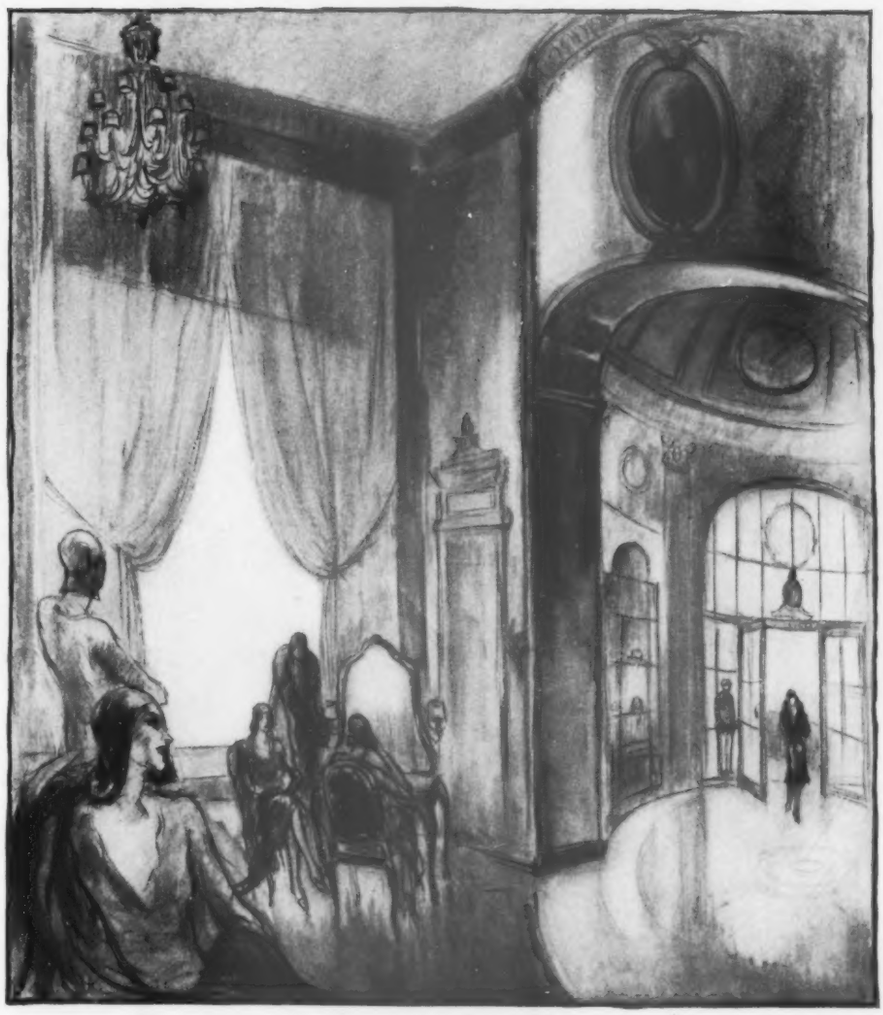

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HARPER'S BAZAAR

JANUARY
1930

64th Year
Number 2607

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

CONTENTS

Southern Resorts and Automobile Number

FICTION:

DANA GATLIN.....The Blood-Red Ruby.....*Drawing by* PETER ARNO.....56, 57
DEMETRA VAKA.....The Pangs of Success.....73
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.....There Was a Ship.....*Drawings by* ERTÉ.....76, 77
ELISABETH FINLEY THOMAS.....The Revealing Moment.....*Drawings by* GUSTAF TENGGREN.....98, 99
LEONORA WODEHOUSE.....Where I Mean to Spend my Honeymoon.....*Drawings by* H. TEMPEST GRAVES.....102

PARIS AND NEW YORK FASHIONS:

WHAT NEW YORK ENDORSES FOR SOUTHERN WEAR: *By* KATHLEEN HOWARD....*Drawing by* H. TEMPEST GRAVES.....45
THE EVOLUTION OF STYLE: *By* BARON DE MEYER.....*Photographs by* BARON DE MEYER....48 to 55
PARIS SIGNS A TRIPLE ENTENTE IN SKIRTS: *By* MARJORIE HOWARD.....*Drawings by* REYNALDO LUZA, BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL, A. E. MARTY, CHARLES MARTIN AND DYNEVOR RHYS....58 to 71
FOR THE NINETEEN-THIRTY BEACHES.....*Drawings by* GRACE HART.....78, 79
FOR LOUNGING ON SOUTHERN SANDS.....*Photographs by* ARTHUR GERLACH.....80, 81
SPORTS WEAR FOR THE SOUTH.....*Drawings by* MALAGA GRENET.....82, 83
COSTUMES FOR THE SOUTHERN SOJOURNER.....*Drawings by* M. FROMENTI.....84 to 87
NEW SHOES FOR THE SOUTH.....*Drawings by* FLORENCE BLECKER.....88, 89
FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS.....*Drawings by* VERONICA E. KELLY.....90, 91
TWO ENSEMBLES AND A TOWN CAR.....*Drawing by* GRACE HART.....92
LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS.....*Drawn by* ENID ENGEL.....100, 101

SOCIETY AND SPECIAL FEATURES:

LADIES IN THE EVENING: *By the* EDITOR.....*Drawings by* RUSSELL PATTERSON.....47
PORTRAIT OF MRS. GURNEE MUNN.....72
BRINGING SWITZERLAND TO AMERICA: *By* JOHN R. TUNIS.....74, 75
HERE ARE THE NEW YEAR'S NEWEST AUTOMOBILES.....*Drawings by* GASTON SUDAKA.....93 to 96
A VERY MODERN SUN ROOM.....*Photographs by* SHERRIL SCHELL.....97
THE COSMETIC URGE: *By* HELENA LEIGH.....104
INTERIOR: *A Poem by* GRACE NOLL CROWELL.....109
SOCIAL CALENDAR.....118
LIVING TO EAT: *By* MARJORIE HOWARD.....*Drawings by* IRIS SCHWEPPE.....148
INDEX TO HARPER'S BAZAAR ADVERTISING.....38

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Southern Fashions by Saks-Fifth Avenue

The new colours are as feminine as the new lines... with baby pinks ...and blues... and other pastel shades. We are now ready with our collection at Saks-Fifth Avenue in New York ... in Chicago ... at Palm Beach ... and at our new Saks-Fifth Avenue shop at Miami.

New York SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE *Chicago*

My Dear -

January first 1930

You want me to tell you what New York is endorsing for Southern wear. Here goes!

Pastel colours are to the fore, and that is a thing to be grateful for. Feminine beauty is divided into two types, I think, the kitten and the fox type. In America we run mostly to the kitten type, and therefore pastel shades should suit us beautifully. However, the smartest Parisiennes are studying out individual colour schemes, and we may all do that this year, if we have the brains!

Don't forget to get some crêpe scarfs in charming prints to wear with your tweeds. The new prints are lovely and are endorsed by both Paris and New York for afternoon and evening wear, in chiffon. There is something about a riotous print chiffon frock that is good for the morale, after a few evenings spent in the severity of satin or moire. Of course you know how good lace is, by the sea, I don't need to tell you that.

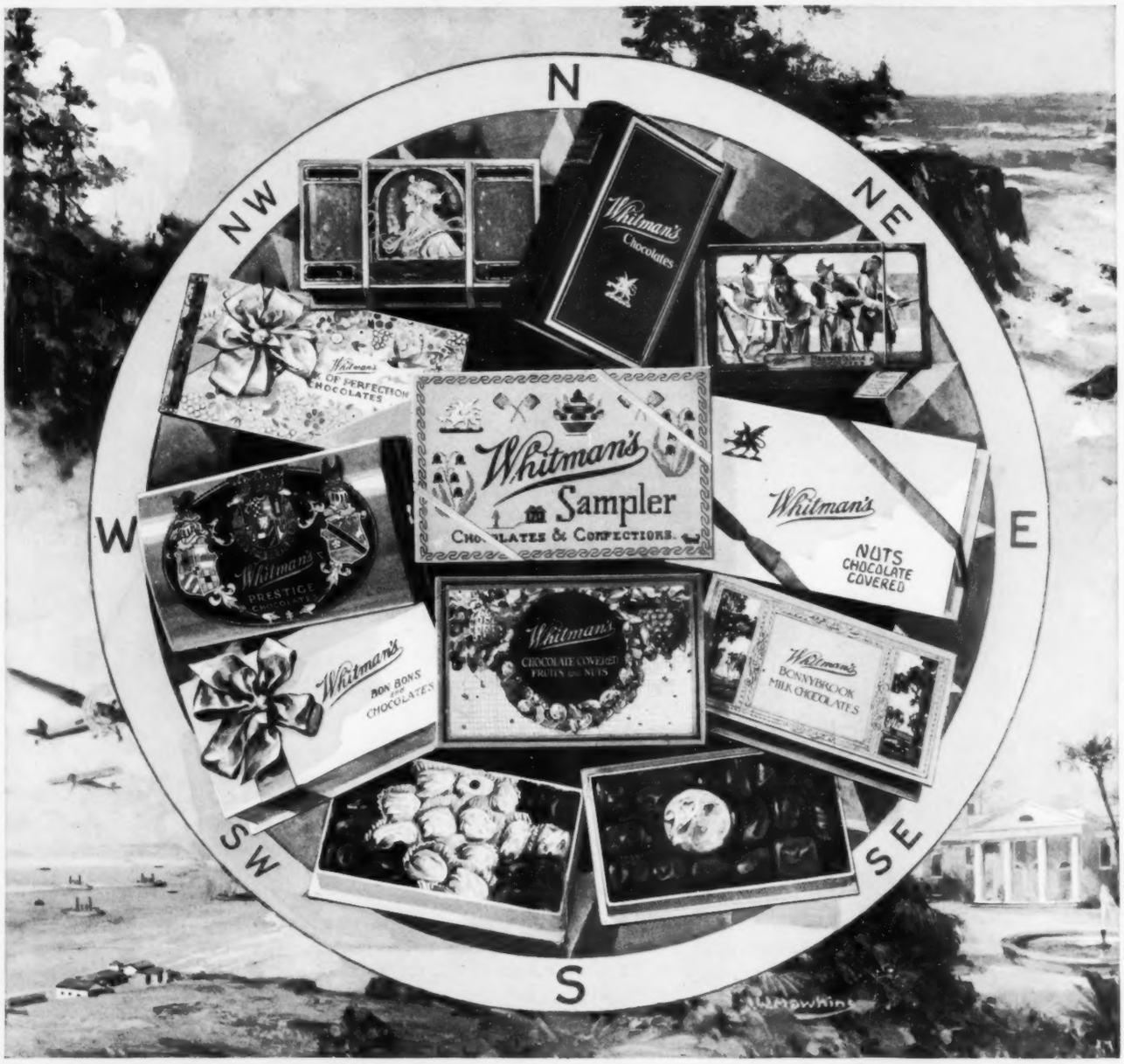
For wear with your evening frocks, a short velveteen jacket in a favourite, harmonizing shade, will be a great comfort. They sometimes have little cape sleeves, and you will be glad to slip one on when that sea-saturated draught begins to worry you. Of course they do not take the place of the warm evening wrap, so necessary for resort wear.

Never have shoes been so lovely. Study the types we show you and you will get many new ideas. Long skirts do not minimize the importance of our footwear. You remember it was when long skirts were worn that those lines, "Her feet beneath her petticoat like little mice stole in and out" were written by a man. I can't remember any poems that were written about our feet during the short skirt era, can you? That is masculine psychology.

All of which makes me wonder whether men are going to respond to all the leads we are giving them this year. Will they treat us en camarade in the morning and go ankle-hunting in the evening, as they might, and as they did in our mothers' day? They should, if all we hear of the "longing to clasp your tiny waist" and the "mystery of veiled curves" was true in those days. Will our long gloves succeed in getting themselves kissed? One of the most popular songs of the day supplies a hint as to the sort of behaviour we expect from our escorts this season. Will they be inspired as our mothers tell us they once were? Let us hope so, without getting sentimental about it. Do write me your experiences.

Yours always,

Kathleen Howard



CONTINENT-COVERING CANDY

Travelers are still registering surprise that Whitman's chocolates, bought in the most distant parts of the continent, are up to the high mark of the same candies bought in New York or Chicago. People who live in distant parts have long ago learned that the stock of Whitman's in the local store is handled with care and sold with dispatch.

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STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

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TO FIND NEAREST DEALER LOOK UNDER "WHITMAN'S" IN THE BELL TELEPHONE CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

Ladies in the Evening . . . .

YESTERDAY

LET it be said at the outset that a mere man is writing this. He is one of those who could never describe a woman's costume; but, like the average mortal in the matter of art, he knows what he likes.

And he likes the new fashions more than he can ever say. He went to a dance the other evening and was struck by the transformation in all the smart women present. "They used to be flappers twenty-four hours of the day," he said to a male companion, "but now, by Jove, at least they're ladies in the evening!"

Trains and long skirts again! Gloves and flowing draperies and panelled skirts! Fluffs that flew out when the music started! Just like the old days, he said to himself; yet he is not one who decries the present and condemns the past. Not a bit of it. He thinks the modern woman ninety percent. more lovely and interesting and wonderful and bewildering than those he used to see, as a very young man, in what is called, *ad nauseam*, the "gay 'nineties." He used to read the novels of Jane Austen, and be dismayed at the number of times the heroine fainted. No doubt her stays disturbed her, or those criminal whalebones that clutched her fair throat, even as tight little bones surround a crown roast. Poor ladies of an elder day—how they must have suffered. Then along came short frocks, and corsets were thrown to the winds; and sports clothes came in—did women ever look better than in these? he asked himself; and a new order, and a new freedom seemed to shake the world of fashion. He rejoiced; but he confesses that he grew a little tired of every woman looking exactly like every other woman. He deplored shingled hair, because girls looked too much like boys. But the new frankness, the passing of inhibitions, the camaraderie between the sexes—these were worth more than what had been lost, he thought; and he rejoiced that women had come into their own. He saw girls in offices becoming smarter and saner and more independent than of old; and again he doffed his hat. Small hats, with no brims—how glad he was that now he could really see a woman's face, and look into her eyes, and not have to play hide-and-seek with her when he sat next to her at luncheon. It was all very refreshing; yet something was wrong. What was it?

It was that diet look they all had; that wan expression, and that lack of variety in their costumes. It was all right for them to be comfortable, he contended; but he used to sigh for one plump girl now and then, with rosy, healthy cheeks, and something on her arms besides powder. And he deplored the fact that in the evening, when he went to what he always liked to call a red-rug-and-awning party, the women still wore those rather immodest skirts, which left so little to the imagination. Day in, night out, they were always garbed the same.

Drawings by Russell Patterson

TODAY

And then, in a twinkling, a change came about. And he noticed, too, that a change came about in the very personalities of the women he knew. For one can't be jazzy and flippant in a long black dress, particularly if one is holding up a train while one whirls around the ballroom floor. A new dignity has come; or, rather, an old dignity has returned; and young women are beginning to see that it is much more delightful to assume the attributes of a thoroughbred than it is to take on the actions of a scapegrace and a cocktail hound.

Hair that clings about a woman's neck in little rebellious curls—this man is old-fashioned enough to think that most of his sex prefer that to the round-shaven cut of a motorman or a stevedore. Even gentlemen have never indulged in the hideously tight trimmings that girls have affected, to the despair of the opposite sex. Let women look like women, this man has always shouted. And now, thank heaven, once more they do! Femininity is not something to be ashamed of. It is something to be proud of. Now a woman can show her originality, and her power as never before. For with longer skirts, manners have returned. And delicate decorum. And a sense of the fitness of things.

The curtain has rung up on another act of the comedy of life. Doesn't the drawing-room look more charming, peopled now with ladies?—provocative ladies, with waists where they ought to be, and each one wearing the clothes that best suit her type.

One man thinks so. And so do millions of others, ladies!

THE EDITOR.

MARIE-CHRISTIANE

A BLACK SATIN FELT
TIARA HAT WORN
BACK ON THE
FOREHEAD

DEMEYER

LANVIN

THE EVOLUTION OF STYLE

DIRECTOIRE TO EMPIRE

BY BARON DE MEYER

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

SCENE: My own home. A Louis XVI. sofa. An armchair. A marble mantelpiece. On it, a bust of Marie Antoinette. SHE and I.

I: Did you know that the French Revolution started by being a revolt against tight lacing, hoops and high-heeled shoes?

SHE: (Glancing up at the bust) My beloved Queen's fashions.

I: Yet, even though powder, brocade, and every kind of artificiality were supposed to have been swept away, no one ever succeeded in suppressing the folly of woman's costumes. Fashions, of course, differed but remained extravagant throughout the Revolutionary Period. The new régime's first manifestation of authority, in 1789, was to abolish every kind of class distinction.

SHE: What exactly did this entail?

I: That while, until 1789, no woman of rank could ever have been mistaken for a merchant's wife, decrees now went forth whereby aristocrats, bourgeois and the people were expected to dress alike, in style at least.

SHE: Detestable democracy, which results in my maid's wearing the same clothes as I do.

I: Interesting to note is that clothes salvation during the French Revolution was achieved through England.

SHE: A fact almost impossible to believe. Smart clothes usually are supposed to come from France.

I: Who mentioned smart clothes? I said salvation. Remember, France has always been clever at adaptations. I have recently been reading "l'Histoire de la Mode." I found it more thrilling than any novel, particularly the chapter referring to the Directoire and Empire Periods. Listen! This is a fashion picture dated Paris, 1789, during the early days of the French Revolution, "Styles are still the ones current in 1780. Though exaggerated fashions persist, immensely wide hoops and monumental ways of doing one's hair are on the decline. Skirts are as full as ever, but because of hoops having recently been discarded, hang limp and straight. The waistline is worn high.

"A novelty is the fichu, soon (*Continued on page 52*)

CHANEL

DEMEYER

A YOUTHFUL BLACK COAT
OF VELOURS DE LAINE
TRIMMED GENEROUSLY
WITH BLACK ASTRAKHAN

MAX-LEROY

COATS WITH MUFFS AND HATS TO MATCH. LEFT, ERMINE AND FOX; RIGHT, CHEVRETTE AND LAPIN.

DEMEYER

WORTH

DEMEYER

to become the new régime's most prominent fashion feature. To start with, only moderately puffed out in front, it gradually increases and attains monstrous proportions.

"Artificial busts, *trompeuses* in French, are invented to support voluminous masses of muslin, rising to well above the chin, thus becoming the first really startling fashion innovation after 1789."

SHE: A decidedly cumbersome innovation. It sounds perfectly horrible. And powder, was it still used in 1789?

I: Very little. Remember, powder stands for what no one wishes to be taken for, an aristocrat. The incredibly high erections of hair, which had made humourists say women's faces were situated in the middle of their bodies, had disappeared. So had elaborate hair ornaments. Coiffures having been greatly reduced in size, extravagance finds its sole expression in the abnormal size of women's hats. Exaggerations, assuming the proportions of the styles of hair-dressing only lately abolished.

SHE: They must have been cart-wheel hats, like those Mother wore in 1907. Do proceed; tell me of further developments.

I: This being 1793, we have reached the reign of Cotton and Muslin. I shall call this the poverty-stricken period, in which fashions are at a standstill.

SHE: I don't believe such a period ever existed, the evolution of Paris fashions having, to my knowledge, never been halted.

I: You forget France's Reign of Terror. It frightened even frivolity out of existence. Be this as it may, the supremacy of elegance is, for the time being, transferred to England, entirely new styles having been introduced by the revival of classical dress.

SHE: By which you evidently mean *le style Empire*, known to have been invented by Josephine, Napoleon's consort.

I: I am afraid documentary evidence says differently. It seems most explicit on this particular subject. Listen to what it says:

"Responsible for the new semblance of bodices, terminating in front immediately below the bust and under the shoulder-blades in the back, is our most gracious Duchess of

A BLACK CHIFFON EVENING GOWN: WIDE UNPRESSED KILT PLAITS PROVIDE FULNESS.

A WHITE CHIFFON OF CLASSICAL INSPIRATION HAS LINES OF SILVER TUBE BEADS.

VIONNET

DEMEYER

York's peculiar embonpoint. A few misguided women's desire to imitate Her Royal Highness's figure caused them to wear pads below their waistbands *ventres postiches*, to give them the French appellation by which they became known in England. These women's extraordinarily silly behaviour is the undoubted origin of a mode which, from 1794 on, became universally adopted in England, and soon after found its way to Paris and the rest of the Continent."

SHE: And when, exactly, according to your precious books, did this fashion reach Paris?

I: Soon after the Reign of Terror had ceased to exist, in 1794 or 1795. Paris, for so long deprived of the pleasures of dress, eagerly accepts any new mode.

SHE: What, exactly, is meant by classical styles?

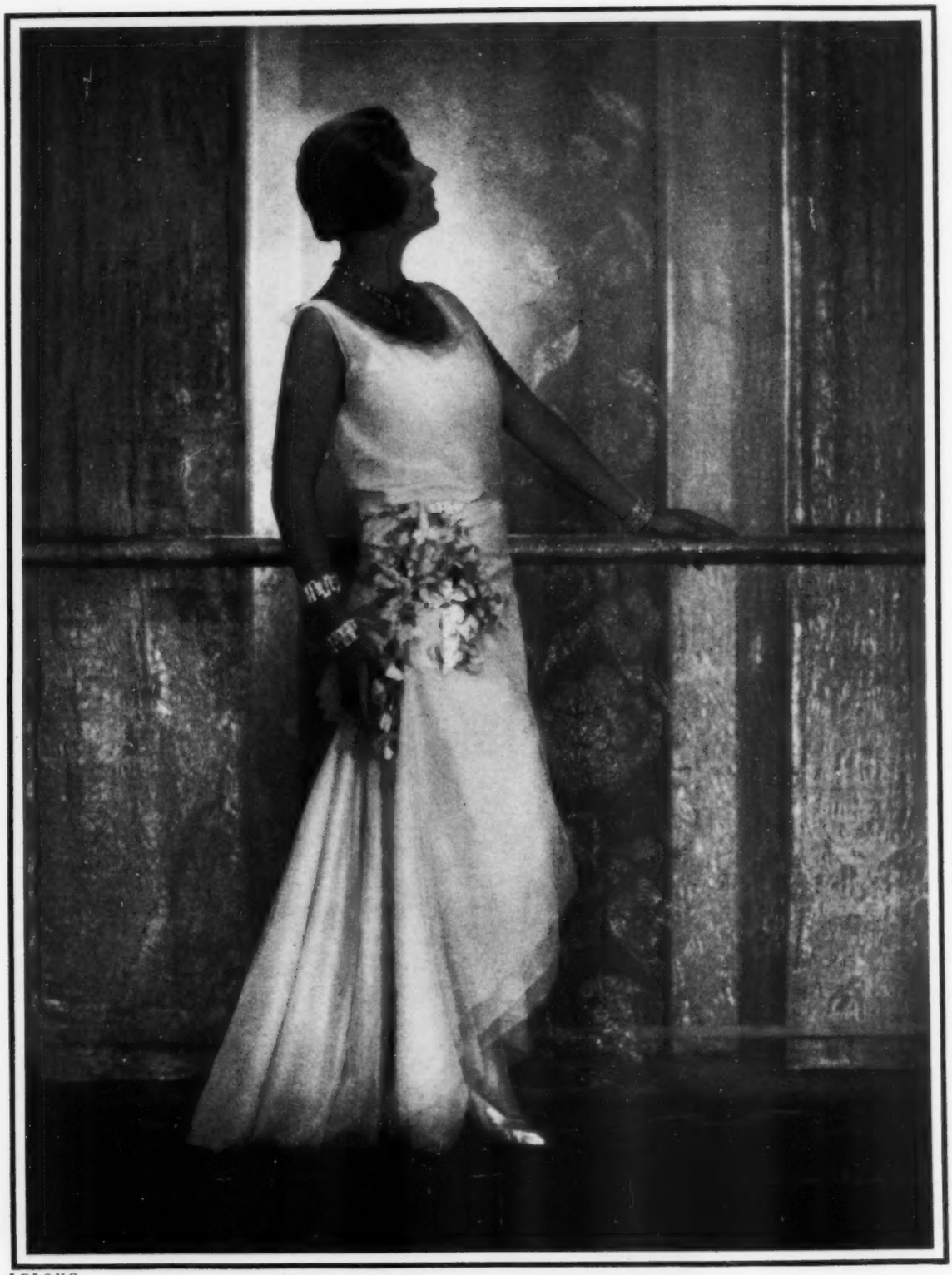
I: Everything, apparently, draped; Greek-looking garments which include the long, transparent chemise, slit open to as high as the hip and worn over flesh tights, all underwear having been discarded. As time goes on the classical robe gradually shrinks to minutest proportions. Extreme styles become the order of the day, until, in 1800, a fashionable woman's outfit weighs no more than eight ounces.

A beauty of these Directoire days, Madame Hamelin, nevertheless seems to have gone too far, documentary evidence saying she had created a scandal by appearing in the Tuileries Gardens in nothing but flesh tights enveloped in gauzes.

SHE: I trust the lady had chosen summertime for this?

I: Who knows? Muslin had become fashionable to the degree of being worn both in summer and winter. The result of so much folly was what doctors of the period had come to describe as muslin diseases, otherwise catarrhal complaints. A record exists, stating that during the winter of 1803, alone, 60,000 women suffered from what under the romantic appellation of "rapid decline" was nothing else but consumption.

Further evidence quotes a fashion paper, dated January 1st, 1803, which advocates



LELONG

DEMEYER

MISS GRACE MOORE IN AN EXQUISITE FLOWER-LIKE GOWN OF NET IN A PALE VAPOROUS BLUE.

BLACK CRÊPE DE CHINE WITH GREEN SPANGLES.

"loveliest frocks in *mousseline des Indes* open at the neck, with short sleeves," as most desirable for afternoon wear in January.

SHE: No wonder sixty thousand women were at the point of death.

I: England never consented to accept any of the many exaggerations of what Paris now called *la robe grecque*. Historians speak of a well-known English actress appearing at Drury Lane in a typically French importation, who is obliged to leave the stage, her costume having been voted immodest.

SHE: Serves her right! She should have known that anything essentially Parisian (called naughty in England) is bound to scandalize a British audience. It does so even now.

I: What occurred was, of course, bound to happen, considering that what, in Paris, might have been thought amply sufficient to dress three leaders of fashion, was, in conservative London, still considered almost entire absence of clothing.

SHE: Let's return to Paris, if you please. Tell me what happens in the way of evolution of fashions.

I: Very little. The mode between 1794 and 1804 hardly undergoes any change. Clothes hang close to the figure as straight as underwear. They are spoken of as "chemises" and are combined with trains which have only quite recently been introduced. The length of these new trains reaches to six yards for ordinary wear and to about fourteen for gala occasions. Wound several times around the body, they are held up by their extreme end and are thrown over men's shoulders for dancing. All kinds of muslin as well as a variety of cambrics and batistes are still prime favourites.

SHE: The economical period evidently continues?

I: Far from it. On the contrary, dressmakers have now learned to charge for simplicity. Prices are (*Concluded on page 110*)

By Dana Gatlin:

THE BLOOD-RED RUBY

How it Led to the Testing of the Honour of Two Men

THERE is a tactful, courteous *maître d'hôtel* in one of the palatial new hostelries, whom the most notable patrons know and respect. He fills his not undifficult—but remunerative—position with superb efficiency, dignity and grace. I mention him because his estate is exactly such a pinnacle as Philip had set for the zenith of his ambitions.

Philip worked in a big and also palatial hotel. Not as *maître*, but he had risen. He had begun very low down the ladder, but now he served in the hotel's main dining-room and was given responsible assignments. He was young but marvellously capable, and had intelligence. It was no small part of his intelligence that it never crowded itself forward, got into people's way, and annoyed them. And there was a great deal that went on privately in Philip's mind which not even those closest about him ever suspected.

One auspicious evening Philip was serving dinner to the owner, Mr. Sanford, and his wife in their suite. Philip particularly enjoyed this service. He liked these rooms. Their restrained, gracious beauty satisfied the eye, lifted the imagination, soothed and smoothed the heart.

Philip, as he lighted the creamy-tinted candles, was thinking, as he had often thought, that this subtle envelopment of beauty reflected the taste of Mr. Sanford's wife rather than of Mr. Sanford. Why was it that ugly old men, fat and bald or withered and hoar, were privileged to adorn their buttonholes, so to speak, with the most exquisite blossoms? It was to be explained how they might *choose*—but to be able to *pluck!* Philip's eyes, which so little escaped, had often noticed them, the ill-assorted couples, as he deftly, deferentially, served.

But the example he noticed most, which interested him most, was this one which came under his observation daily. Of course, Mr. Sanford was not fat and bald nor withered and hoar. Indeed, he was quite a handsome man and, one might say, in his prime. Perhaps forty-five—young to be the owner of many magnificent hotels. Built large but supple and quick; keen blue eyes which did not often smile, a mouth which told nothing, and quick, tense, decisive hands. A man of achievement, ability and power. A man to be respected, even liked—but in comparison with *her!* . . .

Philip had served Mr. Sanford and his wife for nearly two years. Tonight was a special occasion: their second wedding anniversary. A special menu had been prepared under the anxious supervision of the head chef. There were candles, favours and special flowers which Philip had been entrusted to buy. How poignantly he had enjoyed selecting the flowers! Deep, creamy roses with a blush at the heart, larkspur of the sky's most delicate blue, misty sprays of the poetically styled "breath-of-angels," interwoven with a lace-work of shimmering silver-green.

No guests were invited to share this festival, showing the significance, to them, of the occasion. For the two of them as much care and money had been expended as for a hundred. No ritual of elaborate service was omitted. Sheen of fine damask and silver and crystal, perfume and glow of flowers, the rarer and deeper glow which quivers in the heart of old wine, the choicest—mellow vintage Bordeaux.

But the gem, the gift of commemoration, held a ruddy light and depth which immeasurably eclipsed the claret's. Philip was present when, almost casually, Mr. Sanford handed the satin box across the table to his wife.

She opened the box, held the brooch in the palm of her hand—"A-ah," her voice as slow and deep as the look which she raised to her husband. It was a gem of fire and heat and fiercely throbbing beauty. She lowered her gaze, her hand, and held the jewel against the décolletage of her ivory-satin gown. It gleamed there like a drop of fire, a drop of blood. Philip thought he would have chosen for her an emerald, rather; emeralds have fire yet less heat, a more cool and subtle flame.

She looked at the jewel so long, as it quivered against her breast, that her husband said a little impatiently:

"Well, do you like it?"

She raised her eyes again, her breath seeming to catch a little. "*Like* it? What a poor, inadequate little word! I can't express what I'm feeling, Edward—its beauty—my appreciation—"

"Well, you've told me." He smiled across at her. Mr. Sanford was like that, clipped and a little brusque, speaking to the point; yet never failing when talking with his wife to reveal, to Philip, at least, how much he adored her.

In her silence Philip knew she was seeking for words. He perceived her appreciation of the gift, her esthetic pleasure, and a thrilled excitement like the delight of a child. Yet she was not at all childlike; and some withheld trouble in the depths of her, as her eyes and hands caressed the trinket, brought trouble to Philip. It was not the first time, while watching Mrs. Sanford, Philip had experienced this dim, nameless uneasiness.

"It is—too much," she said at last. "You've given me so many expensive things, Edward."

Mr. Sanford shook his head. "Nothing's too much. I can never give you enough expensive things, or expensive enough."

Her eyes, clinging to his for a moment, seemed to go so deep they went far beyond him and away; then they came back to the brooch.

"A ruby," she said meditatively. "It must be the most magnificent ruby in the whole world. I never dreamed I'd possess such a ruby—any ruby."

"Would you rather it'd been something else?" quickly. "An emerald? Sapphire?"

"Oh, no," almost as quickly. "Nothing could be so lovely as this! How can I thank you, Edward!"

"Here, let me pin it on for you," rising and

Drawing by Peter Arno

"She didn't speak. She gazed at him as if despairingly fascinated, compelled against the control of her wish or will. And in spite of herself she believed him. Philip knew in that moment she would have accepted his word against that of the other, the man she loved."

going round the table. "It has a safety-catch, you see. Notice how it works, so you'll never lose it."

"If I lost it I believe I'd die; it's so wonderful," she murmured. "It looks like a quivering drop of fire, or blood."

He stood back a little to survey the effect. "That's what it is," he answered, smiling. "A drop of my blood. I want you to wear it and carry it with you wherever you go—my life's blood."

Philip couldn't help noticing the wave of colour that swept over her cheeks. Nor the look that showed, for just a second, in her eyes. Yes, fright!

Philip tried not to see, not to think about it. Not only was it none of his affair, but he respected and liked Mr. Sanford very much indeed. Mr. Sanford had always been kind to Philip and, more important, he was just. Philip was infinitely sorry that Mr. Sanford was not, as the world views these things, quite a "gentleman." Philip knew—as, indeed, the whole world knew—the circumstances which had made a frame for Mr. Sanford's romance; he was able, rich, and had power, but he had not belonged to that superior world from which he had wooed and won his beautiful wife. She had been very young, very high-born (for America), and very, very poor.

Philip served the celebratory repast flawlessly. He had slim, swift, steady hands, graceful and deft. One would notice Philip's hands. They might have been a musician's, a poet's, or painter's. They served Philip admirably as a waiter. His hands made this service a ritual of grace to merit the repast, the flowers, the Bordeaux, the gem—the lady!

Some of the other waiters did not deem her so beautiful. Not comparable with Miss Ladew of the Follies, or Miss Eager of the pictures, or Mrs. Graham who was the friend of a great banker, or even Mademoiselle Suzette who lived in this hotel and who professionally sold hats of great cost and chic. But Philip, although he never discussed this topic with the others, and never, never discussed *her*, knew beauty.

Beauty. What is so undefinable, fugitive, elusive? It vanishes, returns, yet is always there. One can not touch it or measure it in the hands, or even explain it; it simply *is*, like the sublime truth of God. (*Continued on page 120*)

MOLYNEUX

The fur-trimmed suit will be very smart in Paris as soon as fur-coat weather is over. This example from Molyneux illustrates the new preference for combinations of material. The jacket is in black velours de laine, with cravat collar and deep cuffs of breitschwantz, while the skirt is in black satin.

PARIS SIGNS A TRIPLE ENTENTE IN SKIRTS

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

LOUISEBOULANGER

This model illustrates the most original use of print and plain fabrics. The costume is in navy crêpe de Chine, combined with printed chiffon, white ground with navy leaf design. Blouse, scarf, and underskirt are made of the printed chiffon.

A striped kasha in beige and brown is used for this spring suit, which could be worn either in the South or in the North. The stripes are used in two directions, and the blouse is of beige angora jersey, tied in a large bow in the front.

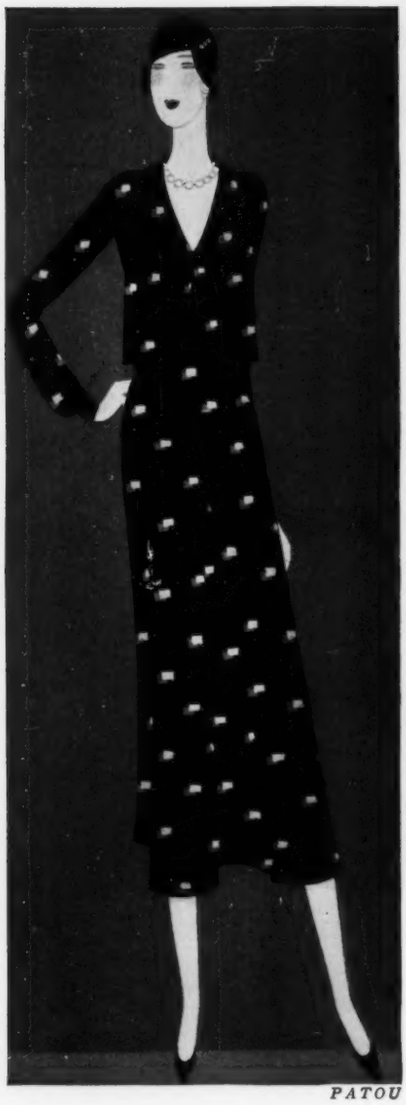
15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

ISN'T it rather wonderful that women's clothes should be front page and editorial material in metropolitan dailies in every civilized land, in spite of the rise and fall of governments, a berserk Wall Street, and a full quota of world excitements? If you listen to other people's conversations, as I confess I love to do, you notice a recurrence of two adjectives, "short" and "long." Often they apply to stock transactions, it is true, but even more often, it seems to me, they are used in connection with skirts and waistlines. The French creators have shown remarkable acumen, and have staged their revolution with unerring psychology. As usual, they have waited on events. There was not much use in attempting to impose long evening gowns during the dance craze, or formal afternoon clothes before the readjustment of social life, while the so-called sports mode was monopolizing daytime fashion.

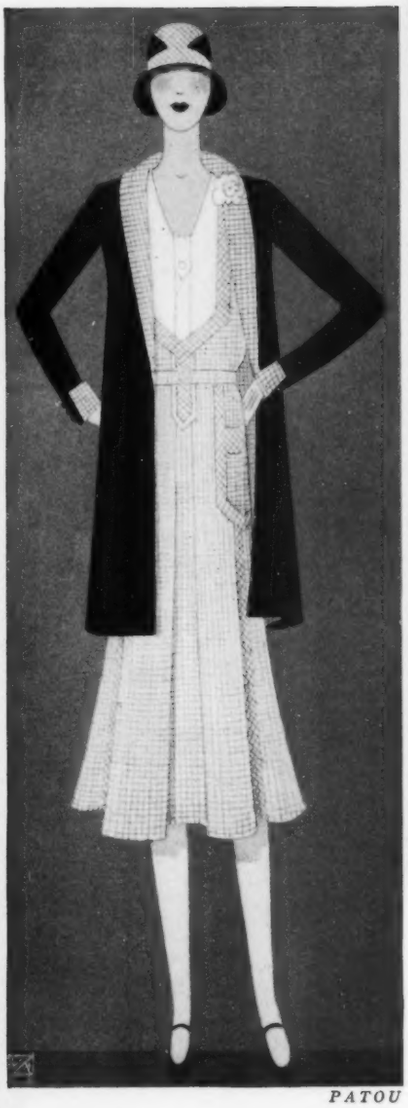
As I look back over the last ten years, I see that this sports influence has been the dominating factor in clothes, ever since the Armistice was signed. At that time, the great couturiers were ignoring sports clothes in their bi-annual collections. Women wore them, but Chanel's was about the only "big house" that provided them. Then came the sudden rise of the "sports specialist," of which, I believe, Jane Régny was the pioneer, and almost immediately sports clothes became an important part of all other collections. They even imposed their influence on the evening mode, and at night we wore in lamé what we had been wearing by day in tweed. A year ago, I noted a falling off in the quantity of sports clothes in the February collections, and reported it in Harper's Bazaar. The great designers seemed disposed to concentrate on what they called more feminine clothes, the reason being that these latter gave a freer field to invention. Sports clothes had become so standardized, so entirely adapted to the purpose for which they are created, that it seemed best to leave them to the specialists.

Only a few seasons ago, I was writing every month that the smart Parisienne's wardrobe consisted almost entirely of sports clothes and evening clothes. "Sports clothes," of course, is a clumsy term, and the English "country clothes" will not do either, for the point was that these costumes were worn in the city. But

Patou's afternoon length for general wear is thirty-five centimetres, or thirteen and three-quarter inches from the floor. This model is in a new printed crêpe, deep red, with design in lighter red and in cream.



PATOU



PATOU

For morning street wear, spectator sports, and travel, Patou would have us wear skirts thirty-eight centimetres from the floor, or fourteen and seven-eighths inches. This model is in grey and blue check and plain.

PATOU

For evening, Patou's new skirts are frankly long. The more formal the occasion, the more they trail. This one lifts slightly at the sides, and is in a new flowered chiffon, coloured flower bunches on a white ground.

a balanced ration has come back again, and we once more divide our wardrobes into playing clothes, morning, afternoon, and evening clothes. Under these general classifications are further subdivisions; under morning, for example, we may find tailleurs, or ensembles; while the evening mode is still further subdivided. Patou's midseason collection, for example, had evening dresses for almost every sort of dinner there is, from the plain, hardly ankle-length black crêpe that he called "Hen Party," through the "Dîner au Bar," the "Dîner à Montmartre," the "Dîner chez Ciro," to the very formal dinner in a private house, with its long, long skirt that finishes in two trailing ends in the back.

The August modes caused a vast deal of discussion, some apprehension, and considerable opposition. Now we can begin to see them in proper perspective, as it were, and a fairly definite rule emerges, which I have called a Triple Entente in skirts. Three general lengths, for the three times of day, with variation according to individual preference, under three general headings. And this is a most reasonable, logical, and modern solution of the skirt problem. Why should our skirts be one length, when occasions for wearing them are so different? We have freed ourselves from the tyranny of one iron-bound fashion at a time. Fashion is no longer tied down to just one skirt, one sleeve, one neckline, as it was before the War. In spite of all the talk about returning to the restrictions of our mothers, of being tied again to their corset strings, the new latitude in skirt lengths is really an additional defiance to tradition, not a return to it.

A striking contrast in black and white is accomplished by Callot in this evening ensemble, in heavy white satin, and black crêpe satin. The fur is silver fox, set above the hem, with the collar left plain.

CALLOT

Madame Vionnet, certainly one of the greatest brains that ever concentrated on feminine attire, declares that our epoch has invented just one thing—just one little contribution to the history of costume—the uneven hemline. Everything else, she contends, is an adaptation of something done before. If you think it over, you will see that she is right. So that a still further advance in the development of costume is marked by applying the uneven hemline idea, not only to one skirt at a time, but to the actual length of skirts for different occasions and different occupations. It gives women another opportunity to exploit their "infinite variety."

Now, what about the new lengths in real figures? Just how short, or how long, should our skirts be cut, for morning, for afternoon, and for evening? On the opposite page Luza has drawn three models from Patou's new collection, chosen primarily to illustrate these three skirt lengths. The morning costume, which comes under the head of "spectator sports clothes," if you will, has its skirt thirty-eight centimetres, or almost fifteen inches, from the floor. It looks a bit longer, perhaps, but that is because, as Jean Charles Worth points out, the waistline is raised, giving greater length of limb. Mr. Worth, by the way, has an interesting comment to make on the acceptance of the high waistline. He says that it comes from the bathing-suit. That when women began to put a webbing belt at the natural waistline of their swimming suits, they liked the effect so much that they were ready to extend it to all other clothes. Thirty-eight (*Continued on page 68*)

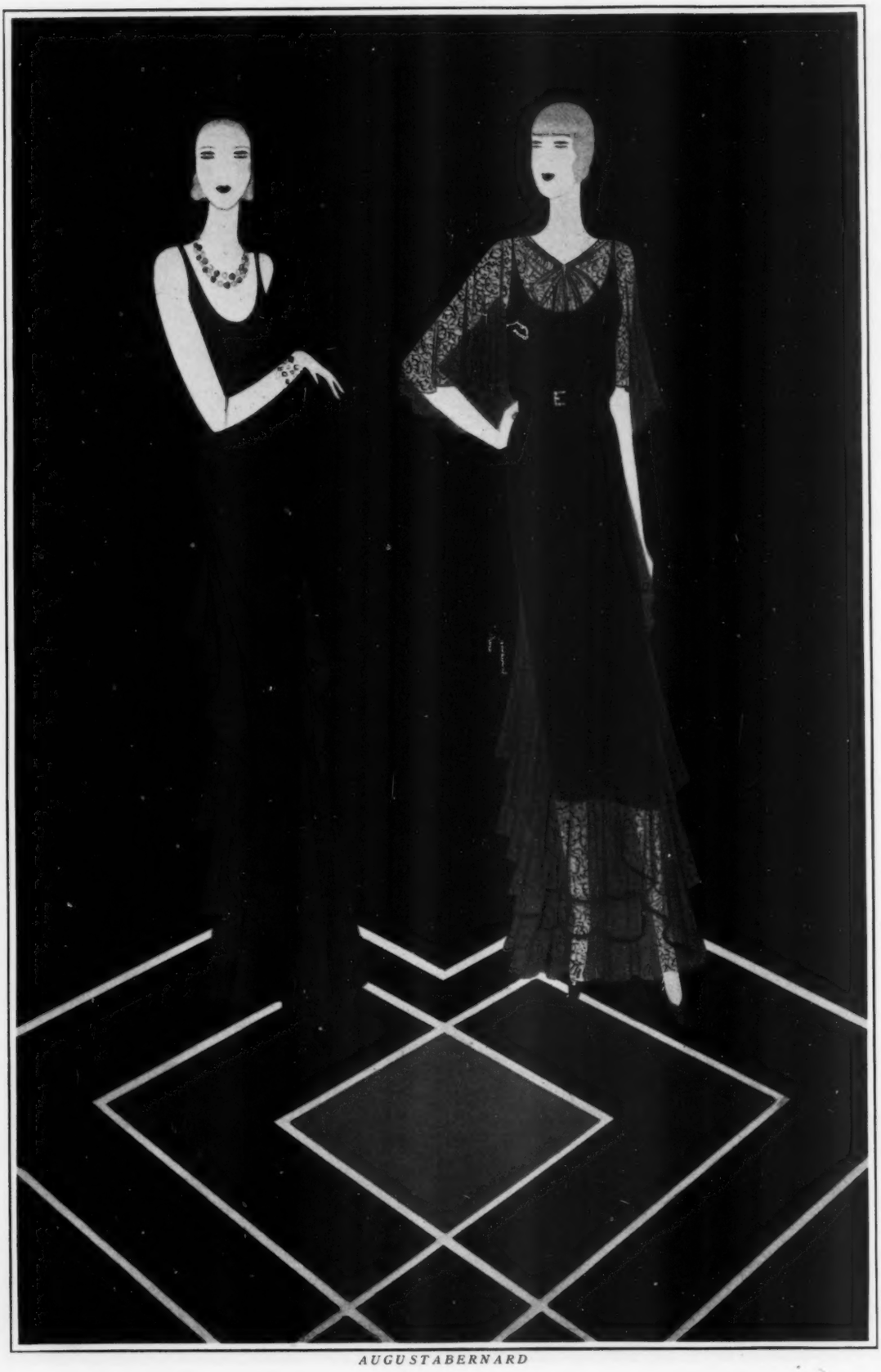
PREMET *PREMET* *GOUPY* *LUCILE PARAY*

COLOUR COMBINATIONS ARE IMPORTANT IN CLOTHES FOR THE FRENCH RIVIERA

YTEB DRECOLL-BEER

FOR THE SOUTH THE SILK SUIT WILL RIVAL THE FUR TRIMMED PASTEL ENSEMBLE.

Drawn in colour by Bernard Boutet de Monvel



AUGUSTABERNARD

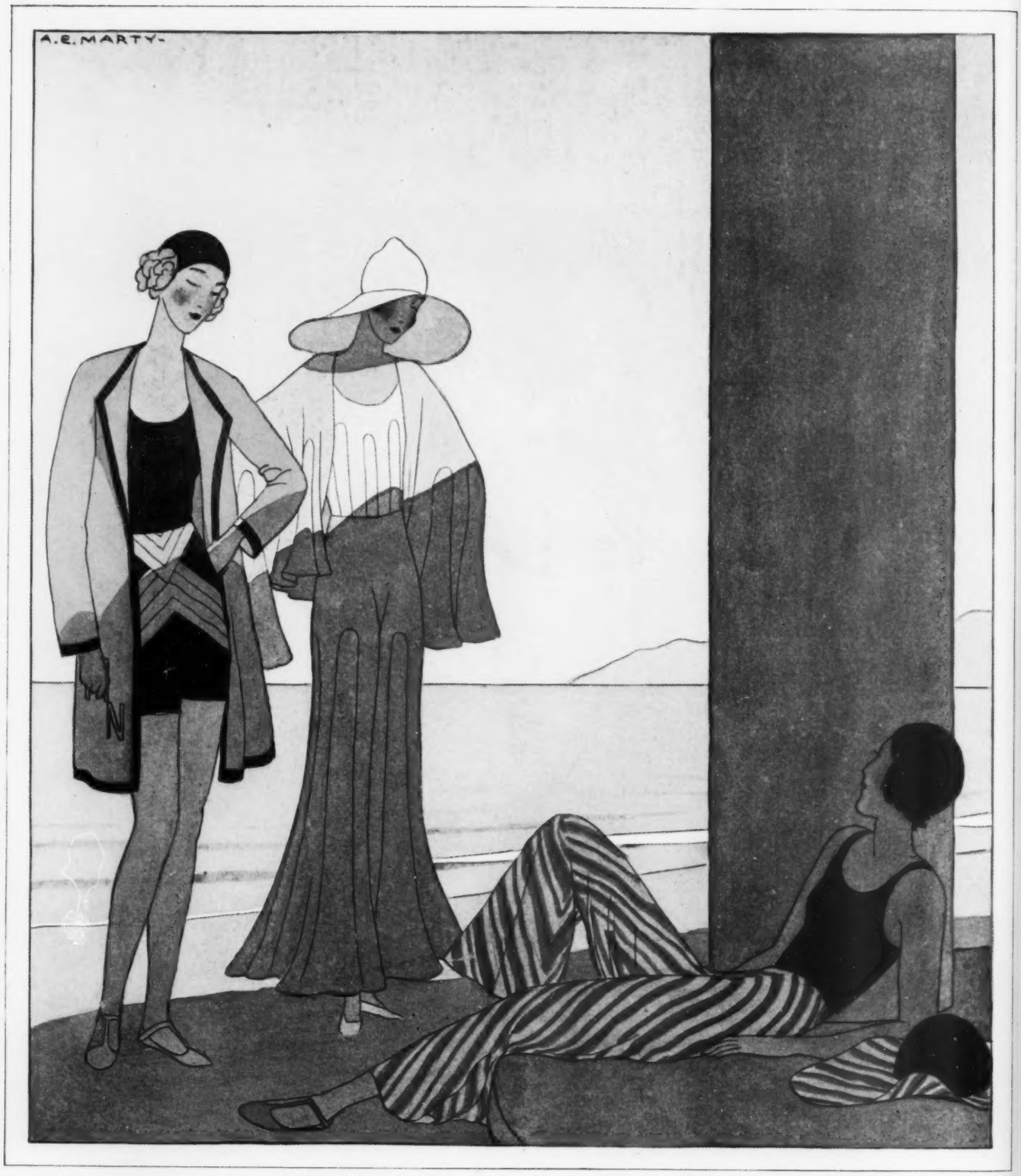
Augustabernard's new evening gowns define the figure with a typical movement of spiral panels, the hemline very uneven, but falling together with a long effect. This gown is made of deep bordeaux crêpe romain, and the space between the twisted panels is filled in with limp red silk fringes almost touching the floor.

A slim young girl with narrow shoulders is apt to look too long and narrow in the new even-length frocks, especially when they are black. So Augustabernard suggests the addition of a capelet of thin black lace, cut circular, which may be tied in front, on one shoulder, or in the back. The hemline is even.

The backs of Madame Wormser's midseason evening gowns receive special attention. This one is in flame crêpe satin, cut to outline the rounded slimness of a perfect figure. In the back of the V décolleté, there is a flat satin bow of four loops without ends, which forms the only trimming. The skirt is longest in back.

Apricot crêpe satin is the material of this typical Chéruit gown, in which all the interest is concentrated in the back. Two moire ribbons, one in paler, the other in darker apricot, almost orange, come from the side seams, and are tied together, forming a long double train in the back. The hemline is quite uneven.

CHÉRUIT



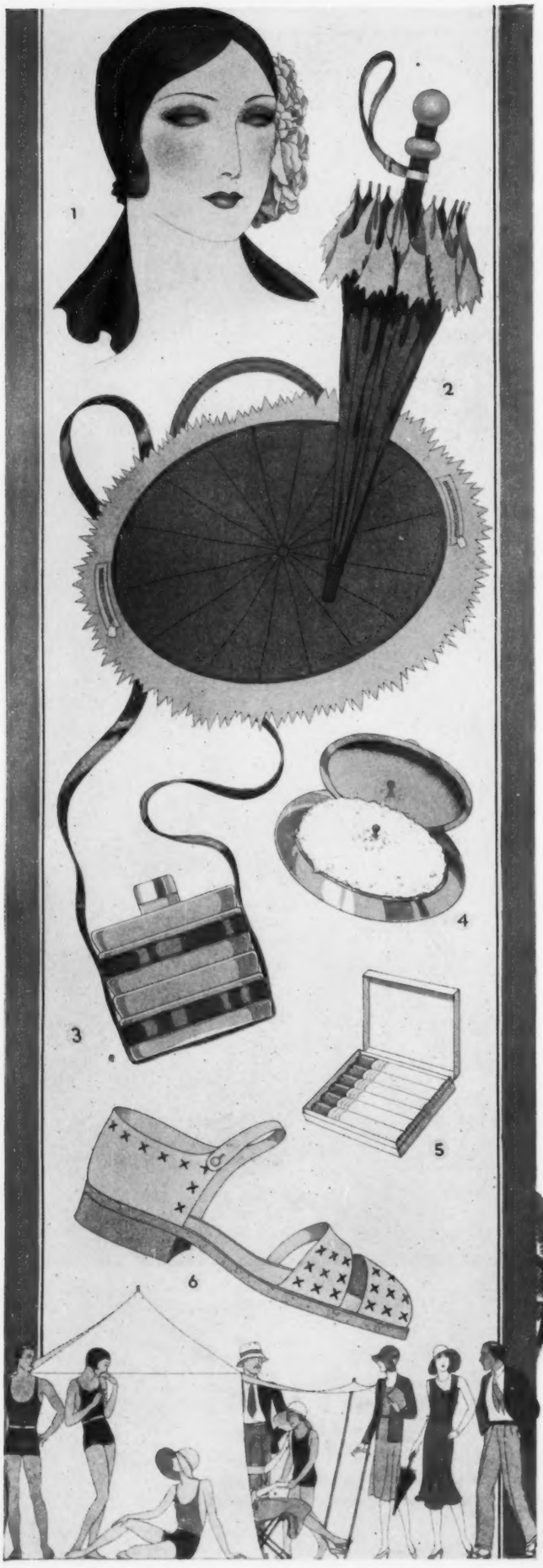
MARY NOWITZKY *IRENE DANA* *MARY NOWITZKY*

Pastel colours are the new note for southern beaches instead of the brilliant contrasts of last year. Pale rose is the favourite shade of Mary Nowitzky, while Irene Dana uses light chartreuse flat crêpe.

Drawn in colour by A. E. Marty

CHANTAL ARDANSE

Chantal combines ashes of roses in britasurah with dull black taffeta in new pyjamas. Ardanse selects crêpe satin in pale and darker gold colour, using both the dull and the shiny sides to accent the lines.



1. Nowitzky's bathing-cap in rubber cloth, with pink rubber roses, covers the nape of the neck. 2. Chantal makes a beach set in linen, bright red and butcher blue. The cushion has zipper pockets for a vanity case.

3. Mary Nowitzky's special oil for the beach is carried in an oilcloth sling over the shoulder. 4. Schiaparelli has invented a powder box, made of silver, flat and thin, with mirror lid which slips into a pocket.

5. From Piver come these lipsticks, six in a box, exactly like cigarettes with rose tip. 6. Mary Nowitzky's new beach mule is in "baby rose" linen with black cross-stitching.

centimetres from the floor is a good and quite unrevolutionary length for morning hours. Several creators, including Madame Vionnet, have been showing daytime skirts of this length for two years. The smartest Parisiennes have been wearing them like this for at least a year. One must remember that a well-dressed woman, in Paris, never did show her knee-cap, except for playing such games as tennis. Exaggeration, especially in clothes, is a trait that is more American than European. We have a well-defined tendency to run things into the ground.

I have just returned from a trip to New York, and I assure you that I saw more long skirts in the streets of that stupendous city in a three weeks' visit, than I have seen in Paris since August. The same thing applies to long evening gloves. I saw more pairs worn with evening dress than I have seen in a whole year in Europe. You know how true this is of "*the*" colour of a season. If it be blue, the famous proportion of four out of five women on Park Avenue will be in blue. In Europe, you will be apt to get this reaction—"*They* are wearing blue? Then I want some other colour."

To return to Patou's skirt lengths. The afternoon model, with its pretty new bolero bodice (and every one is experimenting with the bolero line on account of the natural

waist), the skirt is thirty-five centimetres, or thirteen and three-quarter inches from the floor. I know that Patou shows afternoon skirts that are longer than this. His famous black velvet model touched the ankle bone. But he explains that this was a special gown, for particular occasions, to be worn without a coat, in the house, and that it was not meant to indicate a skirt length for general wear.

Beside these two models, on the same page, is a flowered chiffon evening gown that is long all round, and merely lifts a trifle at the sides. This is an informal evening gown; therefore, though long, it does not trail. One can dance in it, for everywhere one hears protests against the trailing gown on crowded dancing floors. Maids with ready needles to "catch up a rent" have been installed in dressing-rooms, just as they were in the novels of the "Duchess." At the Villa d'Este, they attached their trains to their little fingers. Could anything be more artlessly Victorian? However, the skirt that just touches the ground, or just clears it, even or almost even all round, will probably remain as the typical evening skirt of 1930. But it is very interesting to note how many of the midseason collections have retained the really very uneven hemline, that Madame Vionnet declares to be our single contribution to costume,

7. Agnès's new beach hat is in coarse leghorn straw with a "fish net" of scarlet wool. 8. Chantal makes a beach umbrella in linen, black, navy, king blue, light blue, green, medium green, and yellow, tied with ribbons.

9. Worth likes fabric bags for the South. This one is in two-coloured grosgrain. 10. Agnès suggests a necklace of crystal beads braided in three colours, as red, black and white, to match one's tweed costume.

11. Lelong's new jewellery includes strings of discs in two blues, and a crystal and galalith bracelet. Schiaparelli's bag is a very large flat one in black and white heavy linen with an anchor in white linen.

Drawings by
Dynevor Rhys

POIRET

This gown in a new heavy satin, woven with two coloured threads, beige and turquoise, recalls the 1830 period, with its surplice bodice, long shoulder seams, and puffed sleeves. It illustrates the broad eclecticism of the present mode, and is designed for the woman of individual taste.

the edge running up and down like a temperature chart, though the points, all falling together by their own weight, give a long effect. Vionnet herself showed not one long-all-the-way-round gown in her midseason collection. She returned to the short-point-somewhere evening skirt. On page 64, you will see Augusta-bernard's spiral panels, giving short spots in the hemline, which she has filled in with limp fringes. There are a few fringed gowns in the midseasons. Does this mean a return to this graceful trimming? Probably not; it was a popular fashion too recently. Chéruit, also, keeps her evening skirts very uneven, running them up in points right to the knee. Lanvin has a new silhouette that I am illustrating in the next number. A very short bolero is worn with a very long princess skirt, the hem of which is extremely full, with a deep stitched band to give it an undulating flare like a flower's corolla. Lelong showed some evening gowns in his new heavy satin, that has the papery quality of a Gainsborough or a Lawrence. The skirts are arranged in heavy organ folds in the back, for all the world as they were in the 'Nineties. Lanvin's stitching reminds one of

the haircloth facings of those unhygienic days. Let us thank our lucky stars that modern good sense still keeps us from the horrors of haircloth and "brush braids" for the street. Louise-boulanger's evening skirts are often in gathered panels, even-hemmed, just touching the floor at the back and sides, and open in front over a somewhat shorter underskirt. These panels hang from the hip, the bodice moulding the upper body, and the natural waist marked by the cutting of the material, which is crossed in the back, brought round to the front, and tied or buckled at the normal waist. One of these models will be drawn in the next issue. She has a very new silhouette, which consists of a short tightly fitted bodice, an overskirt of immense puffs coming to below the knee, and skimpy wisps of chiffon to the ankles, below. Very Eighteenth Century, and somewhat difficult to wear, especially as the top and over-skirt is made of boldly patterned material.

Many of these models recall modes of the 'Nineties, proving, really, how far removed from them we are in thought. A mode never becomes picturesque enough to revive until it is definitely placed in the past. Only a little time ago, the 'Eighties were discovered to be picturesque. Now, it is the 'Nineties. Until very recently they were too near for us to find any inspiration in them. They looked merely out-of-date, and not "quaint" or "old-fashioned." A leading New York importer, discussing with me the acceptance of the new modes, explained their success with the young girl by the fact that long skirts, which she had really hardly ever seen, gave her a thrill comparable to her mother's when she put her hair up; while, she said, the matron has adopted them because they recall her courting days, and her husband says to her, "You look, (*Continued on page 130*)

These three models are all included in the same costume, and illustrate Redfern's new idea of two gowns to be worn with the same wrap. The evening frock is in bright red heavy tulle, short at the sides and long back and front. The coat and afternoon gown are velveteen.

REDFERN

Rita Martin

MRS. GURNEE MUNN

Mrs. Munn, the daughter of the late Rodman Wanamaker, of New York and Philadelphia, is a dominant factor in international society. She is the sister of Mrs. Ector Munn and of John Wanamaker, and will pass a part of the midwinter season at her ocean-front villa in Palm Beach.

By Demetra Vaka:

THE PANGS OF SUCCESS

A GENTLE Satire on the Difficulties which Beset One who Must choose a Course of Conduct. . . .

HAND in hand Aphrodite and Mary went out into the garden to work on their house. Aphrodite was small and dark, and always stood at the head of her class; Mary was fair and larger, and forever gravitating towards the foot, only languidly regretting it.

Aphrodite was the daughter of the Greek priest and lived in a small house with a small yard; and Mary was the daughter of an architect and lived in a big house with a wonderful garden behind it. Whenever Aphrodite went into the garden her heart leaped at the enchantment of it. Today her imagination soared with her heart. She looked up at the huge pine tree in the middle, whose branches drooping to the ground formed all sorts of mysterious and delightful caves.

"That is a virgin pine tree," Aphrodite pronounced.

"Why?" asked Mary.

"Because if she were wedded there would be a lot of little pines sprouting around, as there are up in Maine." The story could not be permitted to end here, and Aphrodite soared farther afield. "She has a jealous father who does not allow her to marry. He is the North Wind."

"You know all that because you are a Greek," Mary sighed.

"Oh, I know much more than that," Aphrodite said grandly. "I can't tell you all I know—not at once."

This summer the Westons were not going to the country, because Mr. Weston was building a church and his wife did not wish to leave him. Aphrodite rejoiced that Mary was not going away, and the two children had decided to build a house of their own in one corner of the garden to shelter them against the severe weather of the coming winter. They were still digging at the foundations, but the weather was discouraging to foundation digging.

Mary sat back and fanned herself with her hat. "The heat is conspiring against us. We shall never be able to finish our house by autumn, and we shall perish, homeless, in the winter's cold." After deep thinking she added: "It's funny, isn't it, that God first makes us uncomfortably hot, and then miserably cold. Why is it that He doesn't make the weather just right all the time?" She leaned close to her friend, her blue eyes luminous. "Have you ever thought of that, Aphrodite?"

Whenever Mary asked a question, no matter how difficult, Aphrodite felt that she must know the answer, in order not to shame the race of which Mary's family thought so highly. Not being able to tell about the weather on the instant, she replied evasively: "I am too hot to think. I wish I could feel cool, somehow."

Mary looked about. "Let us go under the branches of the Virgin Pine Tree. She will keep the heat away from us."

They scuttled to their feet. Before going away they stopped to set up a stick with a red ribbon on the end, to warn off passers-by from the foundations of their house.

Inside the haven of the pine branches they could not believe it was so hot outside. "Dear Virgin Pine Tree," Mary whispered, "you are so good to us." She turned to her friend. "Aren't you going to tell her, too? She may think you don't love her."

"She couldn't think that because she sees deep into my heart. She knows that I love her, and pray that some day a prince may come to wed her."

"Isn't she too old to get married now? She has been here for ever so many years."

"That doesn't matter, pines have so much longer lives than ours. Some day her prince will come. He may come in the guise of a star."

"But if he is a star, perhaps she is already married," Mary cried excitedly.

"No, I told you there would be little ones sprouting around, if she were. Every wedded one has little ones."

"You seem to know about everything. I wish you would tell me why God doesn't make all the weather nice."

Thus pressed, Aphrodite gave the subject her earnest consideration.

"It must be because He wants to build our characters through hardship. All of us must do something in life," she went on sententiously. "The pine tree shelters us from rain and heat; the apple tree gives us apples; the plum tree gives us plums, and so on."

"What do the flowers do?" Mary asked.

"God meant the flowers to be just pretty and sweet-smelling, to gladden the world with their colour and beauty."

Mary cocked her head on one side. "It isn't very much. I should hate to think they were lazy."

"They make pictures for the artists to paint, and they inspire poets to write poems. Being lovely and full of perfume they help others to do good things, and so they are just as useful as the trees."

Mary tightened her clasp of her friend's arm. "What are you going to do when you grow up, Aphrodite? You are so clever."

"I want to do something so great that every one shall be happier because I have lived," she said swellingly.

"That is huge. Do you think you can do it?"

Aphrodite nodded with decision.

Mary lamented. "I don't feel as if I could ever do anything very grand."

"At least we can both start building our characters," Aphrodite comforted. "Especially you should, who are older than I."

"God does that," Mary observed placidly. "You just pray, and he makes you good."

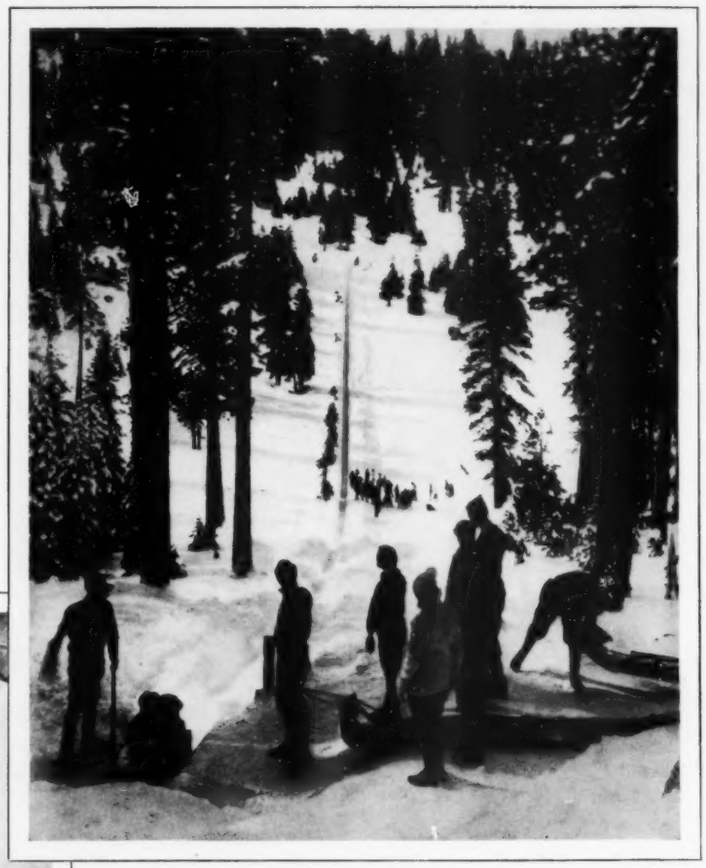
"No, our *lives* are in his keeping," Aphrodite declared positively, "not our characters. Those we must build ourselves."

Mary never thought of doubting her. She was saddened. "I am sorry. It must be frightfully difficult. How is it done?"

Suddenly inspired, Aphrodite announced: "To begin with, we must make a vow to do something worthy. Then we have to keep the vow. That will build our characters."

"I never knew anyone who did it," Mary objected dubiously. "It's not like building our house. Father showed us how to dig the foundations—"

Aphrodite clutched Mary's arm excitedly: "That is it! First we dig the foundations for our characters, and then we build them up. And to find out how to (*Continued on page 112*)



WIDE WORLD

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

"It's the nearest thing to flying," say tobogganists. Above is shown the 1500-foot slide at Truckee, Calif., in the Sierras

By John R. Tunis:

BRINGING SWITZERLAND TO AMERICA

HE CLUMPED clumsily across the narrow wooden platform to the edge of the chute, a small black figure on skis outlined vividly against the dying sun of that February afternoon. He was taking off from the Julier Ski Leap, the most famous jump in the most renowned winter sports centre of the Engadine, which meant the winter sports centre of the world. And there he stood for a second with the whole earth patterned beneath, then down he went, crouching carefully, slowly at first, faster, faster, until he left the incline, straightened his body and extended his arms, and for a moment that seemed an hour was poised in mid-air above our heads, an eagle in flight. Motionless as a bird he fluttered into the hollow, slapping the pure white snow with a ringing sound that carried up to us in the still, cold atmosphere, and still more like a bird than a human being glided noiselessly through the lane of onlookers to the haven where he would be near the green pine trees at the valley's end. St. Moritz, fifteen years ago!

At this period of ancient history it was practically necessary for the American who wanted the best in winter sports to cross the Atlantic, to embark upon a *wagon-lit* on the Paris-Rome Express and journey overnight into the heart of the Canton of the Grisons to St. Moritz. This was the home, the focal point of all winter games the world over; here at Davos and St. Moritz these sports were born and developed fifty years ago, and

INTERNATIONAL

Mrs. Wyllys R. Betts and Mrs. Richard Tucker executing a fancy waltz at the exclusive Beaver Dam Club, Beaver Dam, Long Island.

Ski-kjöring on Mirror Lake. American devotees of winter sports need no longer cross the Atlantic. The Adirondacks and the upper valley of the St. Lawrence are ideal in climate and terrain.

even up to the period before the War this was the spot you sought if you wished all that winter sports could offer; if you wanted the finest in skating and skiing, in luging and tobogganing. You went where it was: the Julier Ski Leap, the Cresta Run, Badrutt's at St. Moritz. Today this is no longer necessary; now Americans have winter sports at their own back door as well developed as any upon the Continent.

Furthermore, our season really lasts longer than the Swiss season. In Switzerland if you spend January at Caux or Territet or some of the resorts above Lake Geneva, you suddenly wake up one morning to find that the snow is beginning to die away here and there on the runs and that there are tiny pools of water on the skating-rink before the hotel. You must get higher. So by the end of February you move along to Murren or some of the resorts in the Bernese Oberland, whereas at Placid or Murray Bay or Poland Springs, or Montreal you have your winter sports from Christmas until the late March suns dry out the runs for good and melt the skating-rinks into slippery slush.

Now of all winter sports skiing is probably the most fascinating; certainly the oldest. In fact it is one of the oldest sports in the world, for its history dates back to a time long before the Christian era when Xenophon in his Armenian campaign fitted out his troops with skis or pattens to make the soldiers more mobile over the snow-covered plains of Asia Minor. The ski has been used as a method of transportation in all northern climes. During the War it was discovered that convalescent soldiers interned in Switzerland could ski before they were able to walk. Those who have attempted skiing, men and women, declare that it is the greatest of all sports of any season. Lili de Alvarez, the tennis champion, who besides being a scratch golfer is an expert billiard player, an automobile racing driver, and has represented her country, Spain, in fancy skating in the Olympic Games, may be said to know something about sports. Skiing, she (*Concluded on page 116*)

Perhaps you are a skater and do not care for skis and skiing. Perhaps with Wordsworth you prefer "the dulcet chime of steel on ice." In North America you have winter sports from Christmas until late March suns melt the rinks into slippery slush.

A Novel by Richard Le Gallienne:

THERE WAS A SHIP

Drawings by Erté

"Calliope was captive in a strange land, at the mercy of a cruel tyrant, but she was a woman after all. With what hilarity some young cavalier gallants she knew would greet her in such habiliments! Suddenly a pang shot through her heart as the stern face of her father rose before her. She, his daughter, so garbed!"

Wherein is Enjoyed a Brief Interval of Love and Poetry

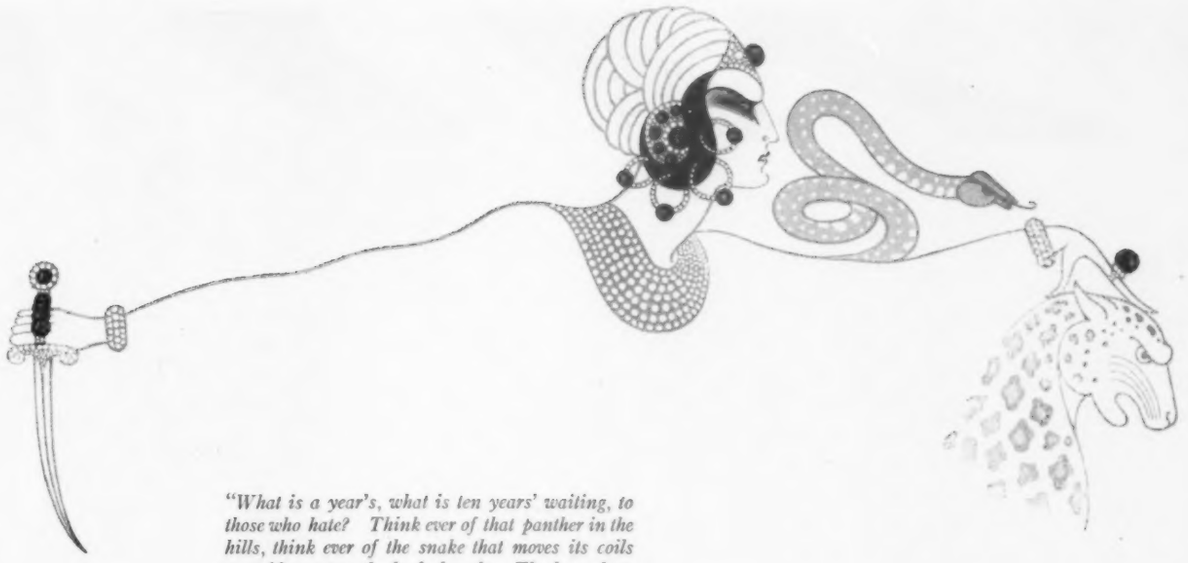
Part Five
Chapter XVIII: Within Sound of the Sea

IF ONE has to be in prison, there are certainly worse companions than the sound of the sea. As Dionysus lay on his back, manacled in his rocky dungeon, he counted himself fortunate, he who had sailed with the Captain to escape from the foolishness of the land—the land, that is, on which the palace of Whitehall was situated—to adventure with him on those broad blue spaces of which he had so long dreamed. As a musician, too, he found occupation in the darkness, studying the rhythms of the waters that came and went with sure and recurring stroke and swirl among the clattering and sliding pebbles somewhere near by. Their recession and return, their sighing oscillations, their sweeping, skirt-like rustle, all evoked dreams of strange beaches on enchanted islands, with hidden ports whence ships sailed to distant shores, mysterious and unknown; ships that with swelling canvas had foundered in bays of coral, or made anchorage at last in the harbours of the moon. Such fantasies companioned him as he lay in the dark; and he had no lack of other companions in odd crustacean things that crawled up from the shingle outside, and vermin, too, that prisoners who had occupied his dungeon before him had left behind. Vermin! amongst them he counted the Astrologer, who often came and sat a little above him and laughed and jeered.

"Why don't you throw me overboard?" said that intimate of the stars.

He had other taunts which made his prisoner strain his strong young muscles against the chains that bound him, taunts which the Astrologer was careful to make well out of reach of those powerful hands: pictures of Lady Calliope in the arms of the Dey, reconciled at last to the luxury with which she was surrounded, happy in gardens filled with the perfume of oranges and lemons in flower; pictures, too, of the gipsy girl who also had forgotten everything in the jewels the Dey had hung in her ears, and the gold circlets on her arms and her ankles.

To Dionysus these taunts were the idle jests of an evil fool; he gave no heed to them but the



"What is a year's, what is ten years' waiting, to those who hate? Think ever of that panther in the hills, think ever of the snake that moves its coils so softly among the leafy boughs. The long, long waiting, and then the sweet, sweet spring, and the fangs in the throat, and the warm, gushing blood."

laughter of his young blue eyes. The only thought they provoked was that two women he loved might well be in danger, and that there he lay, powerless to bring them aid. The Astrologer left him. His gaoler threw down to him a loaf of black bread, and he lay once more listening to the music of the sea. Fear, he knew nothing of. He was too young and too strong. Youth for such men as Dionysus is a form of immortal strength.

At twenty-five we fear nothing. We know that we shall live for ever. There are no dangers we cannot laughingly face, no iron bars we cannot twist in our hands, no doors we cannot break, no hazard we cannot win. Also, at twenty-five we are never without friends. Dionysus knew that he had one friend outside there, the Captain, who was worth a thousand. Of course, he pondered on ways of escape, for the sound of the sea told him how near he was to freedom; but, strong as his shoulders were, they were no match for the iron that bound them. So there was nothing left but to have courage and to await the event.

The event came with but little waiting. Suddenly, one evening, as he judged—for it was the time of his evening loaf—the little iron door up a step or two of rock above him opened, and the loaf fell down within reach of his hands. As he clutched it, it seemed heavier than usual, and, as he broke it open, he found that it was not all made of bread. A short thick dagger, it was, that had made it heavier; as Di ran his finger along the blade, he found that one side of it was serrated. It was at once a dagger and a file. "Hurrah!" he cried out to himself, in English fashion; and, without wasting a moment, he tried it on his chains. Blessings on the good armourer who had forged it, given it this good edge and these keen, biting teeth. It was not long before his chains and his manacles fell away from him; and he stood as manly erect as the cave allowed.

The Captain, he said to himself, was there somewhere in the background, laughing at Fate as of old. Of course, it was the Captain's doing, though Dionysus knew nothing of John Quince, or Pear-Blossom the executioner, or his brother-in-law, the brother of his beautiful bronze wife, who, by good fortune, chanced to be his gaoler. As he rejoiced in the free play of his arms and legs once more, that little iron gate opened again, and a bundle of Moorish garments fell down to him. It fell with a metallic clink, for in one of the pockets of the woollen robe, with its haik for head covering, was a small leathern bag which jingled. Dionysus lost no time. In a moment he stood up, and to all seeming was a very dignified and redoubtable young Moor.

Again the door above him opened; and his gaoler, with finger on lip, signed to him to follow. They walked together through long passages cut in the solid rock, with the sound of the sea always at their right hand. At length they came to another door through which, as the gaoler opened it, the spray came flying.

Dionysus caught sight of hills, a rocky track that led high up towards them, and a dark sky; for the night was stormy and the wind and the sea were rising together. Just outside, two mules stood waiting, and the face of a friend—no other than he of Jonas' coach, Phineas Elderberry. But, before he threw his leg over the mule nearest him, Dionysus did not forget an old habit of his—one might even call it a mannerism. He thrust his hand into the bag that had made that metallic sound falling on the rocky floor of his prison; and he placed it filled with gold pieces into the hand of the gaoler, who stood there at the half-opened door. Thus prisoner and gaoler parted friends, and Dionysus and Phineas rode up the rocky track together towards the hills and the farm, with its sheep and its goats, of which Pear-Blossom, axe on shoulder and whip in hand, was dreaming at that very moment, beneath those gleaming hooks that decorated the gate of Bab-el-Oued.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Lady Calliope in her Palace

IT IS far from unimportant to record that Dionysus was soon a very popular person up at Pear-Blossom's farm, playing with the bronze babies, by whom he was adored, and always ready to be handy-man for his statuesque wife, who was not long in becoming his devoted friend. There let us leave him for a while, and interest ourselves in the Lady Calliope, on whom his anxious and jealous thoughts ran day and night. He knew through Phineas Elderberry that both she and Gaya were safe for the present, precarious as their safety was; but in the case of Calliope, the Astrologer had planted a little seed in his heart which was fast growing there like the upas tree, and filling it with a maddening poison.

Had it not been for the urgent warnings of the Captain, there was no desperate deed he might not have attempted to catch sight of her face. The Captain had warned him that the safety of all his friends depended upon his self-control, as in like manner he had warned the Lady Calliope herself. On the day of her being installed in the palace which Selim Hassan had given her for herself, the Captain had contrived to appeal to the courage and common sense she had already shown, and urged her to humour the Dey as far as was possible without violation of her womanly conscience.

Calliope's faith in him and his resource had made her promise him this without misgiving; though, as she threw herself on her bed at the ending of that first terrible day, the thought of that ghastly corridor of corpses through which they had been led to the tyrant's presence once more shook her soul with horror, and, when at last she slept, filled the dark hours with nightmare dreams. After all, would it be possible for her to support the presence of such a monster, without instantly going mad or without plunging into his heart or her own that dagger with which the Captain had found opportunity to provide her for the last desperate emergency?

As morning came, the valour of her strong youth asserted itself. Moreover, there was, as I have hinted before, something in her blood derived from her mother whose family were all Cavaliers which gave her nature a romantic and poetic sensitiveness, and which her father's stern training had merely suppressed on the surface. This had asserted itself against his authority that night on the Portsmouth Road, when she had made that gracious acknowledgment to the handsome court gallant, who, in his turn, had left a memory with her which had never been effaced. As she awoke to her strange and beautiful surroundings, the romance of her, an English girl, so sud- (*Continued on page 134*)

An imported beach ensemble from Milgrim in orange jersey, with a tweedy diagonal stripe of black. The trousers and coat are worn over a one-piece bathing-suit.

An extremely practical swimming suit from Stewart. It consists of a jumper with encrusted bows and shorts of wool jersey in a pale shade of robin's-egg blue.

Piqué is used for a bathing ensemble from Abercrombie and Fitch. The full plaited shorts and three-quarter coat are of plain brown; the jumper of brown and white print.

FOR

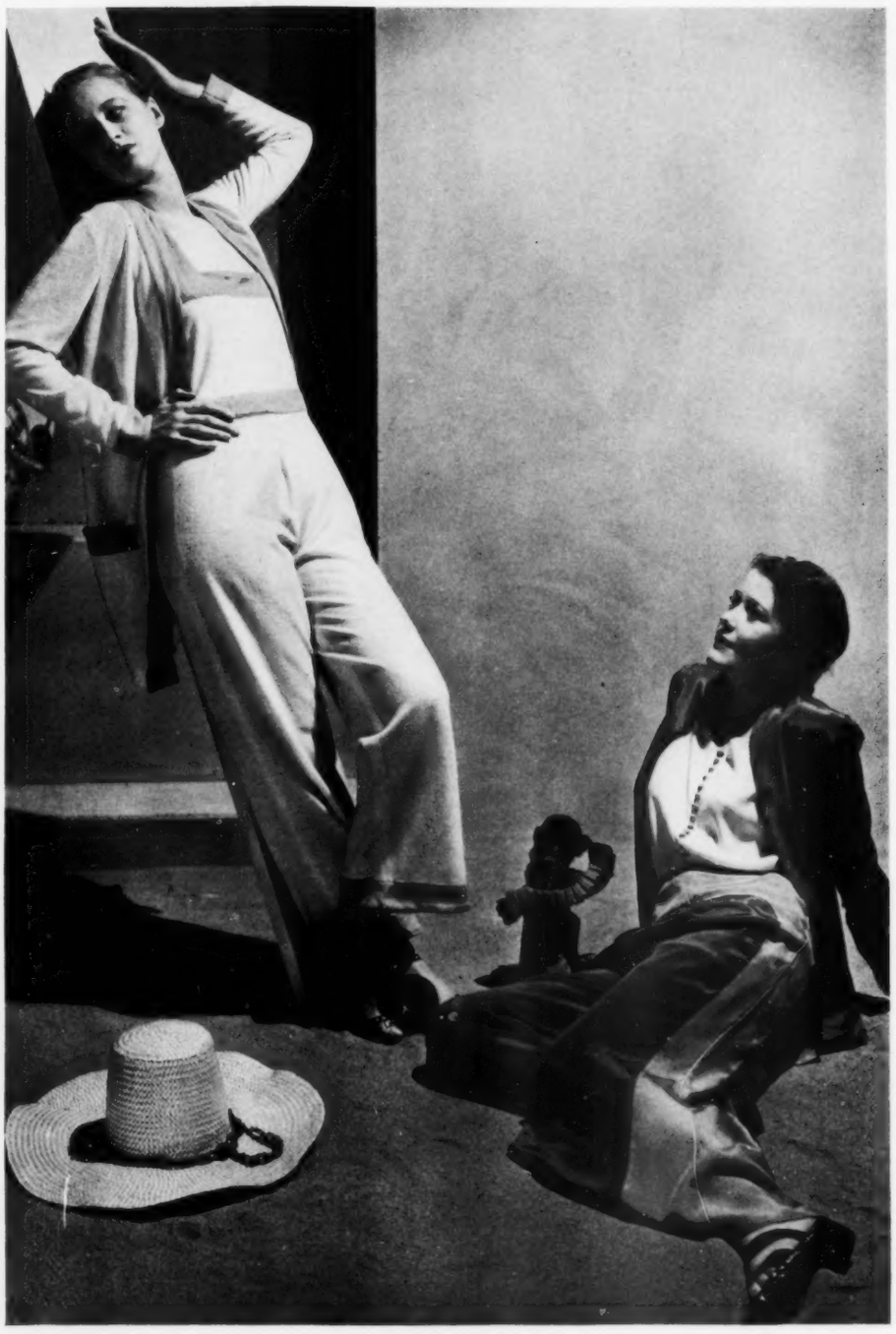
A beach ensemble from Franklin Simon of plain brown and yellow, combined with brown striped jersey. The coat is reversible. The turban and bag are of striped fabric.

A swimming-suit from Saks-Fifth Avenue, which is a Patou adaptation. It is done in two shades of blue celanese; the jumper light, the shorts of the darker tone.

Pink celanese combines with black in a bathing-suit from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Black makes the shorts, binds the neck, and is set on the jumper to give the effect of a bolero.

Two sides of red and white celanese are used in an ensemble from Bonwit Teller. A cape, which may also be tied about the waist as a skirt, has trimming of red on white.

NINETEEN-THIRTY BEACHES



Photographs by Arthur Gerlach

A one-piece white jersey pyjama from Stewart, banded with chartreuse, has a sun-tan back and matching cardigan. The hat, also Stewart's, is a straw sombrero trimmed with brilliant beads.

Mary Nowitzky's red, white and blue beach ensemble from Saks-Fifth Avenue is flat crêpe, button trimmed. The nigger baby, playing tropic jazz on the tropic sands, is of sponge. Nat Lewis.

LOUNGING ON SOUTHERN SANDS

Patou's lip-stick red pyjamas, imported by Bergdorf Goodman, are of washable crêpe de Chine with a tuck-in blouse. The black and white straw beach hat is from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A brocade tuslikasha ensemble, Dobbs, has jumper, coat and kerchief in a red, yellow and putty print. Putty trousers and leather sandals. Chair from Macy; rubber fish from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Bonwit Teller's one-piece natural colour shantung pyjama has a vivid red yoke and a red kimono-type wrap lined with beige terry cloth. The sandals are of a matching red crêpe de Chine.

Best's one-piece orchid bathing-suit is in silk jersey. A vivid towel and straw sandals, Best. Mary Nowitzky's oil bottle with a leather sling, the canvas mat and rubber ball are from Macy's.

This ensemble from Lord and Taylor is made of a coarsely nubbed cotton ratiné in orange. The coat with four pockets is cut after Chanel. The frock has a tuck-in jumper with piqué collar and tie.

Ideally adapted to the short woman is this suit of egg-shell, wide wale piqué from Altman. The skirt is a wrap-around of intricate cut. The sleeveless hand-made blouse is of handkerchief linen.

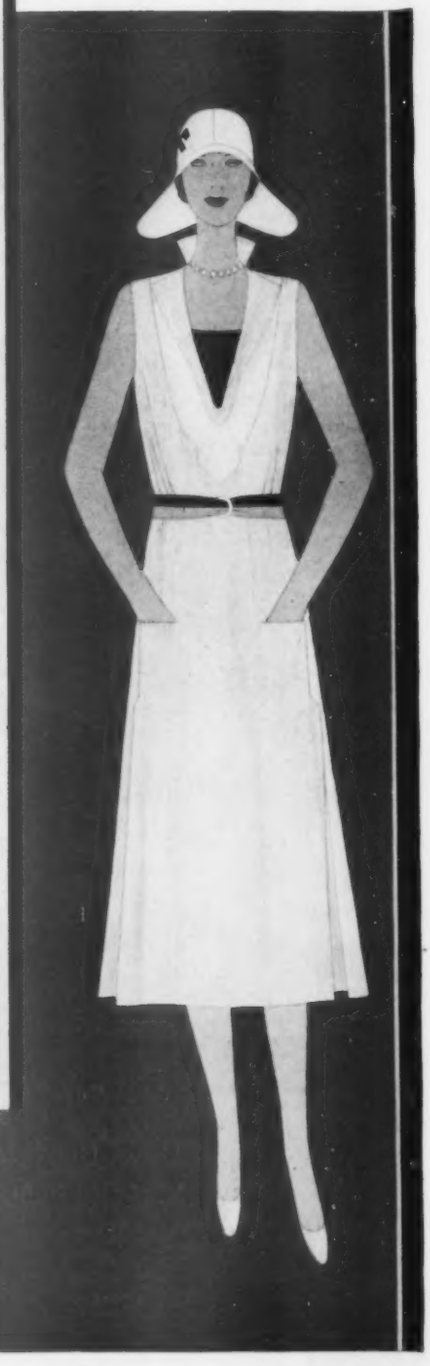
An imported hand-made frock from Wanamaker in rosy beige georgette. The bodice and upper part of the sleeves are of solid pin-tucks. The plaited peplum and skirt are finely hemstitched in rows.

SPORTSWEAR

This frock of light bois de rose crêpe de Chine has all its edges scalloped. Very high-waisted, with a belt of braided strips of the material, it is a good design for the short woman. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A sports ensemble of wool crepella from Best. The skirt is of yellow with gores set on in a scalloped line below a yoke. The jumper and cardigan are blue. Well designed to flatter the short woman.

From Best is this sleeveless dress of wide wale white piqué. It is worn over a bathing-suit with red jumper and blue shorts of wool jersey. The belt is also red and blue. Excellent for short women.



Drawings by
Malaga Grenet

FOR THE SOUTH

A sleeveless sport dress in egg-shell shantung, from B. Altman, banded in red, dull yellow and brown. The jacket, a matching brown, is princess in line. Shoes and hat also from Altman.

Abercrombie and Fitch present a Robert knit sport dress in tilleul, primrose and white, with accessories. The sleeveless jumper and classic cardigan are lace-woven jersey, the skirt knit tweed.

Peach-colour crêpe shirting is used with stripes running two ways in this summery Franklin Simon frock, decorated by pearl buttons and a monogram on the pocket. Bag, hat and shoes complete the ensemble.

A VARIETY OF SPORT COSTUMES

De Pinna's three-piece linen sport dress has a sleeveless white handkerchief linen blouse with skirt and coat in brown, black, red or navy. Shoes and matching hat with stitched brim from the same shop.

A black skirt distinguishes this flat crêpe dress from Saks-Fifth Avenue with egg-shell tuck-in blouse and jacket, and orange and green belt. The Agnès straw hat and the shoes are also from Saks.

Garson Eldridge have designed a tusli-kasha suit and hat in an amethystine shadow print with an attached yellow and amethyst scarf. A monogrammed yellow silk piqué vest has brass buttons.

FOR THE SOUTHERN SOJOURNER

This dress is especially smart in cut with the bolero feature which is being worn so much in Paris this season. Omar Kiam makes it of lipstick-red georgette, diaphanous about the feet, with a shorter underskirt.

Every line is a diagonal one in this delightful chartreuse satin frock from Kurzman. The neckline is asymmetric and the panels of the skirt are stitched in a slanting line, tightly moulding the hips.

Heavy canton crêpe in black makes an important evening gown from Irene Dana, imported by Jay-Thorpe. A large rhinestone buckle on the right hip holds the drapery which descends into a point at the hemline.

SILK, SATIN, MOIRE, LACE SHOW

A slenderizing frock of black georgette from Bergdorf Goodman, with very fluid lines. A band of fringe is set on the underskirt and shows at intervals beneath the flanges which swirl about the hips.

Particularly lovely for Southern wear is a black silk lace dress from Hattie Carnegie. Sunburn tulle straps and a deep yoke of sunburn shade tone into the flesh tints. The wrap is of red velveteen.

Mauve-pink moire makes this divinely moulded evening gown from Stein and Blaine. The pointed line is repeated in the décolletage, in the joining of bodice and skirt and in the uneven dipping hem.

INFINITE VARIETY FOR EVENING

Florence Blecker

(Upper left) An oxford spectator sports shoe from Martin and Martin, of white buckskin with dark brown trim. A putty-coloured one-strap pump from Frank Bros., of horsehair fabric with kid trim and heel.

(Below) A one-strap street pump from Slater of water-snake skin with tan calf strap. A white buck suède oxford from Shoecraft Salon trimmed with perforated shaped strappings of chocolate brown calf.

(Upper right) Fortmason makes a sports shoe in woven strips of black and white calf with black calf trim and rubber soles. A sports sandal of white suède kid-skin from I. Miller, with strappings in all pastel shades.

(Below) Mary Nowitzky's beach sandal which Jay-Thorpe import. It is of pastel kid with cork insets. A classic type of spectator sports shoe from Delman, of white buckskin with tan calf heel and trim.

SHOES FOR THE SOUTH

Florence Blecker

(Upper left) A charming Perugia mule of red leather with heel and lining of gold. I. Miller. A sandal for Southern wear from Cammeyer made of closely woven Ostend fabric, and trimmed with matching beige kid.

(Below) From Sommers is this one-strap pump of natural coloured linen. Excellent for Palm Beach wear. A formal daytime black moire sandal from Saks-Fifth Avenue, appropriate for wear with the new longer skirts.

(Upper right) A mule from Vanity Boot Shop of moire with modern strappings of gold kid. The English bootmaker, R. R. Bunting makes a charming crêpe de Chine evening sandal with extremely open shank and quarter.

(Below) Henning makes a one-strap pump for Southern wear, of ivory-coloured straw with straps of matching kid. An evening sandal in black moire of novel design with silver pipings. J. & T. Cousins. (Kurzman.)

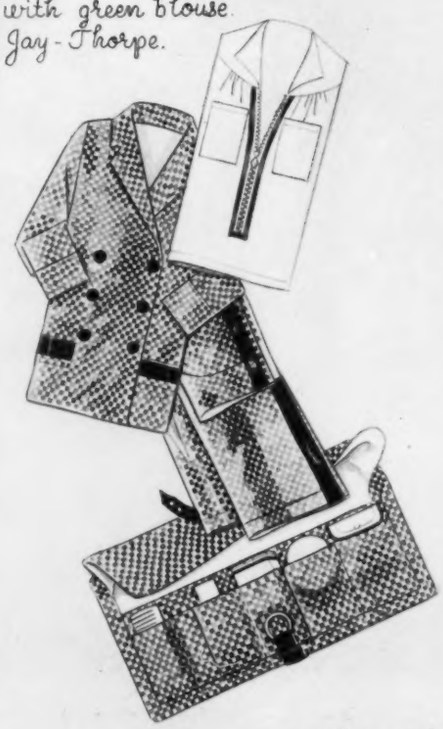
TYPES THAT ARE NEW

Sports ensemble. The scarf and bag attached to belt. B. Altman.

An apple-green flat crêpe swimming-suit by Nat Lewis, with a tuck-in blouse and formally plaited shorts. The yoke has a belt run through slashes.

White ruffled parasol of grosgrain ribbon from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Brown and white checked beach pyjamas with green blouse. Jay-Thorpe.

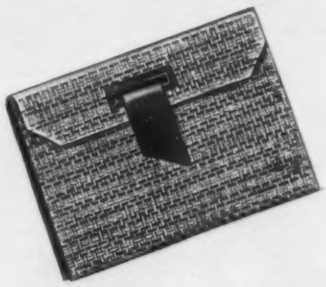


Brown and white checked fitted pyjama bag with oil-cloth lining. Jay-Thorpe.

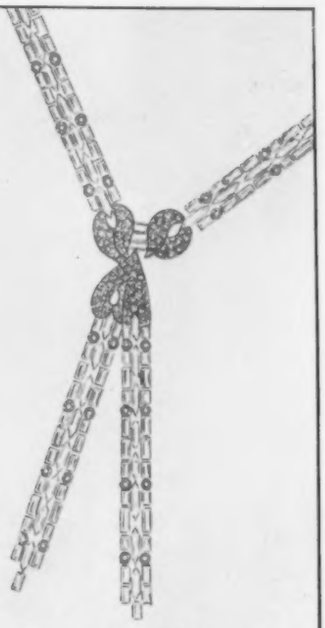
Stewart's towel-robe which may be spread flat on the beach.

Veronica E. Kelly

FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS



A black and white novelty straw bag from Nat Lewis.



From Jay-Thorpe, a copy of an important jeweller's necklace.

Bergdorf Goodman's cream bridal breakfast gown has a moire and Alençon lace coat on princess lines, over a finely plaited voile and Alençon night-gown. The little cap is the same lace.

A four-strand necklace of vari-coloured carnelians. Nat Lewis.

On Nat Lewis's black antelope bag, there are prystal medallions.

Veronica E. Kelly

FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS

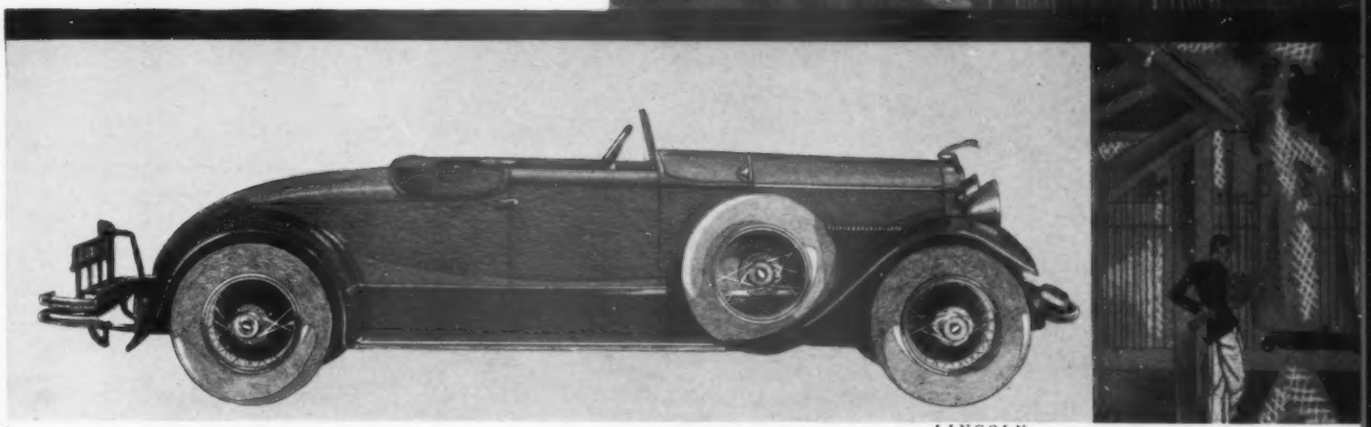
These two ladies have just descended from their Ford Town Car. She on the left wears a Schiaparelli ensemble, from Stewart. Her coat of black and white tweed has black insertions, her skirt is black crêpe, her blouse grey-pink wool jersey in an open-work mesh. A black and beige tie is drawn through a buttonhole at the top of her skirt.

For her companion on the right, Milgrim has designed a tweed suit of rosy mixture and executed it in a Rodier fabric. The coat, unlined and collarless, closes at the bottom with four large buttons and it is worn with a pale green scarf to match the pale green crêpe tuck-in blouse. Her skirt is flared all round with deep godets.

TWO ENSEMBLES AND A TOWN CAR

HERE ARE THE NEW YEAR'S NEWEST AUTOMOBILES

Drawings by
GASTON SUDAKA



LINCOLN

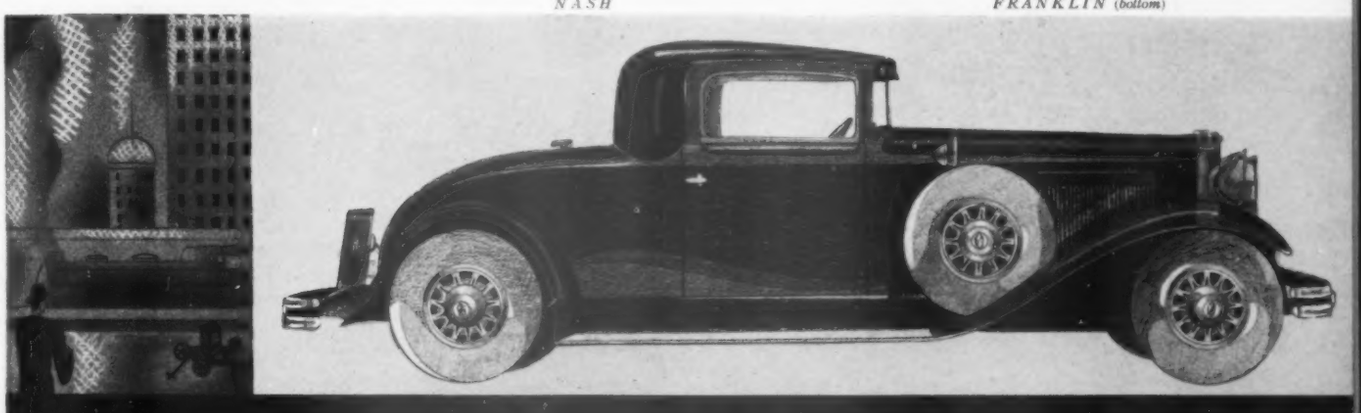
THE Eastern automobile salons for 1929, those of Chicago and New York, have passed into history. While not including all the better cars, these exhibitions, which are of the 1930 models, do serve as fashion shows, do definitely presage the mode for the coming year. On these pages are shown some of the outstanding new models, as produced by manufacturers or by the leading American designers of custom bodies.

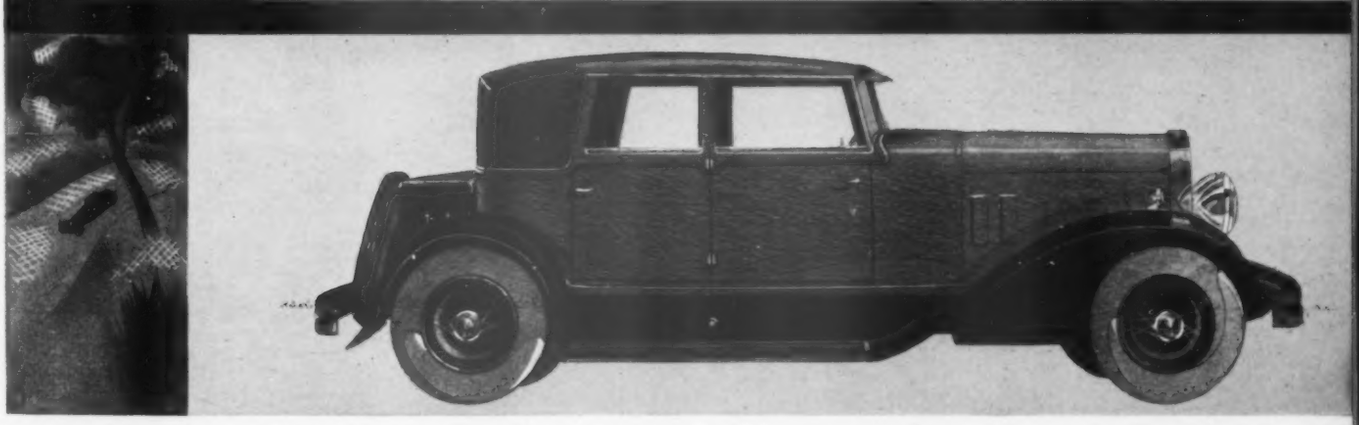
A feature of the new cars is the higher, straighter, generally more massive hood, which may be seen in the suggestions on this page for the man who drives himself. At the top is the Lincoln convertible coupé roadster, designed by Le Baron, obviously modeled upon airplane fuselage contours. Next is a Nash twin-ignition eight coupé. At the bottom of the page is the Franklin convertible speedster designed by Dietrich.

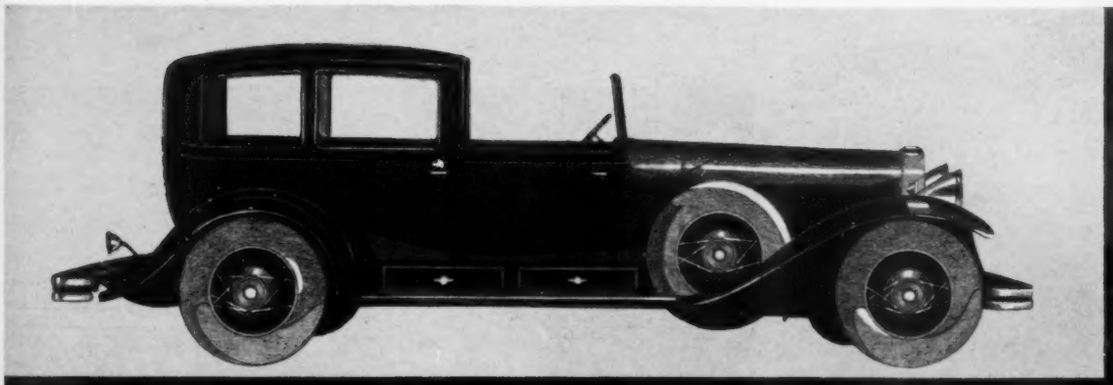
FOR THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

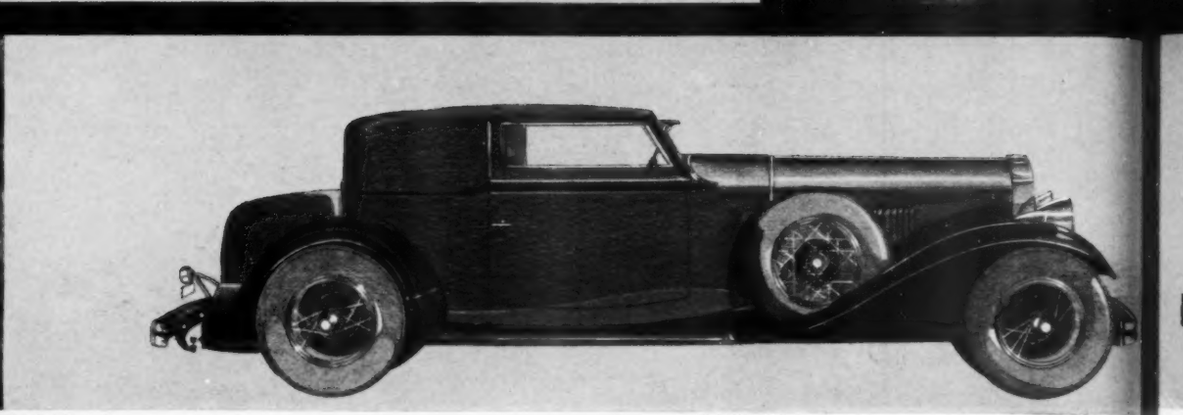
NASH

FRANKLIN (bottom)









CADILLAC (top)

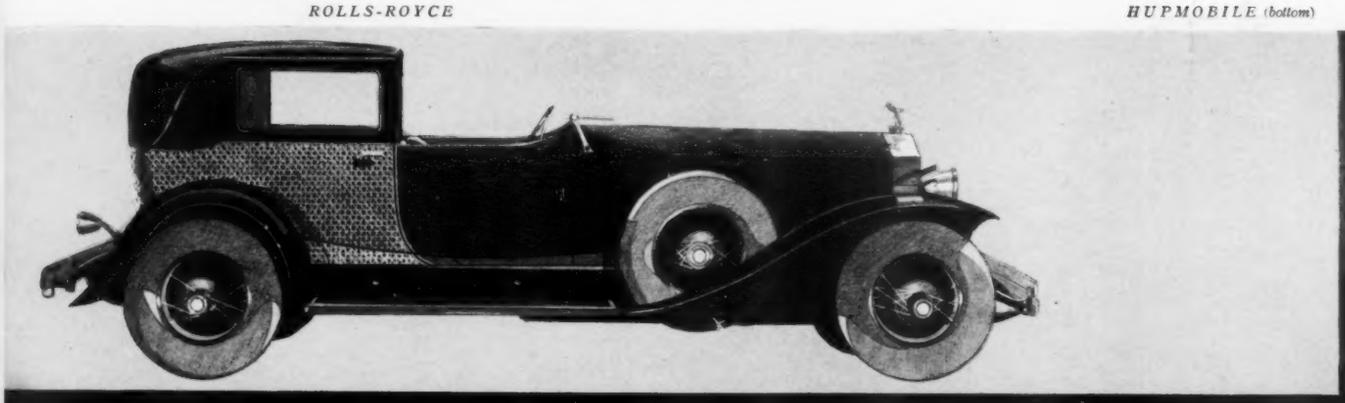
DUPONT

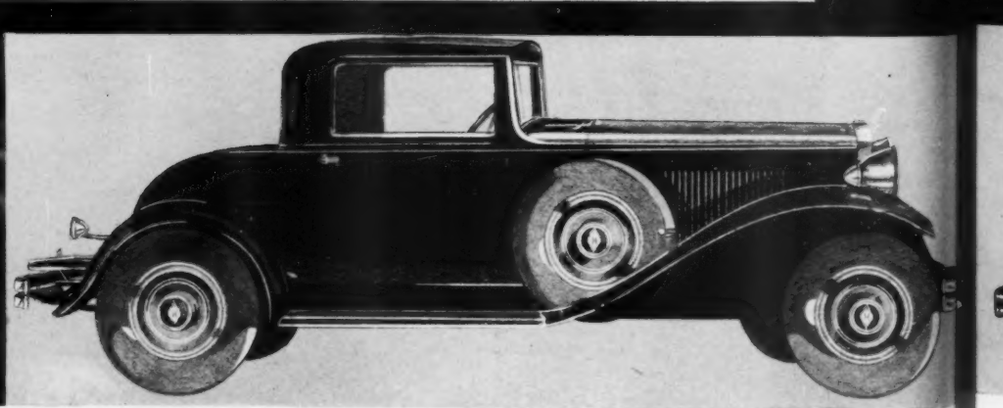
Another feature of the 1930 cars is the generally longer appearance of fenders, which often do not conform to the radius of the wheel. This may be noted in the formal town car broughams, when Madame is driven by her chauffeur, or in the suggestions on this page for her use when she drives herself. Also, generally speaking, the paint scheme is on the more brilliant side. At the top is a Cadillac Fleetbourne transformable brougham in black with delicate green striping on all moldings. The other brougham is a Rolls-Royce Riviera in deep blue and gold with golden-colour canework on the panels. Above is a du Pont convertible victoria cabriolet, a striking model in black, scarlet, and silver; and at the bottom is the new Hupmobile coupé, guaranteed to deliver ninety miles an hour, or even better.

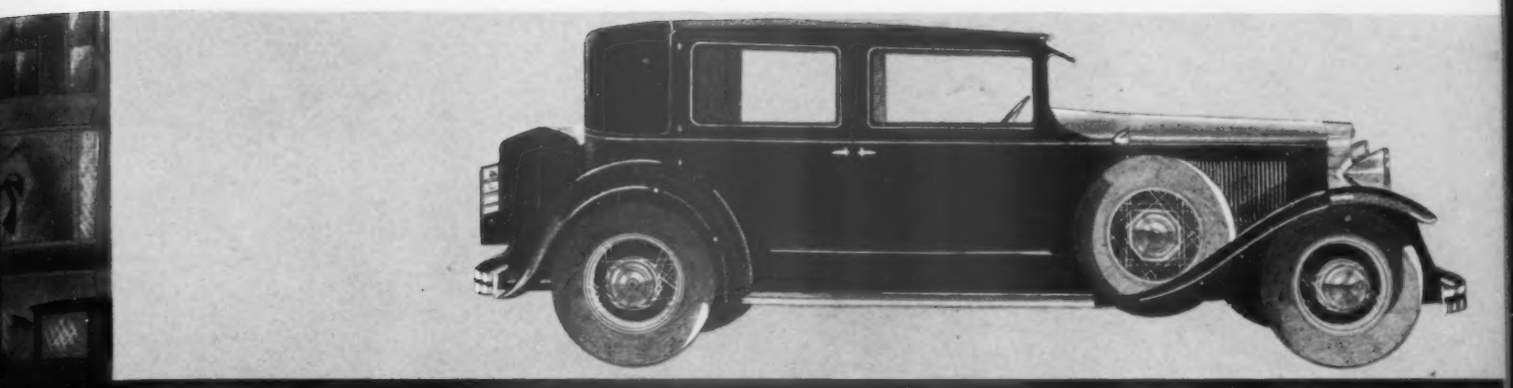
FOR THE LADY OF THE HOUSE

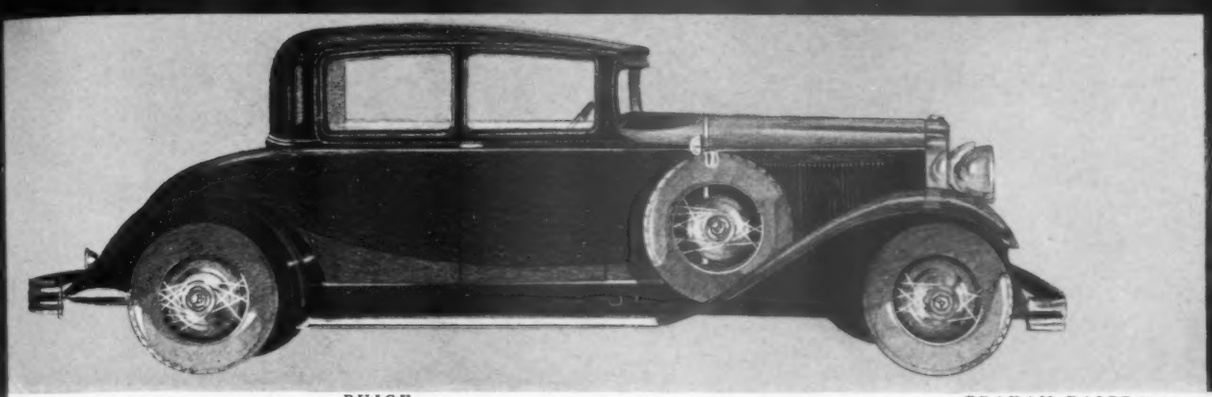
ROLLS-ROYCE

HUPMOBILE (bottom)









BUICK

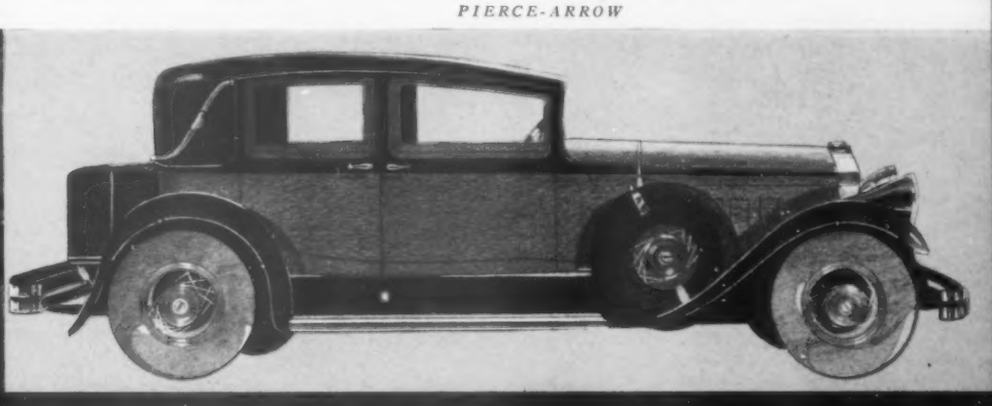
GRAHAM-PAIGE (top)

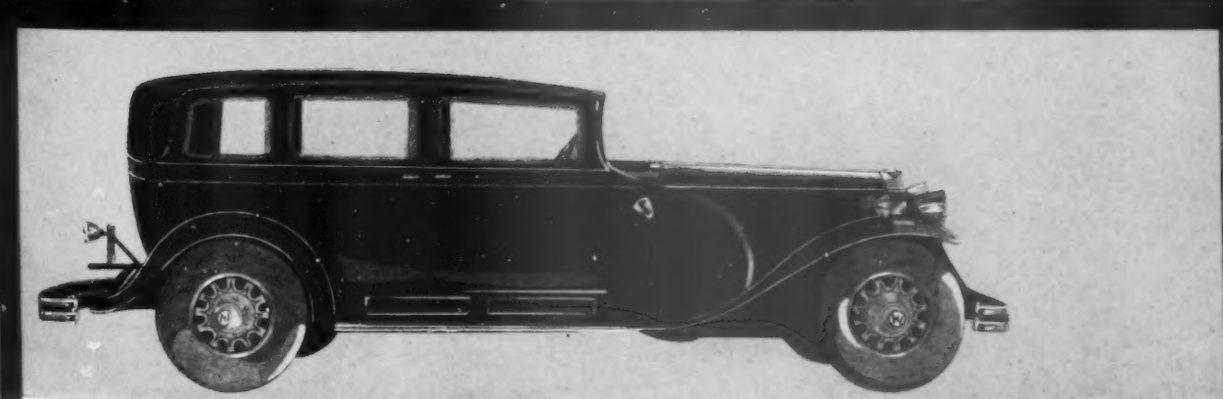
FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

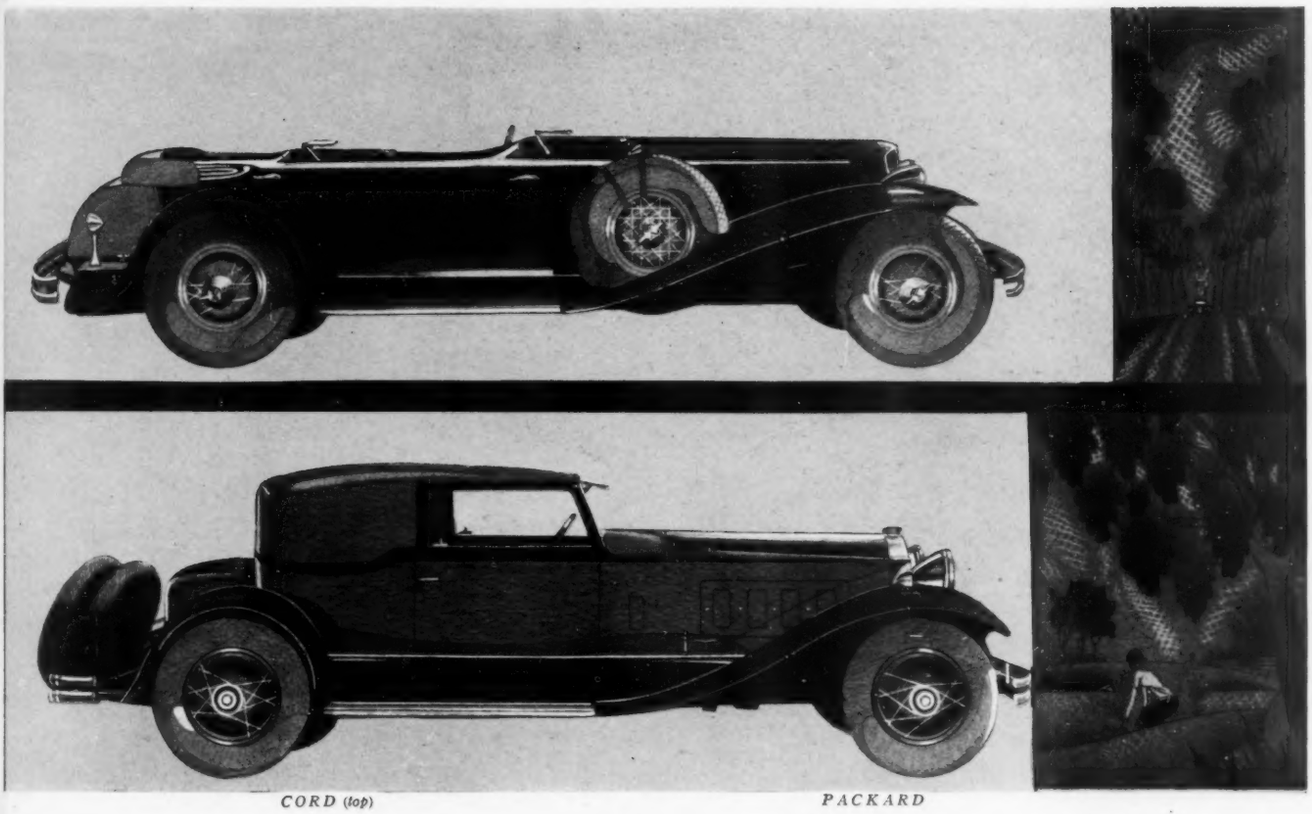
When the needs of the family as a unit are to be considered, spaciousness, in its class, becomes a desirable feature. Of the numerous types available, four are shown herewith. At the top is a Graham-Paige town sedan, above the new Buick five-passenger coupé. At the bottom of the page is a Marmon big eight seven-passenger limousine, under a Pierce-Arrow five-passenger convertible sedan designed by Dietrich. The number of convertible models in all types of cars is one of the outstanding features of the salons. Unusual attention has also been given to the modeling of window frames, doors, panels, and belts. It is interesting to compare these items on the four cars on this page and note how much individuality has been shown in each case. The different treatment of the slopes of the body tops also is an important consideration.

MARMON (bottom)

PIERCE-ARROW







CORD (top)

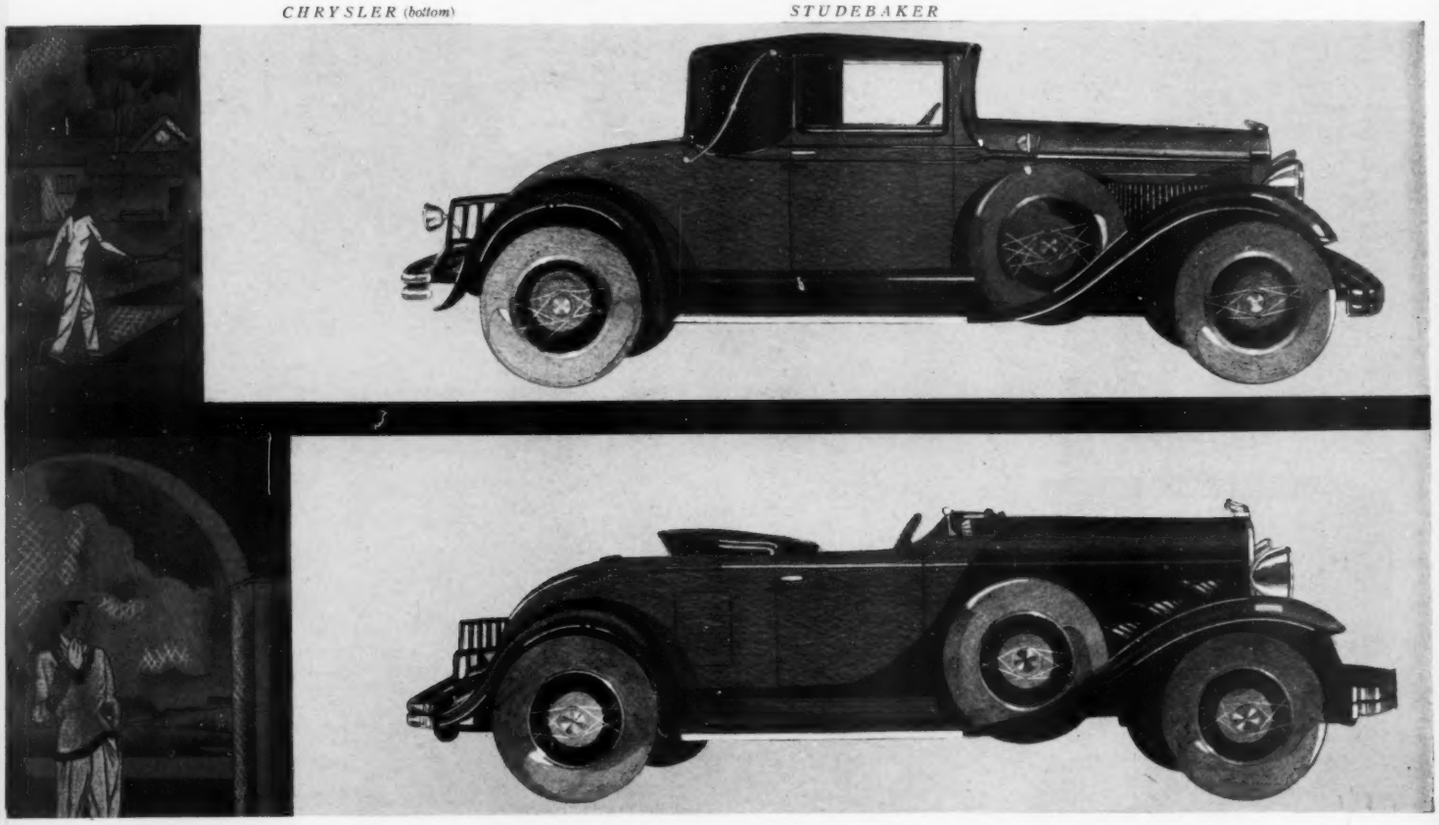
PACKARD

FOR THE YOUNGER SET

When the younger set drive they want a certain swankiness of appearance, in addition to the sturdy and dependable qualities demanded by their elders. There is sufficient demand for this purposely decorative type of car to prompt manufacturers to emphasize this quality in at least one model. At the top is the entirely new Cord front-drive, just appearing on the market, in a phaeton designed by Murphy. It is black with very bright outlines of red on belt and fenders and much gleam of chromium. Below that is the Packard convertible victoria designed by Waterhouse, exhibited in the Paris Salon, and a symphony in beiges and vermilion. At the bottom of the page is the new Chrysler 77 roadster in green and black with metal fitments by Cartier; and just above that is the new Studebaker Commander convertible cabriolet with yellow body and black fenders.

CHRYSLER (bottom)

STUDEBAKER



Photographed by Sherril Schell

This daring, unusual sun room overlooks the swimming-pool in the country home of Mr. J. T. H. Mitchell at Greenwich, Connecticut. Designed by Leon V. Carroll and Jacques Darcy in a colour scheme composed of blue, white, silver, and black.

Mr. Carroll's fountain, in illuminated planes of opaque glass through and over which water gently trickles, is spectacular in profile and has lunar beauty. At night, as in this photograph, it dominates the scene and serves the focal purpose of a glowing fireplace.

A VERY MODERN SUN ROOM

By Elisabeth Finley Thomas:

THE REVEALING MOMENT

Fortunate, it was, for a Grandee of Spain that she Paused to use her Lipstick

"Standing there, in her wisp of pale chiffon, the light catching, here and there, the facet of a diamond among the tulles and laces, she looked as airy and intangible as one of the clouds tangled with stars in the sky behind her."

IN ROME, that winter, we always spoke of the Duke of Salinares as the "observer" in recognition of a certain quality of aloofness which, though one could scarcely imagine a social occasion without him, kept him, a component part of the great world, wilfully an outsider. Born a grandee of Spain and serving temporarily at the Vatican in the Guarda Nobile of the Pope, his racial dignity might have degenerated into pomposity but for the subtly penetrating wit, which as he surveyed the scene about him was never barbed by any personal acrimonies. Tactful, pliable, and diplomatic, he moved with practised step through the maze of intrigue, political and amorous, of Roman society. Even the elegance of his clothes and the monocle invariably fixed at the side of his fine nose could not, one felt, be attributable to affectation. They were part of his guard. And written large across his high forehead the seeing eye could read the unusual label, "Not For Sale."

One felt instantly his complete integrity. Here was a man from whom one could buy nothing; neither a conviction, nor an affection, nor a concession of any kind. A bachelor of thirty-five, he must conceivably have had many affairs. His whole person was indefinably tinged with the high romance of Spain. Described in any terms he was unusually good looking. The single lock of grey that streaked his dark hair like a feather, the fine line of his cheek broken by the faintly sardonic lift of his smile, the lean slenderness of his figure, instantly separated him from any crowd in which he stood, cutting him from the mass as sharply as a pair of scissors.

De Fergonac, the little attaché of the French Embassy, who was a bit envious of Salinares' unsought success among women, called him *le beau ténébreux*. There were whispers that he had been affianced to his cousin who had jilted him for the Church; that he had had a royal mistress in the Balkans; that he kept a great dancer in Paris. Probably all these rumours were founded on fact; but, had his past been far more adventurous than they indicated, I should still have agreed with Madame De Stoerrs, the Dutch Ambassadress, that Salinares only touched life *du bout des doigts*. Fastidious, was the single adjective that best described him.

From our first meeting, soon after my husband's appointment as Ambassador to Italy, Salinares was a constant frequenter of my salon. We both liked enormously the flavour of his talk and his knowledge of Rome; the frequent flash-light of a penetrating word thrown on some of the social complications of the Eternal City were often invaluable in saving me from stumbling into unsuspected pitfalls. There was, moreover, none of the easy amorousness of the Italian about him. His fine eyes never expressed the superficial caress that made tête-à-têtes over the tea-cups with some of my guests a bit compromising to the dignity of an ambassadress. All during our first season, Salinares was the only man in Rome whom I could call a friend.

Naturally, like any platitudinously happy married woman I formed a plan for him. There may have been a mild touch of vicarious polygamy in my idea of importing from Boston John's charming niece, Constance Merritt; or perhaps it was

Drawings by
Gustaf Tenggren

"I saw it happen. Suzette, when I presented him, turned towards him that gentian glance that looked everything she was not. The glance was her usual casual call to any male. His guard was down and in a flash I knew that he was doomed, inevitably and insuperably."

only that it seemed a pity that one woman should not enjoy the whole of Salinares, instead of many women picking at him piecemeal. Possibly, if Constance had not been unexpectedly dry-docked in the Back Bay by the flu, my attempt at impersonating Providence might have been successful. On the very day, however, on which I received the cable from Constance's mother announcing the cancelling of her reservations on the *Mauretania*, a spoke was inserted in the wheel of chance by quite another hand. Returning from a drive on the Pincio, I found lying innocently atop the heap of cards on the hall table a fateful bit of cardboard. Upon it was engraved: "Mrs. Cunningham Struthers, 911 Fifth Avenue." Beneath this address I read the informative scribble: "Hotel Excelsior. So sorry to miss you. Do come to see me. Suzette."

It is one of the trials of an American ambassadress in Europe that the inhabitants of the United States remain so intermittently in their own country, especially those whom one would never wish to see either there or elsewhere. Suzette, in spite, or rather *because* of my lifelong acquaintance with her, belonged to that category.

I relayed my unwelcome news to my husband as we were dressing for dinner.

"Who do you think is here?"

"I do not have to think—you will tell me."

John is discouraging to bromidic conversational approaches.

"Suzette Struthers," I announced.

"The devil!"

"That's what I feel! When shall we ask her to dinner?"

"How about the twenty-ninth of February?" suggested John. "It is not leap year, is it?" he added after a pause, due to a conference with his valet as to a relative value in waistcoats.

I conceded a laugh. "No, but really," I persisted, "she must be asked. A friendship is a life sentence when your ancestors have been intimate. Besides, we were room-mates at Miss Spencer's and I'm godmother to her child, the final ball and chain!"

"Why do divorcées come to Rome?" grumbled John, irrelevantly. "The climate in the neighbourhood of the Vatican is notably unsalubrious for lonely ladies. Paris would suit them better."

"Because Rome is smart," I reverted to his question. "Can you see Suzette, for instance, consorting with second-class Americans in a mere republic?"

"Perhaps not! By the way, what has she done with that wretched brat of hers? Parked him in another boarding-school, I suppose. Women like her prefer broadcasting maternal affection from a distance."

"The last I heard Bobby was in a *pensionnat* near Caux in Switzerland."

"He would be!" commented John. "Well, I'm glad my mother let me hang around her petticoats a while, steal cookies from the pantry, get spanked from time to time, and enjoy other advantages of home life. I suppose she's after another husband."

Suddenly, as he spoke, there occurred without rhyme or reason in my brain a juxtaposition of names. Sometimes I almost believe I am psychic.

"Wouldn't it be terrible," I exclaimed, "if she got Salinares?"

"Nonsense!" John buttoned the last stud into his waistcoat. "He's far too wary and, besides, being a member of the Pope's household, he shares its prejudices completely. He is far more *dévot* than any man in his set. As a divorced woman, Suzette wouldn't have a chance."

I am disposed to consider John infallible. Nevertheless, despite this verdict at precisely five o'clock on the following Tuesday afternoon, my day at home, Salinares plucked from the thin, unnourishing earth in the parterre of my salon, gay as usual with the scentless flowers of superficial relations, the century plant of a great passion, the night-blooming Cereus that blossoms once in a hundred years. I saw it happen. One does sometimes.

Suzette, when I presented him, turned towards him that gentian glance that looked everything she was not. The glance was her usual casual call to any male. The surprise was the way his response leapt towards her. His guard was down and in a flash I knew that he was doomed, fated, inevitably and insuperably. He bent over her, listening to the innocent music of the shallow little stream that scarcely covered, as I had seen long ago, the hard pebbly bottom of her heart.

That was the beginning. Naturally, she seized her advantage. It was a conquest of which any woman might have been proud; but Suzette had all the protective astuteness of the unintellectual feline. To have flaunted Salinares, the

(*Continued on page 142*)

LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS

Coat of white caracul. Skirt of black velours de laine. Vionnet

Tollmann

Capes and cape collars promise well for spring.

Patou

The back of the printed crêpe frock drawn by Luza in this issue.

Les Demoiselles de Sainte Claire

Iron grey tweed with green speckle.

Premet

Breitschwantz suit with border of black and grey astrakhan.

Paquin

Black velours de laine with lynx.

LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS

Evening ensemble of white moire with sable

Mirande

Evening ensemble of white wedding-ring velvet and black monkey

Tollmann

Black broadcloth with two silver foxes

Seen at the Ritz.

Wrap of green georgette broché with gold. White fur collar. Green chiffon gown.

Molyneux

Black satin gown that is worn with white wrap drawn by Luza in this issue.

Callot

By Leonora Wodehouse:

"Venice at last! Almost as I had dreamed it. 'How beautiful it all is, Henry!' I sigh. Henry nods. 'Very nice, indeed.'"

WHERE I MEAN TO SPEND MY HONEYMOON

Drawings by H. Tempest Graves

I MEAN to go straight down to our yacht in the Mediterranean. Towards sunset, as we anchor off Venice, I shall sit in a low deck chair gazing at a sea that must once have been the purest blue until someone added enough crême de menthe to give it that colour of neither green nor blue that should have a name of its own, but hasn't that I know of.

Soon the colour fades from the surface of the water and, as the sediment in a bottle, sinks deeper. For a moment the sun catches and holds a glint of emerald; but as the evening comes the sea has that dusty opaque look of old velvet when an unaccustomed ray of sunlight streams across it.

And the sky—yards and yards of pale chiffon—pinks and blues, corals and yellows; and colours that we long in vain to trap for ourselves and weave into the stuffs we wear, floating and intermingling till they are caught and held by the gold at the rim of the sea. And the Santa Maria della Salute in the distance gently rising and falling between the railings of the yacht. Venice at last! Almost as I had dreamed it.

"How beautiful it all is, Henry!" I sigh.

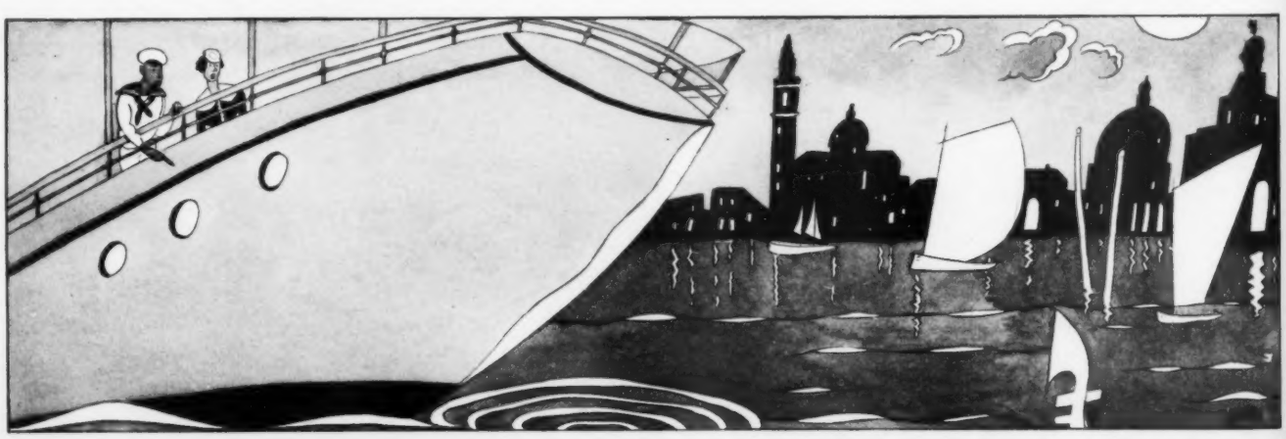
Henry nods. "Very nice, indeed. That church needs a good coat of paint, though. Ponders Perfecto would make it look like new. Whilst we've been sitting here I've been looking at this town and thinking things out. Ponders has outgrown England now and it's time we went for the European market. Take this place, for example, typical of any seaside town. They're all the same, crying out for paint. Look what Ponders did for Bognor. Now, say we put agencies here, start with good cut-prices, say ten per cent. above cost, get out some striking advertisements and a couple of hit-the-eye slogans and in six months we'd have the whole of Venice looking like something at last.

"Or how about this—the idea's just come to me—offer to paint that church free of charge to get business? That'd be an advertisement in itself. I'll bet there are a lot of people here never noticed that church exists. Put a coat or two of Ponders Perfecto on it, the Super B line we run, you understand, and you put that church on the map. How about a nice green? What do you say to that?"

"Well, I think it would look rather startling. I think that perhaps—"

"I knew you'd take to the idea. I'll cable young Gregson to come out at once and talk things over and fix (*Continued on page 109*)

"Edward, by a curious coincidence, admits to having sighted to starboard what he took to be a porpoise and gives the time as about ten-thirty."



À votre santé!

It's more than a quaint superstition, that Old World tradition that the tomato, their *pomme d'amour,* was the original apple of Paris! No wonder the Italians call it *pomodoro!* For quite aside from its ruddy, rotund beauty, the tomato has the amazing virtue of bringing the glow and sparkle of health and vivacity to the cheeks and eyes of those who enjoy its tonic tang regularly.

How truly thrilling that one may find such extraordinary benefit from a food usually served for its charm and flavor alone. And what more convenient and delightful way to enjoy it than offered in Campbell's Tomato Soup! At your grocer—12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

A Southern Ensemble

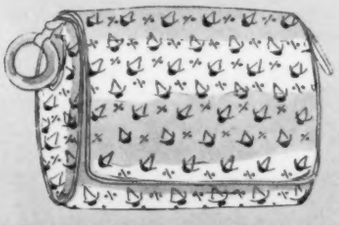
OF PAYSANNE COTTON

. . . a dressmaker shoe of *Paysanne* cotton—a handblocked print of red on white, or brown on beige. The pump is bound in parchment kid.

12.50

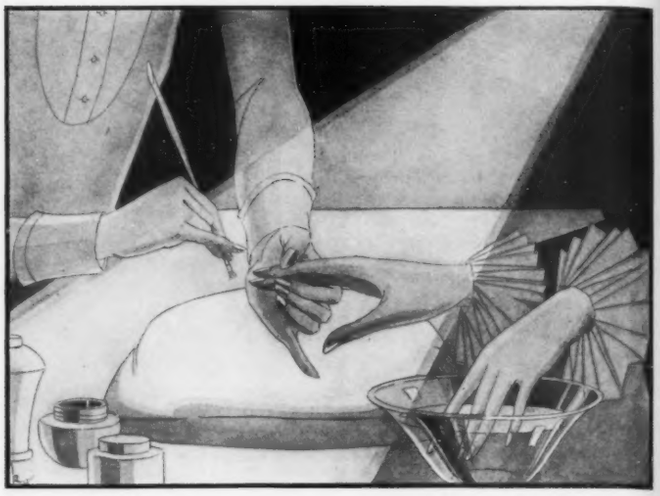
The *Matching* bag . . .

8.50



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO
PALM BEACH MIAMI



THE COSMETIC URGE

By HELENA LEIGH

DIANA DARLING:

So you're coming to New York next month! Three hugs and a kiss. But—I'm going to Palm Beach, and so maybe I won't see you except for a few days before you go back to your dear sweet Middle West.

You say you have started to let your hair grow, and you want to know what to do with those uneven ends, and you want some practical advice from little me, with the actual names of places where you can go. I'll have no difficulty in doing this, Di. For you know what a girl I am for getting around in this busy town!

At the moment, I'm feeling like Lady Macbeth, what with my finger nails a deep blood red, but unlike that unfortunate creature my colour came out of a bottle and was applied with a tiny brush. With black gowns this new deep red looks especially enchanting. I've not seen anybody with her fingernails of an emerald hue, though from Paris comes word that occasionally it is worn. This lovely red polish must be applied with consummate skill, and at Peggy Sage's you'll find young women who fully understand the art of manicuring. All Miss Sage's products are delightful and can be used daily in the care of the hands and nails. Her newest enamel is Oriental, a rich dark red that lasts amazingly well. At this salon they give a wonderful hand and arm treatment, much like a facial, that leaves the arms soft and plastic. After the Cleansing Cream a Circulation Cream brings the blood up to aid in the massage with the Essential Cream. This deep massage is completed by the application of Fyne Lyne Cream which leaves the skin smooth and ready for the Foundation Cream, and a light dusting of powder, or Pearl Liquid Powder, which imparts a finished look to the arms and hands. If you desire arms of alabaster whiteness Peggy Sage gives a special bleaching treatment before the massage. Miss Sage tells of the Isadora Duncan dancers whose graceful hands are the result of a simple game: jacks! In the rhythmic motion of catching the ball and picking up the jacks the wrists and fingers gained the suppleness that distinguishes them in their lovely dances. She also remarked on the care actresses must take not to move their hands while a fellow actress is speaking. Honestly, Di, it awakened me to the fact that our hands are constantly on view to a critical world.

Your choice of soap is important and it is well to remember that the water should never be hot, but merely lukewarm. Yardley's Lavender Soap is wonderful for constant use, and has a very light scent. The Lavender Water is refreshingly cool and can be used frequently if the hands are not inclined to be very dry. All of Guerlain's marvellous French *savons* will aid in keeping your hands and arms youthful, and the scents are delightful though delicate. One of the newest soaps, imported from Italy, and called Bubbles Soap, comes in square cakes in five pastel colours tied together in an adorable silver papered box. To see these colourful square cakes floating about in your bath will inspire you to super-cleanliness. The Roses of Italy, imported by this same company, are a charming addition to any guest bathroom.

I don't blame you, Di, for being devoted to Charles of the Ritz's manicuring preparations, for the use of them ensures lovely hands. After a manicure in one of his salons one's hands will charm the most critical observer. If you desire a particularly high lasting polish it is well to buff the nails with Eclat Liquid Nail Powder before applying the Nail Enamel Ritz. All his polishes are lovely shades and his new Blood Red absolutely divine; it won't fade and if you apply a bit of Cuticle Cream Ritz nightly it will not only keep your cuticle in perfect condition but your polish won't peel before another manicure. Rose Hand Lotion can be used after every laving to keep the hands smooth without any stickiness. Lemon Hand Lotion has a slight bleaching effect so necessary to keep the hands young and white. Mr. Charles is justly famous for his excellent preparations for the hair. One of the most delightful is Friction Ritz which keeps the hair clean and eliminates the necessity of frequent shampoos. He makes corrective tonics for oily or dry scalps, and wonderful rinses that impart a glorious sheen to the dullest hair.

With anything as "tried and true" as Eclador Liquid Nail Polish you can always be sure of having lustrous pink nails. This polish goes on so smoothly and comes in such heavenly tints that it is no wonder chic French and American women have used it for years. The Rosée de Perles is an opalescent polish that gives an enchanting sheen of silvery transluscence to the nails. Pâte d'Amandes is perhaps not so well known as the Lesquendieu nail enamels, but it is as valuable an aid to beauty of the nails. Only a small amount is used with tepid water for laving the hands, but instead of washing the cream off you let the hands absorb the delicious almond oil for a moment before drying; as a result you've white hands that stay soft and youthful without those age-betraying little lines.

I'm glad you like the Dorothy Gray Hand Cream; it really is grand. Never the slightest greasiness and it keeps the hands like satin. Have you noticed it has a slight whitening effect, too? You'll love her Strawberry Hand Lotion, especially for winter months when hands so easily become chapped and irritated.

To keep on your dressing-table, and especially for travelling, the little Glaze sets are indispensable if you want your nails to always look their best. For use with a tiny buffer there is a Nail Powder that it is well to buff on the nails before quickly applying the Rose Tint to be followed by either the Rose Liquid Enamel

(*Concluded on page 106*)

EXTRAIT ET POUDRE

LA NUIT DE NOEL

PARIS **CARON** FRANCE

THE MODE OF THE MOMENT ISN'T MADE IN A MOMENT TODAY!

The mode is no longer something to hang up or slip into...it is today the exclusive triumph of tailoring and time... and its mandate stretches from city to sea, from the Faubourgs to Florida...Southern Wear is no exception to its exceptional requirements...particularly those colorful little tailored suits that are such an art to make and such a joy to behold! They cannot be bought in a moment in town and succeed for a moment down South...here, if ever, is something that calls for the incomparable workmanship of Stein & Blaine.

Stein & Blaine
INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Concluded from page 104*)

that gives a deep pink finish, or Colourless Polish if you prefer pale nails. All of the preparations are delicately perfumed, so no longer must you turn your head when using the efficient Polish Remover.

Just the other day I discovered that Primrose House gives the most soothing hand and arm treatment in their beautiful new salon. It relaxes weary arms and makes them feel young and supple again. The Cleansing Cream after sinking deep into the pores is wiped off to make way for the Circulation Ointment which makes the arms tingle deliciously as they are stimulated by this penetrating ointment. The Developing Cream is a heavy nourishing skin food that takes the sharp points off elbows and wrists and is massaged deeply into the arms so as to make them firm and round. The application of Smooth-skin Cream facilitates the penetration and removal of the Developing Cream. Special Hand Lotion takes away the greasiness and is followed by the Balsam Astringent, the sworn enemy of sagging muscles and tissues. Another rub of Hand Lotion over the arms and you are ready for the finishing dusting of powder.

If you've decided that your sleek brief locks are not the fitting complement to the new silhouette, it means you'll be frequenting your hair-dresser's salon more often than you have in many a year past. Very few seem to be letting their hair ripple as far as their shoulders, but there is a decided tendency away from the close-cropped hairline towards a softer and more graceful coiffure. With the long fluttering new evening gowns short hair appears a bit of an anachronism. The day of the chance barber is passing and the coiffeur whose work is a true art is coming into his own again. Such a man is Louis Parme. In his charming new salon done in the modern manner, Mr. Parme is daily advising women whose growing locks are presenting interesting problems. He solves many of these by swirling the back of the hair in deep waves that end in soft, flat curls, or converting the strands into ringlets that embrace the head closely. If you've a gown which trails on one side, he can duplicate the line by a swirl that ends under one of your ears; or, if the dress boasts a train, so may your hair curl low on the napeof yourneck.

Another of these artists is J. Schaeffer who, both in Palm Beach and New York, takes care of many of the world's smartest women. He has many intriguing ideas for longer hair and gives marvellous permanent waves that banish unwelcome stray ends. Either by finger-waving or marcelling he waves and curls the hair in the way most befitting your type of loveliness. His Wave Lotion insures a lasting comb or finger-wave, and is of such thin consistency you may be sure there will be no stiffness or flakiness. Mr. Schaeffer has made little hair-pieces called Transforma-bobs that cover the awkward length in the back. These pieces are very flat and fasten securely by tiny combs above and behind either ear. They are a joy to wear in the evening when the back of the head is so much in evidence, both at the theatre and when dancing. If you've not felt the urge for longer hair, Mr. Schaeffer is an excellent person to consult regarding the shaping and waving of your shingle. During the drying of your wave there are splendid manicurists to groom your nails to perfection.

There are probably moments when you despair of your hair ever being the lovely shining crown it should be. Then you should visit Manuel and select one of his marvellous transformations. You well know that the reality and beauty of his creations will be a delight when your own hair seems impossible and possessed by Satan. Made of the finest imported hair these postiches will always have the sheen and soignée air which alas your own hair has not. The colours are natural and match any shade of hair you might own.

Lustrous silky hair is always the result of care and attention and should be the bounty of all women. But it must have the right care by those whose long study and experience qualify them to be consulted in all matters concerning health and beauty of the hair. Ogilvie Sisters have for years been authorities on hair culture and many wise women take their hair problems to these experts. Any condition of hair and scalp is studied by one of the sisters personally and treatment suggested. Hair beauty depends largely upon keeping the scalp clean and free from irritation: this, however, does not mean frequent shampooing—quite the contrary. Ogilvie Sisters advise shampooing no more than once a month. So you see you must follow some other method than soap and water to keep your hair free from oil or dandruff, or any other abnormal condition that exists on your particular scalp. Always thoroughly brush your hair with a long-bristled brush that is immaculate. With broad upward strokes let the air get through the hair to the pores of the scalp. An application of Special Remedy will cleanse around the roots of the hair and remove the dust that clogs the pores and causes the hair to look dull and faded. The Tonic for Oily Hair, if faithfully applied, will remedy that greasy condition so disastrous to a charming appearance. For dry locks inclined towards bushiness and harshness Tonic for Dry Hair shows wonderful results. Scalp Pomade used in connection with this encourages a sleek, well-groomed coiffure. The treatments administered at the Ogilvie Salons are invigorating and even a few of them increase the beauty of the hair and restore the scalp to a normal condition.

Backs of yellow satiny smoothness from hottest Africa holding bristles from the icy steppes of Siberia, and a simple hairbrush is a thing of romance. The satinwood is obtained by men who plunge to the very heart of Africa under blazing suns and the threat of tropical fevers, and is sent down rivers to be exported to England. At the fairs in Northern Russia and Siberia the peasants sell the wonderful bristle used by Kent for their brushes. It may vary in colour from white through yellow, grey and bronze to black. Put together by skilled hands these brushes are the choicest made, and once you've used one you will know it is so. The long stiffly elastic bristle is set into the back in serrated rows so as to give the greatest amount of penetration possible. Ten minutes of stimulating brushing night and morning will be most beneficial to the health of the hair and a lovely sheen will follow. Kent also makes a headache brush that relieves congestion, and soothes away that fagged feeling that comes so often just before dinner. If your maid vigorously brushes your hair with one of these curious brushes you'll feel relaxed and refreshed after a weary day.

The other day, Di, I had a totally different shampoo at Pierre's. My hair was saturated with luke warm water and the yolks of eggs were rubbed through the hair and then rinsed off with more lukewarm water. The egg was poured on a second time to be rubbed again vigorously over the scalp and rinsed thoroughly with lukewarm water. I emphasize that the water must not be hot because if it is the egg tends to become sticky and troublesome to get out of the hair. The final rinse was a brew of henna leaves which nourishes the roots, and camomile tea which soothes the scalp. This rinse also gives a little body to the hair and makes it wave more easily and lastingly. The egg yolks are beneficial to any condition, and leave the hair silky but not unmanageably fluffy. If you are shampooing your hair as frequently as you used to by all means try this egg wash and see how delightful the results are. By the way, speaking of Pierre, he has a charming new week-end box that is flat and compact enough to fit in the smallest travelling case. Made of lavender painted metal it contains six of Mr. Pierre's excellent preparations: Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Astringent, Basic Cream, Paste Rouge, and Powder.

Wire the time of your arrival and I shall meet you.

Your devoted,
Helena.

An English Beauty leads the smart young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

BRILLIANT, bewitching, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society. At balls and dances . . . famous race meetings . . . hunting and house parties . . . her beauty is triumphant. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her rose-petal skin is admired for its delicacy of texture and coloring. Lady Buchanan-Jardine gives it the utmost care. She says:

"In England a woman's complexion is the index of her chic. Smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is best," she adds with her dazzling smile, "so I follow Pond's Method of home treatment. It is easy and complete."

Lady Buchanan-Jardine uses all Pond's four preparations. Cold Cream "cleanses so thoroughly" . . . Tissues "remove Cream gently" . . . bracing Freshener is "just the skin tonic we all need" . . . Vanishing Cream is "exquisite!"

FOLLOW these simple sure steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent.

Third—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones, firms.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At Bedtime—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Pond's famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener

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HOW LIFE

Lifts Beauty From Your Skin

Marie Earle's Basic Beauty Treatment Guards the Radiance of Youth

THE charm of warm responsiveness so highly prized in social life today exacts a heavy penalty from unprotected beauty. Vivacious emotions registered in ever changing facial expressions, smiles, frowns, worried looks, alas weave deep, unwanted lines into the skin.

But gracious women now refuse to pay the wrinkle price life demands of beauty. For Marie Earle has perfected a wonderful Basic Beauty Treatment. Now you care for your skin at home with the same exquisite results she has obtained for nineteen years in her famous Paris and New York Salons.

Marie Earle's Treatment is so marvelously effective you need only three of her fine preparations to gain a flower-like skin, so smooth and supple that the most vivid expressions cease to wrinkle youth away. First, Essential Cream, so soft, smooth and penetrating it both cleanses and nourishes more effectively than any two creams you have used before. Second, Cucumber Emulsion, light as sea foam, soothes, preserves the fair coloring of youth and helps the skin absorb the beauty bringing oils in the Cream. Last, you close the pores, tone, freshen and stimulate with the lotion prepared for your type.

You will want to start this truly beauty bringing Treatment today. Before you would believe it possible you see lovely new clearness and silken softness coming back to your skin. The Marie Earle preparations are on sale at smart shops in most cities.

Marie Earle's exclusive beauty preparations cost no more than one expects for the results they bring. The fine Essential Cream is $1.90. Cucumber Emulsion, $2.90, and the Toning Lotion $1.00. Marie Earle's skilled methods for banishing every skin fault are explained in her newest book on beauty, "Understanding Your Skin". The coupon will bring you your complimentary copy.

Marie Earle Preparations For Special Conditions.

Wrinkle Jelly Glaze. Lessens deep wrinkles, obviates fine lines and firms the contours. $3.75.

Acne Lotion. Dissolves embedded secretions and white heads, clears the skin and corrects the action of the oil glands. $2.25. $4.25.

Special Nourishing Oil. Keeps skin supple and velvety even in harsh winter weather. Delightfully soothing after the bath. $1.75.

Reducing Cream. An agreeable and safe preparation for reducing fatty tissues of neck, chin, bust and upper arm. $4.75.

Cleansing Oil. New, fine, pure, delicately perfumed for those preferring an oil for cleansing. $1.50.

Lipsticks. New, firmer, smoother, indelible. Impart a lasting natural color. Smart new black and white cases. Three shades. $1.50.

Finishing Cream. Gives the skin a lovely texture and holds face powder beautifully. Protective and non-drying. Not a vanishing cream. Four shades. $3.75.

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THE BLUE SAPPHIRE. . . . *Its flashes of blue light trembling on the slim throat of the young Adelaide of Louvain . . . gleaming on cloth of gold and brocades at the court of Henry the First. . . . As now it is seen at an opera, at a dinner, when a long glove is removed, or when sables slip from a white shoulder* ♛ *From far-off Norman days, when the flash of crossing lances vied with the quiver of jewels on the breasts of watching princesses, the blue sapphire has been the selected gem to adorn women of splendor. Something of infinity dwells in its blues within blues . . . wisps of light burning in a little windless calm* ♛ *And whether it is a star sapphire, veiling six points in a pale mist of its own, or a sapphire welling its deep pure blue from an embrace of tiny diamonds, if it is from the Marcus collection, its setting is individual and exclusive. . . . A fact apparent to distinguished families who have been coming to this house for their precious stones for over fifty years* ♛ *A collection of blue sapphires from* $30,000 to $100.

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WM. ELDER MARCUS, Jr. CHAPIN MARCUS

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK LONDON PARIS PALM BEACH BOMBAY

WHERE I MEAN TO SPEND MY HONEYMOON

(*Concluded from page 102*)

it up. He's the very man. Silent sort of chap, but he's a great salesman and knows the business backwards."

"Why don't you ask him to stay on the yacht with us, if you would like to? He's the young one I met with the directors that day, isn't he? Nice looking, with wavy hair?"

Henry looked pleased.

"There's a wife for you! That's the boy all right. I'll go and cable now and fix it up. What an idea! Why there's no end to it. Paint a couple of palaces free, get a couple of people like the Queen of Roumania to approve it, if the price isn't too stiff, and in a couple of ticks the whole of Europe will be using Ponders Perfecto. And all this in twenty-five years! Did I ever tell you how I started it?"

"Well, yes, Henry, once at the Embassy, and—"

And as he tells me how it had all started I notice that the sun makes the fittings on the yacht seem like gold—well, why not, most probably they are; and the flecks in my sable look like dust, for the best sables are flecked with white. The warmth brings out the faded scent in the fur, scent I have never used; for Henry bought me the finest sables he could buy from the most impoverished Russian he could find. A sailor is neatly coiling a rope as sailors always will at sea; and a dead fish floating aimlessly on its back, its head and tail partly submerged in an uncomfortable position, with nowhere special to go, emphasizes the peace of the scene.

THAT night as we dine off caviar, plovers' eggs, terrapin, and so on, Henry, who in that light doesn't look his age, or only just, gives me another string of pearls.

"Henry," I shall cry, "this is the third string in a week. Wherever can I put them? There simply isn't a space of any sort left on my neck; and I wanted so much to keep my right wrist free for emeralds, and my left arm just for diamonds. Still I shall be able to manage somehow."

"Why not wear them as shoulder straps?" Henry suggested. "And, before I forget, the day we left I made my will. You get everything, upwards of two million sterling in Ponders, the finest stocks in the country. I also instructed my lawyers to arrange for an adequate allowance to be made to your old mother and father, so they oughtn't to want for anything reasonable. By the way, I shouldn't encourage them to come and stay with us too much. Just a week-end now and then; unless of course, my dear, you actually like having them; that's a different matter entirely. Then they must come."

"Poor Father, he's always happy if he has some paper and a pencil. It seems to give him a great deal of pleasure, and I don't think it does anyone any harm."

"Nice enough fellow; couldn't get him interested in paint though; kept on talking about copyrights. By the way, where d'you want to live when this cruise is over? Just say which you prefer—a house in London or the country. How about a shoot in Scotland, or something in Ireland, or we could have a villa in Cannes? You just say, don't be shy."

"Yes, I'd like that Henry; thank you ever so much."

For a moment he seemed to hesitate.

"Well, I didn't exactly . . . all right you shall have them. I can afford it all right after the turnover we had last year. It happened this way. We weren't satisfied with our Medium B line that we run for the Overseas Trade, didn't seem to stand up against the sun somehow; and our policy as you know is Service and Durability. By the way, I wonder how that sounds in Italian. Anyway, we weren't satisfied with it and we bought up a new patent that did the trick. I'll explain it to you later. Trade boomed at once. For instance, in Australia alone there was a nett sale of £60,000 Ponders as compared with £36,000 in 1928; I forget the figures for the previous years; but I can soon lay my hand on them, and they will astound you. And at present we are negotiating for the introduction of the Guggenheim process into the operations of our company. It's a big thing; and the plan is to exchange the present Guggenheim Consolidated Shares for Ponders Perfecto Preference, with a bonus of new Ordinary Shares, and of course paying compensation to the Chilean Government. The cumulative Participating Shares have made dividends as follows—"

ONE night soon afterwards, as I stand alone leaning against the rail, listening to the short sharp sighs of the waves that the current presses close to the ship's side, watching the gentle roll of the sea fill up the shadows that the moon had emptied of darkness a moment before, inhaling the salt acrid staleness that the night breeze brings secretly from Venice, a steward appears at my side.

"Milady," he says, "an unfortunate thing has happened, the baronet—your husband and my master—is nowhere to be found on board. I regret to say that it appears he must have inadvertently slipped over the side,. at a rough guess somewhere between the hours of nine and ten. Edward, by a curious coincidence, admits to having sighted to starboard what he took to be a porpoise and gives the time as being about ten to ten-thirty. Your maid, Milady, corroborates this story in detail, as Edward was in fact pointing it out to her at the time. We now have grounds to fear that the alleged porpoise can have been none other than Sir Henry, the late Sir Henry, I should say. With this current the baronet, or rather late baronet, I fear should be well out to sea by now, heading no doubt for Fiume. I am more sorry than I can say, Milady; for he was a kind and considerate master. Will there be any further orders for tomorrow, Milady?"

"How sad life is, Gallop," I sigh, "and yet in many ways how beautiful. As for tomorrow, if what you tell me is true, there will naturally be one less for lunch."

AN INTERIOR

A QUIET room, with sunlight on its floor,
A stove, a chair, a table and a clock,
A curtained window, and an open door,
A breath of bloom, a peering hollyhock;
Enamel gleaming—cup towels hung with care,
The shine of dishes and the glint of tin,
A bit of bright, clear color here and there,
Where some home-loving woman's touch has been.

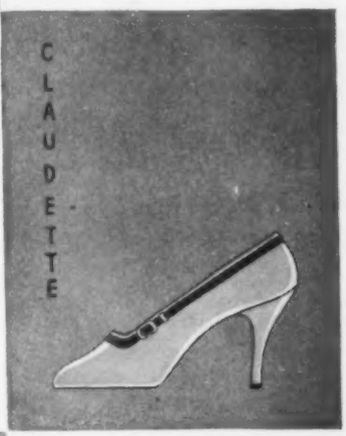
This is the quiet hour of afternoon,
And she has left her kitchen clean and sweet;
It wears a look as if one would come soon
To move about it on light, happy feet.
O, any room would be too bleak and bare
Unless it shows a woman has been there.

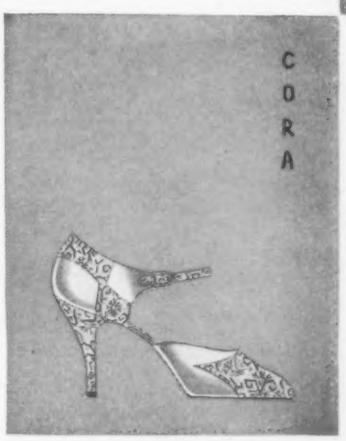
Grace Noll Crowell

DELMAN

Shoe-prints in the Southern Sands

Delman Shoes for the South leave their lovely impressions—not alone in the glistening sands of Southern Shores—but in the hearts of all who come within the sway of their bewitching loveliness. Shoes for Sport, Daytime and Evening — introducing new Delman Modes in the most fascinating and colorful leathers and fabrics of the moment . . . Every Delman Shoe is made entirely by hand — individually created — in Delman's own workrooms.





NAOMI — *a flattering new cut-out Tie, in pastel Shantungs and Linen, inlaid with Lizard and trimmed with matching Kid. Also white Buckskin with brown Calf.*

CLAUDETTE — *the smart new adaptation of the court-pump, for afternoon; white Buckskin, parchment and pastel Kids, or Shantungs, with blending Lizard collar . . . and a small enamel buckle.*

CORA — *a beautiful Sandal of white figured Satin or pastel Crepes, with gold or silver Kidskin; or Moire, dyed any shade.*

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

THE EVOLUTION OF STYLE

(*Concluded from page 55*)

extraordinarily high. Listen to documentary evidence on the subject. It quotes: 2000 francs for a frock of Indian muslin and 8000 francs for a similar one embroidered. 7400 francs for an elaborate gown in gold and silver, while 6000 francs is mentioned as the price of a *grande robe du soir* in "blonde" lace.

SHE: My! What prices! Almost the same as I have to pay in 1930!

I: From 1800 on dresses are divided in front, and begin to reveal elaborate underskirts. They are combined with long and narrow mantlelike trains.

The next important fashion feature becomes known as the "tunic." Embroidered with classical patterns, it becomes part of Napoleonic court dress.

The mode undergoes further changes in rapid succession. Sleeves, as early as 1805, begin to be worn puffed out and to reach way down to the wrist. High ruffs, called the *cherusse*, medieval of inspiration, make their appearance and are being sold in Paris as a French novelty.

SHE: I am absolutely certain you are going to tell me that the *cherusse* is a British invention.

I: Which I undoubtedly shall. The French *cherusse* having, since 1801, been worn in England, where it was known as the English "Betsy," a name derived from Queen Elizabeth's famous ruff. Exaggerations, from 1806 on, destroy every line. The mode deteriorates. Sleeves and ruffs increase to unheard-of sizes. Skirts are gradually shortened till, in 1808, both feet and ankles become visible. The silhouette steadily gains in width. Nymphs and goddesses give way to unsightly visions. About the period which follows, I'd rather not speak. I should have nothing to say.

SHE: Please don't end our talk quite yet. Why not tell me of the cashmere shawl? What does documentary evidence say on the subject?

I: That imported from India, the shawl makes its initial London appearance somewhere about 1786.

SHE: England again! I knew it.

I: They speak of its immediate success, accounted for by women's objection to hiding their figures in cloaks. It refers to the shawl's costliness and says further, "The Indian shawl becomes famous as a means of inflaming feminine rivalry." A true statement, inasmuch as every lady of fashion, during the Directoire Period and after, is draped in a *cashmere des Indes*. Napoleon may bluster, be up in arms against foreign importations. He is, nevertheless, powerless to stem the tide of a fashion Josephine approves. Not even the latest novelty from Russia, the recently imported fur-lined coat, *Witzschoura* by name, is able to dislodge it from favour. The shawl becomes an institution, its reign assured. In fact, it is known to have continued in popular favour throughout the better part of the nineteenth century.

SHE: You've so far not mentioned hats at all. Surely documentary evidence has something to say on the subject?

I: It certainly has. There's quite a chapter on hats, only it is late. Aren't you sleepy?

SHE: I'm always sufficiently wide-awake to be told about hats.

I: It'll have to be coiffures first, as altered fashions don't imply merely altered headgear. New styles in hair-dressing are just as important.

The wild-looking *coiffure à la Sauvage*, so fashionable in 1796, has had to retreat before classical *bandeaux*. It has given way to ringlets on women's foreheads, to plaits, as well as to nets. The shape of the head is suddenly rediscovered, and, whereas in 1796 women's hair was voted totally insufficient to build up extravagant erections, the same volume of hair in 1800 becomes almost a hindrance in doing justice to prevailing styles. The steadily growing craze for both classic and medieval coiffures has by now reached its height. New ways of arranging women's hair are being constantly invented. Wigs are being reverted to. Shades of hair have to match or at least to harmonize with the varied styles and colours of gowns.

SHE: Some coiffures being undoubtedly powdered?

I: Certainly not! Powder is being entirely neglected in France. In fact, it has, by 1800, totally disappeared. Not so in England. No Revolution had decreed democratic fashions. On the contrary the mode of powdering one's hair had been preserved. It was considered an aristocratic privilege.

Women in England in 1800 combined the use of powder with pomatum and grease, in order to stiffen out their hair into widely bulging masses. All front hair was severely drawn back from foreheads, made to swell into voluminous chignons, crimped at the back *à la mouton*. Curls of every description play a preponderant part. Italian curls, brushed into scalloped, shaped scrolls; "French" curls, resembling tubelike egg-shells strung on wires, as well as Spanish, German, and *Tirebouchon* (corkscrew) curls. All of them having their glorious moments of vogue.

For a lady of quality to wear a coiffure one foot and a half high was not considered out of the way at all, though such elaborate erections could not be expected to be done over every day. They might have to be left untouched for a week, at times for a month.

My own particular informant, a well-known historian, benevolently points out to his readers that "coiffing such elaborate erections of hair once every fortnight is all that is needed." He mentions further a hair-dresser's advertisement, which, he says, reads:

"Messrs. Clark & Clark claim to have discovered the secret of doing gentlewomen's hair to last them in perfect condition throughout a quarter of a year."

Among new styles this same hair-dresser proposes to willing clients, "a miniature coach and six," to be built into "snowy towers of hair."

Isn't it too late now to start the subject of hats? No? Only just a few words? Shall it be Directoire or Empire? I have no time for both.

SHE: Empire, please. Weren't the shapes of this period rather small?

I: Not really. Huge hats, discarded after the advent of classical styles, had, of course, become less excessive in size but were by no means small.

Inverted "flower-pot shaped hats, cylindrical in form, devoid of any brim," were among the most popular styles of the Directoire and Empire Periods. Strange to say, they are considered "enchantingly becoming."

SHE: They sound worse and even more trying than the hard line of the modern brimless hat, pushed way off the forehead, that most women have adopted this season.

I: Undoubtedly so. The enchanting flower-pots I told you about had followed the mode of the "kerchief," imported by Josephine Beauharnais from Martinique, and the lovely lace bonnets called "Fanchon."

However, the Empire Period's most popular headgear seems, without a doubt, to have been the turban, either plain or beflowered, beplumed or trimmed with a bird. It reigns supreme, and is considered suitable for any gala occasion. The Biretta, a hat derived from the turban, has a good deal of vogue, as well, its feather trimming, drooping over one eye, causing it to be called "romantic."

At one time during Napoleon's reign hats had all assumed the shape of a helmet. Called *à la Minerve* or *au vainqueur*, they were decorated with bunches of waving plumes or by a wreath of laurel leaves. Napoleonic emblems of victory. The helmet, alas! gradually changes its aspect, develops into a style of headgear later on baptized the "coal scuttle."

You most likely expect me to tell you what such hats were made of and how they were trimmed? Most of them were of straw or felt, unless the shape was covered in satin and drawn net. Trimmings consisted mostly of upstanding flowers combined with towering feathers and with any number of birds. No woman wearing so elaborate a creation seemed to consider her toilet complete unless an immense hanging lace veil was added.

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Tones, firms, and whitens the skin Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
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Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

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THE PANGS OF SUCCESS

(*Continued from page 73*)

begin digging the foundations, we must sit for hours, all alone, looking deep into our hearts."

Mary disengaged her right hand and began to suck the knuckle of her forefinger thoughtfully. After a while she looked up. "Let us make our vow now. Let us make it to the Virgin Pine Tree."

For an immensely long time they pondered how to word their vow. After they had composed, they knelt at the root of the tree and, extending their arms around her majestic trunk, solemnly chanted: "Friendly and protecting Virgin Pine Tree, we, Mary and Aphrodite, vow today, under thy branches, that we will begin working to dig the foundations of our characters, and keep it up until our foundations are dug. And seven days from today we shall report to thee our progress."

IT WAS one thing to make the vow, and another to carry it out. Under the perfumed branches of the tree, Aphrodite had felt like a priestess of Apollo; and, moreover, whenever she was with Mary she seemed to know things intuitively. But at home, with no Virgin Pine Tree to whisper thoughts, no Mary before whom to keep up a reputation, she found it terribly difficult to know how to set to work to dig her foundations.

Two days went by. In five more she would have to meet Mary and report to the Pine Tree. The third day being rainy, her father took her to his study and read to her from the Greek writings, as was his custom. And it seemed to Aphrodite that Zeus must have ordained this reading, for it concerned the stoics, and as soon as she heard about them, she knew she had found a way to dig the foundations of her character. She need only become a stoic and it was accomplished, since all the stoics had magnificent foundations to their characters.

Her thoughts skipped back and forth, now paying attention to her father's reading, and again wondering how to become a stoic. During all the rest of the day she kept the subject in mind, even after she went to bed. The moon slid in through the window, and Aphrodite held out her arms to her and told her of her plight and how she wished to become a stoic on account of her vow and for the glory of Greece.

The moon must have straightened out the whole matter, because on awakening the next morning it was all clear. A stoic was a person who loved nothing to excess and was slave to nothing. To become one, she had only to discard her earthly desires and be a free man.

It seemed quite simple until a difficulty presented itself. Hard as she thought, she could find no earthly desires to which she was a slave. She began to believe that she was a natural born stoic with the foundations of her character already dug.

Elated, she marched proudly towards the dining-room, whence a delicious smell came to her nostrils. This was Virgin Mary's fête day, she remembered, and there would be honey cakes for breakfast, as there always were on great saints' days. Aphrodite's feet twinkled along as if they were Hermes', and her heart thumped with delight, when—oh!—a dreadful thought assailed her. She loved honey cakes—she was a slave to them.

IN THE dining-room everything was festive. The honey cakes were in the middle of the table, a little spirit lamp burning beneath them. She was given half of one, for they were huge things.

Silently Aphrodite began eating hers, tasting every atom of its sweetness, a sweetness embittered by the knowledge that she loved it to excess. All the time she was eating, she could hear the words running through her head: "You are a slave to honey cakes."

She meant to leave part of hers uneaten on her plate, to prove she was no slave. She kept on saying, "I will have another little mite—just one little mite."

Between the fight to resist and to continue eating, her plate became quite empty before she knew it. Then her father said: "Helena, I do not think it will hurt Aphrodite to have a little piece more." And she opened her mouth wide for him to put the piece in, even while the words reverberated through her brain, "Resist, and be a stoic!"

That was a miserable day for Aphrodite. Full well did she realize that so long as she remained a slave to honey cakes she could not become a stoic and dig the foundations of her character. In her room she sat for a long time motionless, praying to the good Virgin Mary, whose fête day it was, to help her.

And the Virgin Mary did. She whispered: "Learn to dislike them, and you will not be a slave to them any more."

Aphrodite hopped up and down with delight. In mid-air a doubt assailed her. How could she learn to dislike them, since the more she ate the more she loved them?

She fell back limp on the floor, her face hidden in her arms, ready to weep at the difficulties of life; and then from the background of things she had heard, one item detached itself, the story her aunt once had told her of a friend who had loved rice-pudding so dearly that he over-ate, became ill, and never could touch it again.

With her little forefinger on her temple Aphrodite reasoned. If only she could eat honey cakes enough, she would get to dislike them. Her slavery would be broken. She would be a stoic.

As soon as she saw her way clear, she acted. There were not many days left. She went down to the kitchen and diplomatically questioned the Greek maid-of-all-work as to whether any of the honey cakes remained.

Cleopatra adored Aphrodite. She was not deceived by her diplomacy.

"If you promise not to tell your aunt, you can have two."

A few minutes later the little girl stealthily mounted the stairs, bearing the delicious means of freeing herself from all earthly desires. She placed the sweets on her working table, and by the delight in her heart recognized how abject was her slavery.

A methodical child, she carefully divided the two cakes into four halves. She licked her fingers. Then slowly and appreciatively she ate the first half, lingering over every mouthful, since from this day on she was to love them no more. The first piece finished, she started on the second—fear creeping into her mind that she loved them too well ever to get sick of them, no matter what quantity she might eat.

It was on the third that she began to experience a curious difficulty in swallowing. Even her hand felt heavy, travelling from the plate to her mouth. She did not finish the fourth, because the room started swimming around, and she became sick—terribly sick. Ah! how difficult it was to dig the foundations of a character.

One after the other she lost all the honey cakes. Even at this moment it seemed unjust that she should lose the first one which she had eaten so lovingly.

FOR two days she was ill; but Aphrodite minded neither staying in bed nor being rubbed with sweet oil, nor taking pills, nor being fed mainly on water; for she knew that never, never so long as she lived, would she ever wish to touch a honey cake again.

Aphrodite was so taken up with the grandeur of her achievement that she entirely overlooked the possibility of her action being misunderstood. Yet on her first day out of bed, while still so weak she could hardly walk, Aunt Helena put her on a chair and demanded to know how she had procured those honey cakes.

Aphrodite remained silent, since she could not betray Cleopatra.

"You have acted like a common thief, to satisfy your desire for sweets," Aunt Helena went on in a cold, contemptuous tone as if she were addressing a man.

Aphrodite's eyes widened. "I am not a thief, and I did not take the honey cakes to gratify my desires."

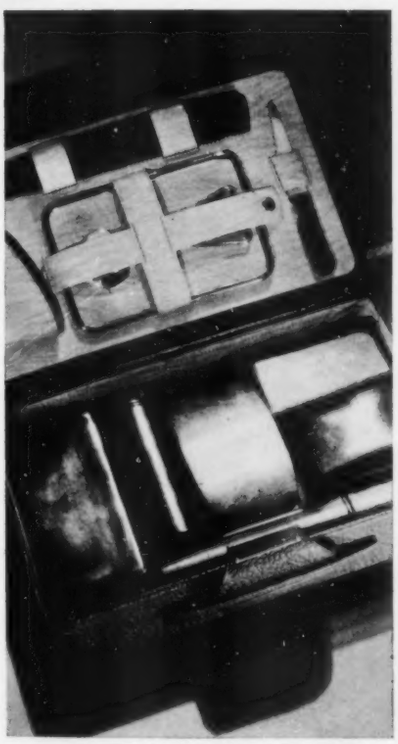
"Are you going to add falsehood to the

(*Concluded on page 116*)

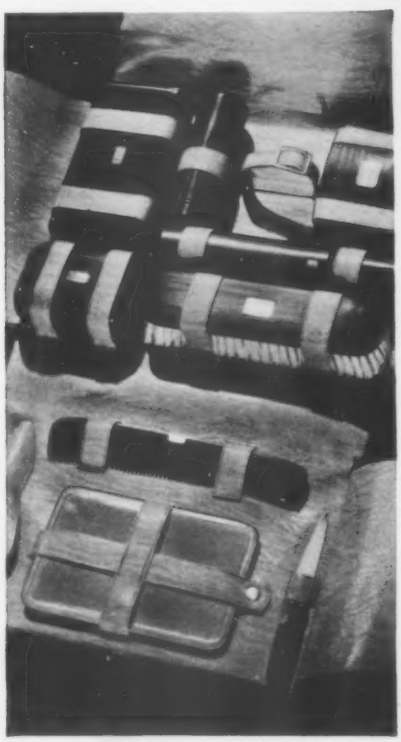
He ought to have a toilet case ...it ought to be the best

TRADE R MARK

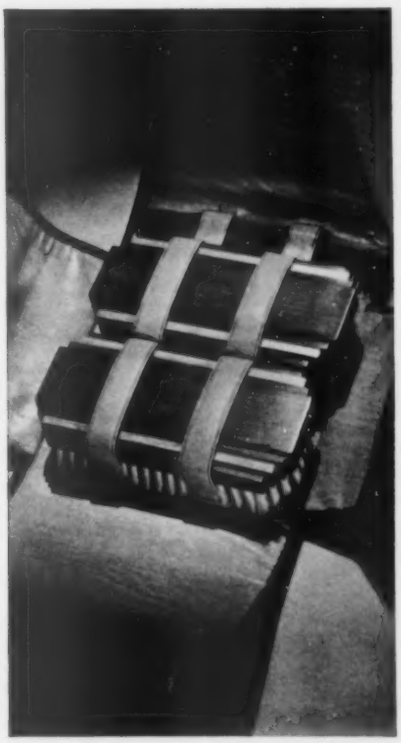
IT IS NOT too much to say that no man should be without a toilet case. He needs one at home, and he needs one when he travels. In Stockholm or the Congo . . . in the country, or at his own apartment . . . mirror, razor and brushes are always where they should be. He knows exactly where to find each object, every time. . . . For generations, men with an instinct for the better things in life, have governed their selection of toilet cases by the same rule with which they decide upon all articles of fine leather. If, by some chance, you could see the cases they have chosen, you would almost invariably find them marked with a tiny golden keystone R. . . . That imprint is the house insignia of C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., an establishment devoted to the making of fine leather goods. It assures you . . . as your own appreciation of lovely things will enable you to sense . . . that you can buy no better gift. . . . Holding the case in your hand, you immediately discern its true value. The very feel and fragrance of the leather reflect the finished materials, and expert, unhurried workmanship. . . . For the men who have labored upon these cases have an enviable knowledge of leather . . . a genuine affection for the work of their hands . . . a passion for excellence not too frequent in this world. . . . C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. At the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and at stationers.



THE BOX-TYPE TOILET CASE *is much in favor with those men who travel extensively, especially when the journey will be prolonged. A sturdy metal frame supports the soft goatskin cover . . . the hard rubber fittings in deep red are both attractive and serviceable. The same case also comes in ostrich, pigskin, and other leathers.*



A CASUAL INFORMALITY *marks this gentleman's set, in sealskin. The case is most complete, having all the articles necessary for both town and country use. Fittings are of hard rubber, the color of mahogany, with or without 14-carat gold mountings for one's initials. The case also is available in ostrich skin.*



THE MILITARY BRUSH SET *is always in vogue. The man who must leave town on short notice finds it indispensable; small and compact, it requires but little space. The two smart brushes in this set are ebony-backed, with silver mountings. The case is of goatskin, though it may also be had in a variety of other leathers, with other brushes.*

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

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Bruck-Weiss
20-22 West 57th Street
NEW YORK

THE PANGS OF SUCCESS

(*Concluded from page 112*)

other terrible things you have done? Remember, God is listening to you."

"God knows perfectly well why I took the sweets—and He approves of it."

Just then her father came into the room.

"I am glad you are here, Constantios," Aunt Helena said icily. "You cannot be proud of your child. She says God approves of her stealing and gluttony. Take her and find out why she is so contented with her conduct."

"Come, Aphrodite," the priest said, "come down to my study."

She followed him. He had intended to stand erect and tower over her, but her wan little face touched him, and besides he knew her to be honourable. He sat down and took her on his knees.

"My little daughter, you have done two very bad things. You took what was not yours, which has an ugly name; and you over-ate, which also has an ugly name. Tell me why you did these two things."

She told him everything—she never found telling him difficult; the vow, the stoics, and the digging of the foundations of her character. He listened attentively, and she saw that he was moved by her recital because more than once he had to cover his face with his hand to hide his emotion.

After she finished he patted her, and in a strained voice said, "My little girl, if you should consider it advisable to go on with your Stoicism, please take counsel with me before having another dig at your foundations."

"But I am a slave to nothing now," she cried exultantly. "I love nothing to excess."

ON THE following Saturday Mary was at her garden gate, waving her handkerchief. She ran to meet her friend, and taking her by the arm asked affectionately: "Have you done anything?"

Proudly Aphrodite nodded. She felt certain that whatever Mary had hit upon, it could not reach the heights of her own achievement. They went to the Virgin Pine and knelt on opposite sides of her tall trunk, beneath the sweeping branches.

"You tell first," Mary whispered, "because you are so clever."

Aphrodite would have preferred to be the last—she loved climaxes; but the way Mary put it she could hardly refuse. In detail she described everything.

Mary popped her head around from her side of the trunk. "What is s-s-s—what you are going to be?" she asked breathlessly.

"Stoic," Aphrodite helped her out.

Mary nodded excitedly. "Yes, what is it?"

"A stoic is a wonderful person who loves nothing to excess and is slave to nothing on earth and—and is brave as a lion," she added for good measure.

Mary's head drooped and she did not speak for some time. "Somehow, after you, I feel ashamed to tell the Virgin Pine Tree what I have done."

Aphrodite kindly urged her on, and finally Mary leaned down and kissed the trunk of the tree.

"Dear and beloved Pine Tree," she said in her sweet voice, "I thought and thought—and thought nothing! I looked into my heart, and found—nothing! And even in my sleep, I dreamed—nothing! And it came to me that I could only be like a little flower, wearing pretty clothes and using lovely perfumes, so that the sight and scent of me might gladden the world and inspire artists and poets!"

Yankee Mary crawled from her side of the tree and gazed up humbly at the Greek Aphrodite. But vainglory had departed from the latter. Why, oh why, hadn't she had Mary's thought? Then she could still be enjoying the honey cakes she once had loved, instead of feeling ill at the mere remembrance of them.

"That is all," Mary said with humility. "It is nothing compared to you. When you grow up you will be great among people—as great as the Virgin Pine Tree is in our garden. But look down at your feet; there I shall be, a little flower."

Mary continued humbly to gaze at her companion, and Aphrodite had to play up to her friend's adoration; but she had the hurt feeling in her heart that she would much, much rather it were Mary who was the big tree and she the lovely flower.

BRINGING SWITZERLAND TO AMERICA

(*Concluded from page 75*)

declares, is the best of them all.

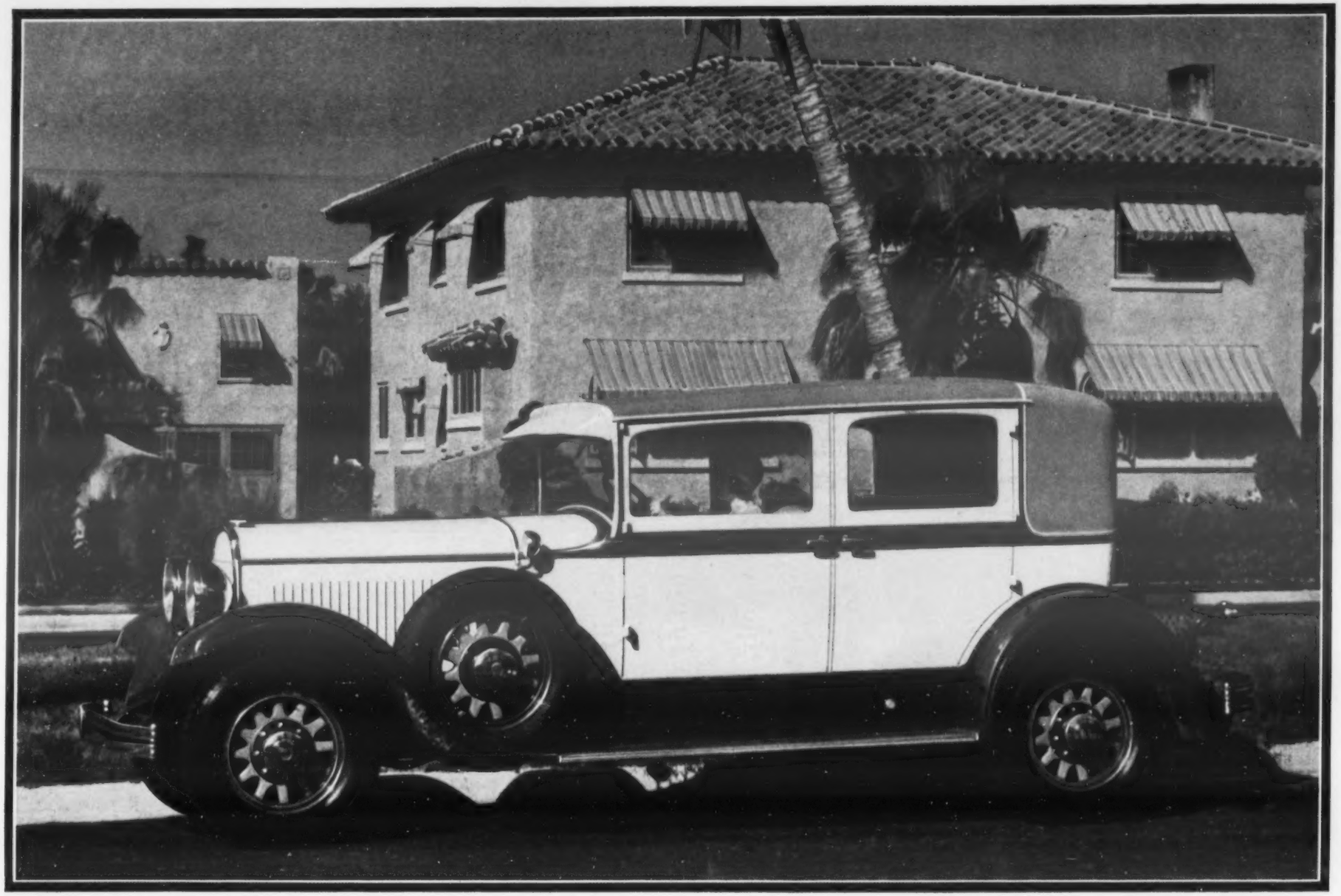
"The sport I love most is skiing. Imagine yourself after having climbed for hours in the midst of that sparkling snow reaching the crest at last. About you are the mountain peaks cut out upon the azure of the sky. You begin to descend. Slowly at first your skis plunge and slip over the virgin snow, raising the whitest of fine white dust. Quick, quicker, now you disappear in the side of the slopes. Blue shadows surround you. Cold and wind engendered by the increasing speed prick and sting your face. Only a real skier can know the wonderful feeling which fills your entire being at this moment; it is an intense joy because it is an intense struggle. You are in the bosom of Nature, you are her child, and yet you are fighting Nature, your enemy is all Nature. You must master not only yourself but Nature, too. Otherwise you face an accident, perhaps a serious one. Ah, this is skiing, this is sport, and there is nothing finer in the whole world of sport than this."

So speaks a sportswoman who knows. Now skiing and tobogganing and luging are best found in localities away from the moisture of the ocean; one reason why even on the highest moorlands of Derbyshire in England there is little chance for winter sports. But the region of the Adirondacks and the upper valley of the St. Lawrence are far enough from the sea to be ideally situated for sports like these; at Montreal and Quebec and Placid you find the driest of snow and terrain perfectly adapted to skiing. Quebec, of course, has always been the smart centre for ski lovers; but the Laurentian Mountains, just a short ride by train from Montreal, furnish an ideal countryside for the skier, a land that compares most favourably with the Swiss Alps. Here the runs have a gradual slope and great length; the hills are long, smooth and clear; the trails and cross-country trips wind in all directions. A visit to Val Morin or St. Agathe des Monts will well repay the devotee of winter sports. Here are our Wengen and Zermatt in the making!

If, however, you are a skater and care not for skis and skiing with its turns and twists at the end of the run-out, if you have no intention of ever graduating into a jumper, swooping down from heaven and climaxing with a dramatic turn like the "Telemark" or the "Christiania," if, with Mr. Wordsworth on Windermere you prefer

". . . . . the dulcet chime
Of steel on ice that measures out the time
And breaks the rhythmic silence as with rhyme"

you must visit Lake Placid. Placid is fast becoming the Saint Moritz of America. What the committee in charge of the winter sports for the coming Olympics thought of it can best be seen by the fact that they selected it as the locale for the games on ice in January and February of 1932. It is as near the last word in perfection for skating and ice-boating, for hockey and curling, as you can imagine. Twenty years ago it was the Gornergrat at Zermatt or the Grand Hotel at Davos-Platz that the lover of winter sports turned towards in January or February each year. Today it is Lake Placid or the Château Frontenac where the smart world goes.



From Actual Color Photograph taken in Florida of the Chrysler Imperial Town Sedan, $2975, f. o. b. Detroit *(Special Equipment Extra)*

All Chrysler models are on display at the Chrysler Salon at Palm Beach during the winter season

Heights of Pleasure

Glittering mountains under a sky of frosty blue . . . the tingle from a brisk climb . . . and the perfect relaxation of a comforting, fragrant cigarette. The outstanding characteristic of Camels is their ability to heighten the pleasure of any occasion . . . they are so wholly, so delightfully refreshing.

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Over their teacups

THESE SOCIETY WOMEN CHARTED THE PRIMROSE PATH TO BEAUTY

How an institution created to cater to the exclusive few became beauty headquarters for the world.

OVER the teacups in a smart Park Avenue restaurant some years ago was created an unique institution. An exclusive group of society women, who wanted more facts and less guesswork about beauty, agreed to endow an institution to make a scientific study of the complexion and its needs.

So Primrose House was founded, as a laboratory of beauty research. There was no thought of money. These women were interested in securing the finest beauty preparations and the best beauty method science could evolve.

Julia Marlowe's charming old home just off Fifth Avenue was secured, and in this lovely old town house was established the most exclusive beauty salon the world has ever seen.

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Great dermatologists were employed to study the complexion and its needs and to originate finer preparations. Trained nurses were employed to administer the famous Primrose Face Molding Treatment which these scientists had evolved.

The news that Primrose House had revolutionized beauty methods spread beyond the little group whose vision had created Primrose House for their own needs. The great department stores came seeking the Primrose Preparations. The demands for treatments at the salon outgrew the limited space of the old Marlowe home and Primrose House was forced to move to its present quarters on Fifth Avenue.

Primrose Quality now available to every woman who prizes youth.

Today, Primrose House Preparations are no longer restricted to a limited few. So tremendous has grown the demand for these products that the finest department and drug stores throughout America sell the Primrose House Preparations.

So thoroughly has Primrose House gone into the study of the complexion and its requirements that a complete group of Primrose Preparations has been created to meet the needs of every type of skin. If your complexion presents unusual problems, come to the Primrose House Salon for a free diagnosis, or write for "Here Dwells Youth", which describes the famous Primrose House Face Molding treatment and recommends the preparations for your type of skin.

For the woman whose skin is neither too dry nor too oily, selection is extremely simple. There are only four steps in the home treatment for the normal skin and only four preparations necessary. Primrose House, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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2—The second step is nourishing. For the normal skin, Primrose House Smoothskin Cream is unexcelled. It is the perfectly balanced tissue cream and its use keeps the skin smooth, supple and vital.

3—Toning is next. For this purpose use Primrose House Skin Freshener, which braces, tones and removes every trace of surface oil.

4—To finish, use Primrose House Chiffon powder; a powder so fine it cannot clog the pores, yet so clingy that it lasts for hours. In seven smart shades which blend naturally with the skin tones.

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for January 1930

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1—General observance of New Year's Day.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Laurimore Phillips of No. 11 East Fifty-third Street, New York, at Ritz-Carlton, for their débutante daughter, Miss Jean Phillips.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Davis of New York City, and Newport, R. I., at the Colony Club, to introduce their daughter, Miss Rose Grosvenor Davis.

Débutante's New Year's Ball at the Hotel St. Regis, New York City, under the direction of Mrs. Thomas Webster Edgar.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brewster at the St. Regis Hotel, to introduce the latter's daughter, Miss Dorothy Evans.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Sims McGrath at their home, "The Narrows," Mt. Kisco, N. Y., for their débutante daughter, Miss Eileen McGrath.

Tea dance at the Plaza Hotel, New York City, under the direction of Mrs. Huntington Tappin.

Reception in honour of Miss C. Elizabeth Schwarz, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Schwarz, at the home of her parents, "Holmes Hill Farm," Greenwich, Conn.

Ball by Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Ramsdell at the Twentieth Century Club, Buffalo, N. Y., for their granddaughter, Miss Molly Spaulding of Boston, Mass.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2—Dinner dance at the Colony Club, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kingsbury of New York and Greenwich, Conn., for their daughter, Miss Theodora Kingsbury.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Welsh to introduce the latter's daughter, Miss Kathleen Curtis.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Francis R. Stoddard to present their daughter, Miss Margery P. Stoddard.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Macy and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Richards at No. 814 Fifth Avenue, New York, to introduce their respective daughters, the Misses Helene Macy and Muriel Richards.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3—Second of the Junior Assemblies at the Ritz-Carlton.

Miss Edith M. Benjamin's New Year's Club dance at the Hotel Ambassador, New York.

Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Saxham Drury at their home, No. 3 East Ninety-Fifth Street, New York.

Dinner dance by Mrs. William H. Bolton at the Ritz-Carlton, New York, for Miss Faith Whitney, débutante daughter of Mrs. Caspar Whitney.

Dinner by Mrs. Andrew Varick Stout before the second Junior Assembly, in honour of her débutante niece, Miss Catherine Dominick.

Dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Hendrick Suydam at their home, No. 850 Park Avenue, New York, for their débutante daughter, Miss Katrinka Suydam, before the second Junior Assembly.

Luncheon at Pierre's, New York, by Mrs. William B. Hornblower for her débutante granddaughter, Miss Rosilla M. Hornblower.

Presentation of "Androcles and the Lion" by the Williams College Dramatic Club, in New York.

Supper dance at the Hotel Delmonico, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harwood of Rye, N. Y., for their débutante daughter, Miss Dorothy Harwood.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4—Miss Edith M. Benjamin's St. Nicholas Costume Dance at the Park Lane, New York.

Supper dance at the Ritz-Carlton, New York, by Mrs. Edwin J. Beinecke, to introduce her débutante daughter, Miss Sylvia Beinecke.

Tea dance at the Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N. J., by Mr. and Mrs. Percy S. Young to introduce their daughter, Miss Dorothy Young.

Second Brattle Hall Dance, Cambridge, Mass., under the direction of Mrs. F. J. Goodridge.

Tea by Mrs. Robert Grosvenor Valentine, Boston, Mass., in honour of Miss Charlotte G. Valentine.

National Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace, New York. To continue through January 11.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6—Presentation of Ice Carnival, "In the Land of the Midnight Sun." in Madison Square Garden, New York, in aid of the New York Music Week Association.

Wedding of Miss Nancy Susan Reynolds, niece of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Dunn of Winston-Salem, N. C., to Henry Walker Bagley, in Winston-Salem.

(*Concluded on page 119*)

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MADAME MAYS
50 West 49th Street New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for January 1930

(Concluded from page 118)

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7—Wedding of Miss Marjorie Heather, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cornelius Heather of No. 277 Park Avenue, New York, to Henry Roulston in New York. Reception to follow at the Park Lane.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Hovey of Chestnut Hill, Mass., in honour of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Hovey.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8—Schola Cantorum musicale at the Colony Club, New York, through the courtesy of Mrs. Reginald Fincke.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9—Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Eshbaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Eshbaugh of Montclair, N. J., to Albert Parker Scott, in the First Congregational Church, Montclair. Reception to follow at the Montclair Golf Club.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10—Wedding of Miss Frances Auchincloss, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss of No. 171 East Seventieth Street, New York, to Thomas Watson Armitage, in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. Reception to follow at the Colony Club.

Second of the series of Friday Assemblies at the Ritz-Carlton, New York.

Benefit performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, New York, in aid of the American Society for the Relief of Russian Exiles, Inc.

Third Sub-débutante dance at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass., under the direction of Mrs. S. Huntington Wolcott.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11—Luncheon by Mrs. Herbert H. Holton at the Algonquin Club, Boston, Mass., in honor of Miss Rosamond Holton.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rust of Chestnut Hill, Mass., in honour of Miss Elizabeth Wheeler, Miss Katherine Watson, Miss Elizabeth Hovey and Miss Nancy Hallowell.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14—Second of the series of Yorkville Dances at the Ritz-Carlton, New York, under the direction of Mrs. A. Mansfield Patterson.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15—Lecture at the Algonquin Club, Boston, Mass., by Moustaha Avigdor for the benefit of the Boston Children's Friend Society.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17—Dinner dance by Mrs. E. E. Jackson at her home in Baltimore, Md., in honour of her débutante granddaughter, Miss Harriet Canfield Jackson, daughter of Mrs. Gilbert Kinney of Round Hill, Greenwich, Conn.

First Junior Supper dance, Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass., under the direction of Mrs. James Jackson, Jr.

Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, New York. To continue through January 25.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18—Wedding of Miss Genevieve Robinson Kellogg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh Kellogg of No. 535 Park Avenue, New York, to Robert Cutting Lawrence, Jr., in New York.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21—Mrs. A. N. Spreckels' Cup Golf Tournament for Women, Coronada Beach, Calif. To continue through January 24.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22—Schola Cantorum musicale at the home of Mrs. Marshall Field, No. 4 East Seventieth Street, New York.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23—Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Kirby Stevens of No. 61 East Ninety-second Street and "Stonehouse Farm," Gladstone, N. J., to Peter Ballantine.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24—Annual Beaux Arts Ball, "Renaissance," at the Hotel Astor, New York, under the auspices of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25—Wedding of Mrs. Christine Biddle Bowie, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Williams Biddle Cadwalader of Philadelphia, Pa., to Morgan Stephens Aiken Reichner.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29—National Class C Squash Championship, Harvard Club, New York.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31—One Hundred and Fourth Annual Ball of the Old Guard of the City of New York, at Hotel Astor, New York.

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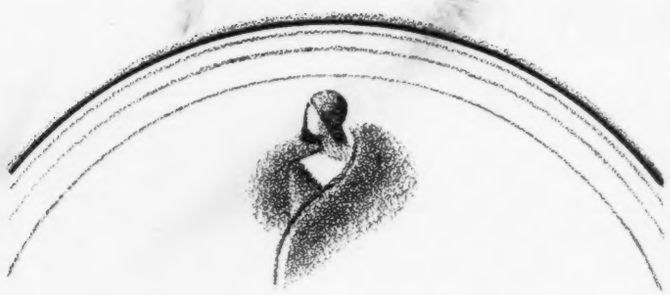

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THE BLOOD-RED RUBY

(*Continued from page 57*)

In women, assuredly, this quality unnamable is something more important than bright golden hair, a complexion of meretricious alabaster or even more meretricious bloom; more subtle than plucked eyebrows, carmined lips, legs!

There were other men who, looking at young Mrs. Sanford, caught their breath without knowing why. Not beautiful? She was the dream of Beauty, the dream which can never, never come quite true. Her hair, not hard and bright nor dark nor light, belonged to that wondrous land of in-between which comes between day and night. Her eyes—but could even the great poet D'Annunzio have described them? They could be tender, could be frivolous, but they were not gay; and such an inner stillness as could look forth from them, Philip sometimes thought, was not natural in one so young. For what was she waiting?

Her name was Claire. Philip had heard Mr. Sanford address her thus, and also young Mr. Napier. Claire: "clear, shining, beautiful." It was her true name.

IT WAS very late when Philip's duties were finished for the night. He did not live in the hotel. It is one of New York's many strangenesses how, within the distance of three or four blocks, one can travel from grandeur to grime, opulence to lack, splendour to slum. Philip made this transition daily. But he enjoyed the walk, the freshening air, the eternal mystery of night, and the lights which outrivalled the stars.

The lights of this fabulous New York—the lights! From the hotel's roof-garden on the seventeenth floor Philip would sometimes gaze out on the far-flung, jam-packed spectacle; space and height and depth punctured with a million million points of flame. Surely all the dimmed stars, and even God upon His throne, must look down with amaze and awe! But the street into which Philip now turned was shadowed by the roaring elevated, and the faces of the buildings were unkempt and grimed. He turned in at one of the dingy buildings, entered into a narrow, murky hall, climbed three flights of stairs, and passed through three similar halls before he came to his own door.

This was where Philip lived, at least slept. He closed his door, and closed out the sense of too many, too adjacent, and too grubby people. Philip did not feel real aversion for his neighbours, unfortunates in life, hounded by lack and filth and fear; his sympathy flowed out towards them, sincere and warm, and on the street he greeted them as comrades; but his room was his own!

Philip's room was small and neat, strictly utilitarian except for two pictures on the plain walls; a tenderly tinted representation of Our Lady above the head of the bed, and a hand-coloured etching of Battersea Bridge placed where his eyes might meet it on awakening. Philip could never have explained the charm of this Whistler. Perhaps it was the blurred mystery of blue-and-gray-and-green which comes at the evening hour of in-between; perhaps the effect of double-light, the bright twinklings which stabbed the vanishing day and tossed splendidly casual reflections into the misty water. Lights! Perhaps it was the Bridge itself, tall and aspiring, lifting its head through the haze and pressing forward through the picture, out of the picture—where?

Philip had books in the room. He had read a great deal considering his opportunities and scant spare hours. He liked poetry, the old romances and legends, tales of paladins and knights who lived in a very different day. Perhaps it was the shadow of his dreams, lingering in his intelligent dark eyes, that really made people notice him. Philip realized that dreams are impractical, in a way nonsensical. Yet, how thrilling they may be, and shining and brave! They compensate for life's lack, and supply life's need. For a blessed span they may seem truer than what actually is true. Anyway, dreams are quite apart from ambition. In regard to his ambitions Philip was entirely sensible, practical, and shrewd.

THE next morning Philip, as was his habitual duty, served Mrs. Sanford her breakfast in her apartment. He liked this service particularly; she would talk to him a little, pleasantly and kindly, and thank him for the slightest thoughtfulnesses as if they were momentous importances.

She was wonderful in this kind of graciousness, which comes from a gracious and lovely heart. She was wonderful in every way, in her very contradictions. She liked cream puffs! It always touched Philip's heart strangely to watch her zest for that flavoured stickiness concocted for children. But she was not a child; she was neither naïve nor sophisticated; she was simply herself, and one knew her quite well, yet never knew her. One wished her to be happy. This tells all.

She said to him this morning with her beautiful smile: "The eggs are just right this morning, Philip. Perfect!"

"Thank you, Madame." As he bent to pour her coffee, he noticed the throbbing glow of the ruby upon her breast. Worn with a simple little morning gown, but he remembered Mr. Sanford had said it was to go with her always. A sort of symbol . . .

"Why is it poached eggs seem so difficult?" she asked. "Either they're tough, else not nearly tough enough! Usually they simply get lost at sea. There must be some special trick about serving poached eggs, and you're the only conjurer in this big hotel who knows the trick."

"Thanks, Madame," said Philip, standing for a moment very straight and flashing her his happiest smile.

"Mr. Sanford and I have often spoken of your skill and intelligence," she proceeded kindly. "That's why you hold such a responsible position at your age. How old are you, Philip?"

"I am twenty-two, Madame."

"Ah, that *is* young!" she exclaimed. "I imagine you've had many obstacles to overcome, too."

"Yes, Madame—many obstacles." He was glad *she* need never know those obstacles! Clutter and squalor and grime. Hunger and cold. Uncertainty of a roof to shelter one's head. Anxiety, fatigue and toil—the scullery, pots-and-pans. And heart-wearying loneliness . . .

"What is the height of your ambition, Philip? The ultimate? Your dream!"

His ambition? His dream? For a moment the carafe in Philip's grasp trembled slightly. For a moment he heard wings, and deep clarion music, and bells. Smelled incense sweeter than of any flower which has a name. Saw colours blazing with a richer glory than burns in the heart of fire . . . He was standing quite close to her; his eyes rested briefly, less than briefly, on the gleaming gem at her breast before he answered, very respectfully:

"I desire to be a *maître d'hôtel* some day, Madame. In a great establishment such as this."

When he said that Mrs. Sanford laughed a little, but at the same time looking quite serious, one of the adorable tricks she had.

"That is a splendid ambition," she agreed; "a position of responsibility and honour. I'm sure you'll attain it."

"Thank you, Madame," bending to serve her with marmalade.

"But despite your cleverness I'm afraid you'll have to wait a while, won't you? The *maîtres*, I've noticed, are not often young men."

"Yes, Madame; I shall have to wait until I am an old man. Forty, at the least."

"Forty," she repeated thoughtfully. "That is old, isn't it?"

"Very old, Madame."

She looked so sober that Philip, suddenly remembering, sobered too. Mr. Sanford must be past forty! It was not often Philip made such a slip; he realized he must be on more vigilant guard, always, when talking pleasantly with Mrs. Sanford.

HIS eyes, travelling away from her, found her in one of the mirrors of the room; and although he had just told him-

(*Continued on page 122*)

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

THE fashion is not prettiness but *sophistication*. Wherefore lips leap into subtle importance. They must have an almost sculptured perfection. Follow the simple old Aztec Beauty Secret for this by chewing gum to ward off flabby wrinkles about the mouth. Chew Wrigley's with a certain regularity each day. Try new style Double Mint . . . its flavor is peppermint.

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THE BLOOD-RED RUBY

(*Continued from page 120*)

self to be on guard he let his eyes rest for a moment on the mirrored reflection, on the woman, young and beautiful, sitting with thoughtfully bent head, and on the man, young and handsome, standing gravely behind her. Her bowed fair head and his sleek dark head! His eyes gravely met those of that other young man who stood there with a proud, waiting deference—waiting to serve!

Suddenly she raised her eyes; the woman in that picture smiled at him kindly, and Philip smiling back respectfully, stepped forward to arrange a dish for her convenience.

Although he kept his eyes away from the mirror, that picture lingered. He could see it still—and so much more. He could see the ruby glowing upon her breast, the talisman of her husband. He thought of the things she had just said to him out of her kindness, and of the things about him she would never know because these things could never happen so. "Intelligent," she had praised him, meaning that he used his hands in obedience to his head. And this was best. He wanted no one to suspect him of being anything more than an industrious, shrewd, practical, and thoroughly conscientious fellow.

Yet, oh, if he might serve her as he *could* serve! Like the paladins and the knights! She was so beautiful, so gracious, so unhappy, so—dear. He longed to do great and valiant deeds for her; a sacrifice, as in the days of old. In other times she might bestow on him a rose, a glove which had touched her hand, a ribbon, in token of her favour—now it would be a dollar bill! In other times he might wear her colours and, dying for her, press them with humble gratitude to his lips.

She gave him a dollar bill as Philip had foreseen. Who wanted a dollar bill! Yet, Philip did not altogether despise the crisp new note. However much one's soul may stretch out towards beauty, dollar bills remain very useful.

Philip served Mrs. Sanford whenever she appeared in the public dining-rooms; and not long after this he served her and young Napier at luncheon. Mr. Sanford was not at the hotel that day; he was away on some excursion of business. Mr. Sanford was generally not at the hotel when young Napier lunched, or perhaps had tea, with young Mrs. Sanford. Philip had served these two before.

Yes, the old ones, as he had noticed, were privileged to pluck and wear, for their adornment, the most exquisite blossoms. It is the privilege of wealth and power to choose and pluck, but not to drink in the perfume! The blossom reserves its most precious beauty, the breath of its soul, for its own . . . The heart of youth calls to the heart of youth, and is answered by its own . . .

PHILIP had not wanted to notice; he kept himself busily occupied and his eyes discreetly averted, but his eyes were keener than he sometimes wished, and he could not help being sensitive—"in tune." There are certain tones and undertones in the language of love more eloquent than any spoken word. There are fugitive glances more significant than the most boldly ardent gaze. Love is a shy fledgling, and flutters ever away, frightened by the very power which draws it beyond all resistance into the snare. Philip knew these things; from the inside, it seemed, he had his knowledge.

He had known now for quite a long time. It had seemed to him a very long time—endless. He marvelled that a man so astute and keen as Mr. Sanford had not long since guessed.

Philip hadn't it settled in his mind whether his act had been creditable or discreditable in finding out all he could about young Napier. For he had done this, quietly, deftly, intelligently, thoroughly. His motives had the merit of being sincere, and at least they were not evil; he was not merely prying, intended making no use of his information, and—perhaps a just punishment if his deed were wrong—what he learned brought him but added pain.

In a way it was too bad; Philip could not withhold a certain pity from this personable young man who belonged by birth and breeding to a world to which Mr. Sanford could never quite belong, yet who would never find within himself such strength as made Mr. Sanford strong. Here was a young man, otherwise supremely endowed, who needed money badly and who either could not or would not work for it. Withal, Napier was a handsome young fellow with charming manners, very smooth blond hair, pleasant eyes and an amiable mouth; a superlatively attractive example of young American manhood of the superior class.

There had been between the two nothing covert: casual meetings at the homes of friends, else occasionally here, for luncheon or tea. She had been circumspection itself, and Philip knew this involved something in her that went deeper than mere discretion. On this he would have staked his savings, his reputation, his ambitions, and his life! But he knew, too, the air was tense and heavy; there was a droop to her eyelids and a restlessness in her hands, a waiting stillness with new lights and shadows in the depths of her eyes. So Philip's heart was tense and heavy, and the darkness in its depths held no light.

PHILIP served them the luncheon. Young Napier had never looked handsomer, Mrs. Sanford never more lovely. Her frock was of some dull silken fabric not grey or blue or green. A close little hat shaded her eyes, and her eyes were dreaming pools-of-the-forest, her lips touched softly by the dream. Her frock, cut deeply into a V at the neck, framed her throat as the sea holds the translucent pearl. At the point of the V, upon her breast, glowed the ruby like a dark coal of fire, like a huge drop of blood.

Philip was removing the service plates when young Napier remarked: "That's as magnificent a ruby as I've ever seen. It must've set old Sanford back a month's profits! How much did it cost?"

Philip did not look up, of course, but as well as if he were looking he could see her faint flush. "I didn't ask; I haven't any idea," she replied.

"Well, I must concede the old man's a judge of jewels, although I'd be the last one to disparage his taste in really important items. Let's have a look at the stone."

He stretched out his hand, smiling, but she shook her head, clasping the jewel at her breast with a gesture oddly vehement.

Then the jewel was forgotten. For momentousness thickened the air today, overhung the scene and penetrated the most casual topic; and presently it leaped into the talk between them.

They were seated by a window, removed as much as might be from the crowded room, and Philip was at a serving-table, his back turned. It was strange he heard their suddenly lowered voices, caught the words so distinctly.

It seemed something within him, keener than ears, stood very, very still.

Her voice, guarded, but sharp and terrified. "No, no, Lenny! I can't! You know I can't!"

Young Napier's voice, hoarse, hurried and pleading. "I can't stand it any longer. I sometimes think I've died already! Think, never once have we been *alone* together! People, people, always herds of people! Just once out of a lifetime! *Darling!* Oh, Claire, I love you so!"

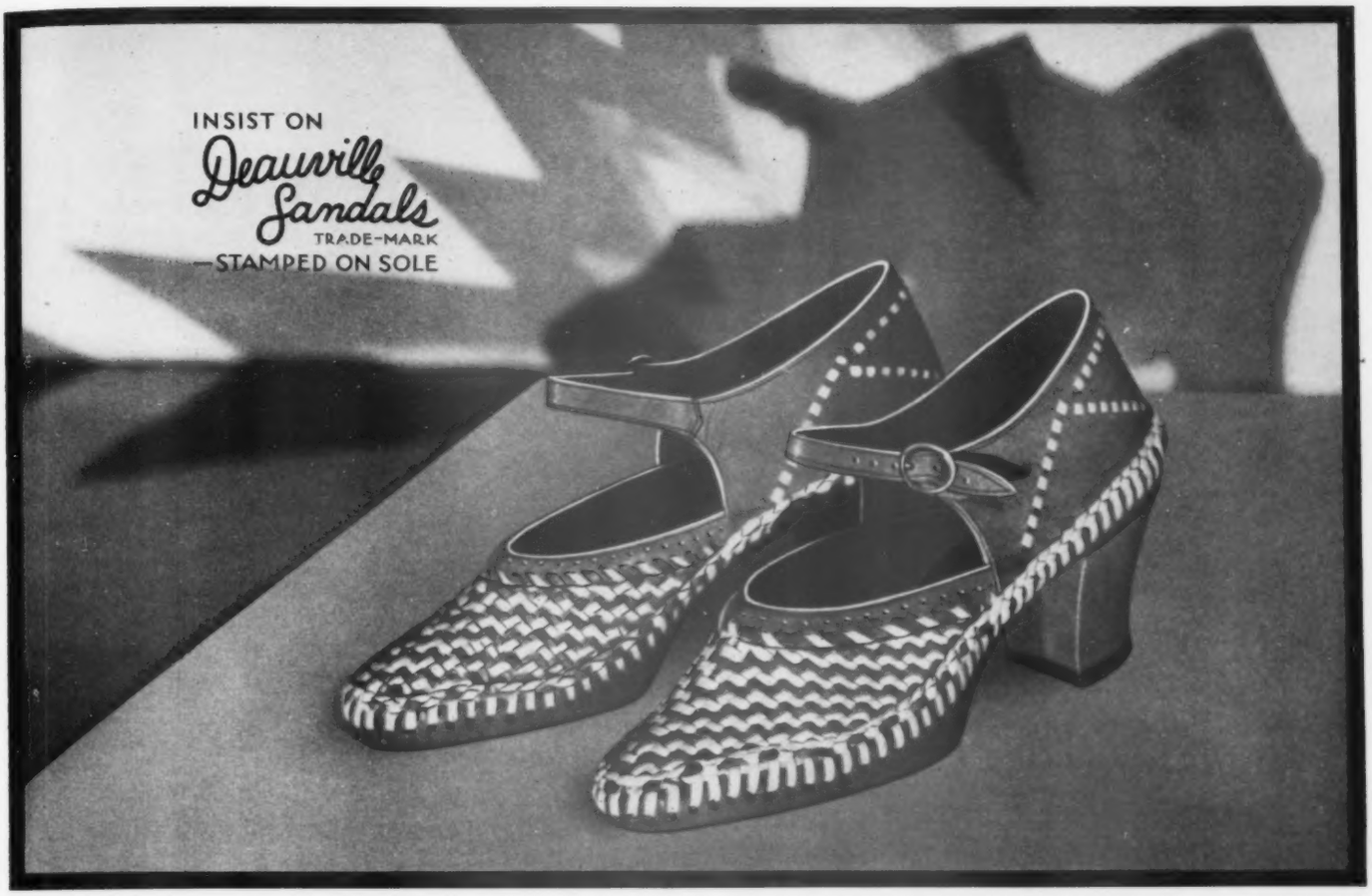
"No, no! You frighten me by just asking. How can you? I *can't!* He trusts me!"

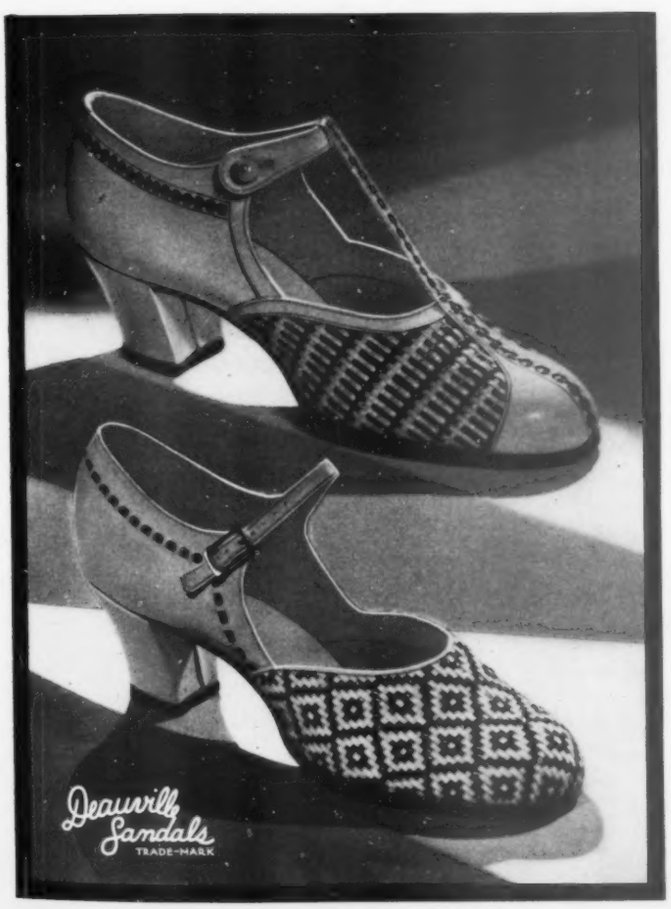
"*I* love you! And you've said you love me, but you don't," bitterly.

"I do! But—oh, Lenny, don't you see we mustn't even *talk* about such things?" her voice a prayer of agony.

"Why? Are you afraid the waiter might hear?" sneered Napier. "What do you care how I feel? On guard every second lest you hurt Sanford's precious feelings? Sanford's feelings are constructed of the very best quality reenforced concrete, an admirable vault to

(*Continued on page 125*)





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Whither bound? Palm Beach, of warm sands, whispering palms? Havana, of tropical gardens and gay boulevards? Bermuda, Pinehurst, Aiken—for sporting days and gala nights?

It doesn't matter; but before you go acquire a few pairs of cool, smart, featherweight Deauville Sandals to complete your ensembles. You'll love the new styles in these adorable hand-made imported woven sandals. The colors, too, have the true south-land flair. And they are so comfortable, so perfect-fitting—built on American lasts with narrow-fitting heels. Widths AAA to C.

To be thoroughly smart your woven leather sandals must bear the trademark "Deauville Sandals" on the soles. You'll find the newest imported models at the better shops and department stores. For the name of your nearest dealer, write Golo Slipper Co., 129 Duane Street, N.Y.

DEAUVILLE SANDALS

FIRST—wash the years away—

Actually, as simple, as swift, as startling as it sounds . . . with nothing more than this famous new cream—and plenty of cool water. For after years of research, Pinaud has compounded in this one silken cream elements that set to work like a whole corps of swift deft experts . . . cleansing . . . suppling . . . toning . . . then washing away *with all the clogging, aging accumulations gathered from your skin . . . literally washing the very years themselves away—*

now—not just a powder-coating but an invisible film of beauty which is you!

Now—*without* astringent, *without* additional powder-base—a touch of Pinaud's new Powder—that almost incredible powder specially blended for your individual type of skin . . prepared—not in one gradation, but in *two:* Type 1, for the skin inclined to oiliness, Type 2, for the skin inclined to dryness. The result? At the first touch of your puff Pinaud's powder imparts—not just an obvious powder-coating, but an exquisite invisible film . . . so clinging, so enchantingly a part of *you,* you will never want any other powder to touch your cheek. Never, never have you looked so radiant—your skin so delicately brilliant, so velvet-smooth. And—since who knows better than Pinaud the requirements of the busy woman of today!—this new loveliness will last and last—indoors, outdoors—incredibly, indefinitely.

Try both of these amazing new achievements by Pinaud before another day is past. You will find both Pinaud's Cream and Pinaud's Powder at your favorite drug or department store.

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Lightly, swiftly spread PINAUD'S CREAM *on your face. Then, in clear water,* wash it away. *Magically—it cleanses, supples, tones.* NOW—

PINAUD'S POWDER—*blended for your individual skin! Type One, for the skin inclined to oiliness; Type Two, for dry skin. Six shades.*

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In England, and now in America, it is "Pass the Crispbread"

Throughout England, wherever a bread is served, the preference is for those delicately-baked wafers of all-wheat, English crispbread.

Visitors to England, their tastes captivated by this delicious biscuit, return triumphantly home with packets of Peek Frean's All Wheat Crispbread in their trunks.

To be sure one fancies Peek Frean's Crispbread (known in England and Canada as "Vita-Weat") for its brisk, good, outdoor taste. And epicures are further delighted with the dainty form of these wafer-thin squares.

But of quite the most importance is its healthful, 100 per cent wheat content. All the bran and mineral salts are fully preserved, while the starch is completely modified. For this reason, Peek Frean's Crispbread has become a daily measure of healthfulness, and a delightful means of maintaining a slender figure.

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Now Peek Frean's All Wheat Crispbread is available throughout America. Already it is tempting palates and promoting good health in thousands of homes.

Simply ask any purveyor of fine groceries for Peek Frean's All Wheat Crispbread. Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., London, England.

PEEK FREAN'S All Wheat CRISPBREAD

Lipstick

TUSSY

FROM *her soft and lace-trimmed negligee to her long and clinging evening gown, the 1930 woman is utterly feminine. The boyish sports clothes era is over and with it goes the idea that one shade of lipstick will suffice for every time of day . . . Feminine fashions demand different shades of lipstick with different colored frocks—entirely different shades for morning, noon, and night . . . Lipstick Tussy is created in eight comprehensive shades so that every woman can find the exact colors which suit her at every time of day . . . In its gayly colored galalithe containers, Lipstick Tussy comes to you, sealed and packaged in France.*

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the imported creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to J. Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

COSMETIQUES
LESQUENDIEU

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THE BLOOD-RED RUBY

(*Continued from page 122*)

hold dollars and cents. What's Sanford to you, anyway?"

"He's my husband," in a thin, drawn voice. "I love you because I simply can't help it; but he's kind to me, *trusts* me! Don't you see I *have* to be loyal?"

HAD Philip actually heard those strained, husky voices, that furtive torrent of fevered words? It seemed to him he was caught suddenly in some nightmare indescribable in its significance and horror. The cheerful bustle of the familiar, crowded room seemed unreal—only himself alive, surrounded by phantoms, pitted against unnamable, unfaceable dreads! What should he do? "I *can't!*" she had implored and, indeed, she couldn't; she never could; yet her voice had betrayed her; she was in danger! And what could he do? If only he might die for her! How gladly! But they don't do those things any more, and of what avail would it be? Merely one paltry waiter removed from the scene of this jam-packed New York.

Philip moved across to their table and, with practiced, steady hands, served the pâtés.

"Those look awfully nice, Philip. I love chicken pâtés."

"Yes, Madame; they are especially nice today."

He didn't permit himself to look at her, but what need? So beautiful, so gracious, so generous, so dear. Without looking he could see the glow of dark red blood at her breast. And she loved . . . He could feel his sorrowful tenderness stretching out towards her; blotting out all else it laid over her its invisible mantle. But his compassion did not extend to young Napier, whom she loved; as Philip bent to serve the young man he had to steel his hand against a surge of leaping murderous hate. Nor was this entirely for the sake of Mr. Sanford.

It was almost immediately after this that a ghastly thing happened. Philip's blackest boding had never anticipated this particular kind of ghastliness. It swept upon him in a way momentarily to fuddle his wits.

HE WAS again at the serving-table. Above the confused din of the room his ears caught a very faint, sharp click, and from the tail of his eye he perceived that Mrs. Sanford's brooch had rolled to the floor. Strangely he did not at once move; the event seemed to him as somehow ominous—"to go with you wherever you go," Mr. Sanford had said. And now it had slipped away and left her, Mr. Sanford's life-blood! For just that brief, perhaps foolishly stricken second, Philip stood motionless; and in that second, from the tail of his eye, he saw young Napier surreptitiously drop his napkin, lean down and carelessly sweep it up with the brooch enclosed in it, then carelessly return the napkin to his lap, pausing very briefly near his left coat pocket.

Such horror and agonized perplexity assailed Philip that it did not seem possible to use his wits nimbly, yet in that first instant, somehow, he arrived at his plan. He did not turn or move; then unhurriedly, in quite his customary manner, proceeded with the service.

She evidently had not seen; her brooding eyes were far away. She came to attention as Philip served the salad. "What nice looking endive. Did you mix the dressing yourself, Philip?"

"Yes, Madame," giving it a whisk before serving her plate.

"Philip makes the best French dressing of anyone in the hotel—in New York City—in the world," smiling tremulously across at young Napier.

"I'm convinced," returned young Napier crossly, "that there's nothing in the cuisine line in which Philip does not excel the world."

Unfortunately, at that identical moment, Philip himself disproved this somewhat ungracious encomium. For, as he served young Napier's plate, his famously steady hand slipped, let the bowl of dressing slide, slither, and spill half its contents upon young Napier's faultlessly tailored knee.

"Hell and blazes! What're you doing there?"

"I am so sorry—my stupidity. Pardon!" murmured Philip contritely. With a napkin he began manipulating the ruined trouser-leg; and more swiftly than the telling his deft hands had entered that left coat pocket and had retrieved the brooch. Even young Napier might never have suspected had not nervousness robbed those hands of some of their expertness, for there sounded again the faintest little "click." Again Philip's wits must act fast as with another murmured "Pardon" he stooped, swept the brooch up in his own napkin, and slipped it into his own pocket.

Still she had not seen; she was very far away today. Philip did not concern himself too much because young Napier saw; in fact he felt a peculiar, almost joyous thrill when the other young man made an instinctive, threatening movement forward, then halted himself abruptly as he caught the waiter's eye.

"I am sorry, sir," repeated Philip apologetically; he might still have been regretting the ruined trousers. "I am not always so clumsy, sir."

The eyes of the two men locked in a close, deep look. Young Napier's face flushed a slow dark red as he relapsed back into his chair. He spoke no further word, and Philip went back to his duties at the serving-table. But he had the brooch in his pocket!

He had not left the room and was removing the salad course when she missed it. She gave a stifled little scream. "My ruby!" and frantically began searching her lap, the table-cloth, the floor. "Where can it be? I had it on after we came in. Why, we were talking about it! I remember *touching* it!"

Yes, Philip remembered how she had touched it, as if protectively and at the same time seeking protection. Her panic was not assumed—she had not *connived!* Philip could face calmly whatever was to come.

"I had it not fifteen minutes ago!" she exclaimed. "And now it's not here anywhere. But it must be here!"

YOUNG Napier helped her look; Philip helped her look. Young Napier glanced at Philip, then the glance shifted away; his amiable mouth was twitching. "Well, it's got to be somewhere," he said. "It can't have disappeared in smoke. We've got to do something."

"Yes. We must do it quietly—no scene—but quickly! I'd better ask the house detective. Philip, will you go and bring Mr. Glynn?"

"I'll go," said Napier quickly; he was holding his twitching lips stiff. As he rose he let his eyes meet Philip's. Philip smiled, very slightly; his own lips were rather stiff.

"Keep the waiter here—in your sight," Napier told her curtly, and went for Glynn.

Glynn came. The scene was kept quiet; Mrs. Sanford explained and Glynn listened soberly. No one spoke to Philip, and he didn't speak. Glynn looked at him, very thoughtfully; Glynn and Philip were not intimate, but they had respect for each other. Philip seemed to feel the jewel glowing within his pocket. It burned and gave out heat like a burning coal. It throbbed and quivered like a drop of living blood. The blood welled out and stained his whole coat-pocket—welled and welled until it lost itself in the throbbing stream of Philip's own blood. She was still guarded!

"Philip! Don't you hear Mr. Glynn speaking to you?" It was Mrs. Sanford's voice, recalling him.

"Pardon, Madame." He looked at Glynn, who was staring at him, and who repeated: "Had you noticed the brooch Mrs. Sanford was wearing, Philip?"

"Yes, Mr. Glynn."

"When did you notice it last?"

"Several minutes ago." Philip was thinking, now, that he might have returned it to her when he retrieved it from the floor. His wits hadn't been nimble enough; he hadn't been thinking of him-

(*Continued on page 126*)

TWO NEW LEATHERS FOR SPRING

BOROSO
Baby Shark

Delicate, with the gleam of emery—the sheen of moire silk. As flexible as kidskin—yet unbelievably strong. It can't crack—or scuff—and is waterproof. Shown this Spring for the first time in America—in black and pastel shades.

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Watersnake

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Portrait in Chiffon

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. . . . In which the delicate witchery of gossamer sheerness is successfully united with supple strength!

A Haas Brothers Silk

Produced by Haas Brothers Fabrics Corp., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York

FROCK BY BONWIT-TELLER

THE BLOOD-RED RUBY

(*Continued from page 125*)

self then. Nor now, not primarily; only nobody likes to go to jail.

"Haven't you any idea where it could have gone?" demanded Glynn. "There's been nobody else in this corner, and things like that don't go up in smoke, you know."

Napier's own words. Philip saw that young man's lips open, all but heard the words they were framing to say: "This man has it!" But the lips closed without utterance.

"Well, what about it? Have you lost your tongue?" Glynn's voice, although brusque and impatient, sounded worried.

"No, sir. I haven't much to say, but I have the jewel," Philip answered then, and drew the glowing trinket from his pocket.

He could hear the aghast silence which followed. Glynn, stricken by the sheer suddenness, even Napier astonished, and Mrs. Sanford's sharp little gasp. Her delight in her recovered brooch seemed swallowed in her dismay.

"Oh, Philip, how could you?"

He had to meet her eyes; they were wide, hurt, reproachful. "I did not steal it, Madame," he told her gravely. He handed the brooch over to her.

"Didn't steal it! Look here, young man, you're getting yourself in Dutch. You're already in Dutch!" Glynn speaking. "If you didn't steal it, how did it come in your possession?"

"I picked it from the floor." Philip's voice kept steady, and his eyes met the detective's squarely. "I noticed it when it dropped. I think the safety-clasp must have been left unfastened. Madame did not notice, and it rolled away—I stooped and picked it up."

"Well, for God's sake, why didn't you hand it back to her?" demanded Glynn roughly.

"I was occupied, Mr. Glynn. I was serving. I did not intend keeping the jewel. I intended to return it to her later."

He heard a harsh, curt laugh, Napier's. "Always the perfect servitor! A several-thousand dollar jewel must wait lest the soup get cold! I've no doubt these fellows make a ritual out of such things. But I ask you, does it sound fishy?"

It did sound fishy to Philip, most lamentably; but it was simply the best he could at the moment contrive. It evidently sounded fishy to Glynn also, who stared at him with a flushed, puzzled frown. And Philip supposed it sounded fishy to Mrs. Sanford, although he kept his eyes resolutely away from her and on Glynn as he quietly said:

"I have told you how it came into my possession. I do not steal. I would never steal from Madame. Madame knows I would not steal her jewel."

Mrs. Sanford spoke then. "No, Philip would not steal." Her voice sounded to Philip curiously small and detached; there was no warmth in it. Although he didn't look at her he knew she didn't look at him; she was holding the brooch in her closed hand, pressed tight against her breast where the jewel had formerly glowed. "It must have happened just as Philip says," she said.

But she did not look towards him, nor smile, nor thank him for restoring her jewel.

Had she not spoken a good word for him, however, and pleaded his record of integrity, Philip would probably have gone to jail. Glynn said he ought to go to jail, anyway. "After this, young man, watch your step! I knew you were a good waiter, but I never guessed you were so good you were stupid!" Glynn was looking at him very queerly. Philip knew Glynn still half-suspected he'd taken the brooch and then got cold feet. It was only Mrs. Sanford's word for him that kept him out of jail.

Before the scene was finished Philip caught young Napier's glance again, for an instant so unveiled and stark that he could not but return it with one equally unveiled. It was as if he answered: "Fear not. The incident is closed."

AND it was closed. It was as if that incredible nightmare, leaping out so suddenly and climbing so swiftly to its climax of danger and suspense, had never been. It ebbed as swiftly as it had come, and left everything changed.

She thought him a thief. In this his deed partly lost its merit. But Philip might have borne this personal unhappiness had not her gravest menace remained still hanging over her. She did not know it, but he knew; and he did not know what to do.

He had to live with his thoughts as best he might, for that evening he learned he was not to serve dinner in the owner's apartment, as usual.

It was late, and Philip was preparing to leave the hotel, when he saw Mr. Sanford coming towards him in the service quarters. Philip stood quite still; waited.

Mr. Sanford spoke crisply; he said he had heard the affair of the brooch, from both his wife and from Glynn. He said the trinket was too valuable to want to lose, and thanked Philip for having recovered it. He said he had gathered, however, that Philip had let several minutes pass before returning the brooch, thereby occasioning his wife unnecessary alarm.

"Yes, sir," said Philip; "I am sorry she was alarmed."

"Why wouldn't she be alarmed, in heaven's name? You knew she'd be alarmed. You're no fool! You didn't try to ease her alarm. Your own action was at the bottom of it, and you deliberately held her in suspense! Why didn't you hand it over immediately?"

Philip moistened his lips. Mr. Sanford was no fool, either. Philip felt his forehead getting damp. Mr. Sanford's eyes were boring straight into his. Philip did not try to deflect his own, looked straight back, as he tried to think.

"What're you trying to think up now? Don't you know why you didn't hand it over?" demanded Mr. Sanford, sarcastically.

Philip nodded wretchedly; in fact his eyes were pools of bottomless wretchedness had he but known it. "Yes, sir, I know."

"Then speak up!"

"I—the safety-catch had been left unfastened, I think. P-perhaps she'd forgotten to clasp it." The steady Philip stuttering! "I—I noticed she hadn't noticed it had gone, and I thought—perhaps—"

"Are you trying to say you intended to teach my wife a lesson in carefulness?" cut in Mr. Sanford. He gave a short harsh laugh. "You'll have to think up a better one than that, Philip. I've always said you had a head and used it, but that's no better than the poppycock you dealt out to Glynn. No, it doesn't go."

Philip shifted his miserable weight from one foot to the other, but his miserable eyes did not shift. He held them to his employer's doggedly. "Yet it is the truth, sir," he insisted. "I intended to return the jewel—later. Madame had not seen the jewel—disappear. Very easily she might never have seen it again; that might easily have been—most probable."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Sanford quickly. "Explain that!"

"I mean—nothing specifically, sir. Excepting Madame's imperception of danger. She is the most gracious of ladies, generous and loyal and kind. She is beautiful because beauty and truth are in her heart. But she has her—heedlessness," faltering again. "A blindness to—consequences—which might be—grave. It goes with youth. Not that she would wish so to be, or intend, but—"

Philip's voice, inexpertly dragging out phrases which his mind groped to find, slithered into nothingness as he perceived his employer was scarcely listening; was gazing back into his own eyes, deep, deep—so deep he might almost have seen what was written in Philip's heart. Philip did not breathe. During that long minute the older man seemed to shrivel and bleach before the other's eyes, looked in truth an old man.

Then he abruptly removed his eyes, shook his shoulders, and looked the same as usual. "Very well, Philip," he said, not

(*Concluded on page 128*)

If you talked with her . . .

are these some of the questions you would ask?

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JUST suppose Madame Rubinstein dropped in for tea. Informally, you know, with no other guests present. Wouldn't it be fascinating to talk with her as one woman to another? Wouldn't your tongue fly during the precious moments when you had the world's greatest beauty scientist quite to yourself?

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Mme. R — There are three "first things"... I call them my Three Steps to Beauty. 1. Cleanse and soothe with the wonderfully effective Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Substitute Cleansing and Massage Cream for very dry skin (75c and 1.25). 2. Clear and animate with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, the remarkable skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). 3. Tighten the tissues and gently close the pores with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion (1.25). Substitute Skin Toning Lotion Special if your skin is very dry (1.25)

You—*What shall I do for blackheads and enlarged pores?*

Mme. R—Use either my Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00) or my enlivening Beauty Grains, to remove hard skin substances and every hidden impurity (1.00)

You—*How can I have a firm, youthful contour?*

Mme. R—Cleanse thoroughly with Water Lily Cream, my famous rejuvenating cream (2.50). Follow with the wonderfully stimulating Eau Qui Pique (3.00). For dry skin, you may substitute the bracing stimulant, Eau Verte (3.00). Then pat well into the skin my Valaze Georgine Lactee, the amazing muscle and tissue tightener (3.00). And finish with Valaze Emailline, the nourishing astringent cream (1.75).

You—*How can I make my eyes look deep and mysterious?*

Mme. R—If your eyes are blue or hazel, smooth a little blue or green Eye-Shadow over the eyelids to bring out the soft charm of the eyes (1.00). Then apply Valaze Eyelosh Grower and Darkener (1.00). Or for a more sophisticated effect, use my Valaze Persian Eyeblack (Mascara) to make the lashes long, silky, luxuriant (1.00)

You—*What is the smartest makeup I can use?*

Mme. R—Use Water Lily Powder, acme of powder perfection. Novena for dry skins; Complexion for normal or oily (1.50). Then Valaze Rouges: Raspberry for day, Geranium for evening. Compact (1.00) or en creme (1.00 to 5.00). And my exquisite Water Lily Lipsticks: Ruby for day, Cardinal for evening (1.25)

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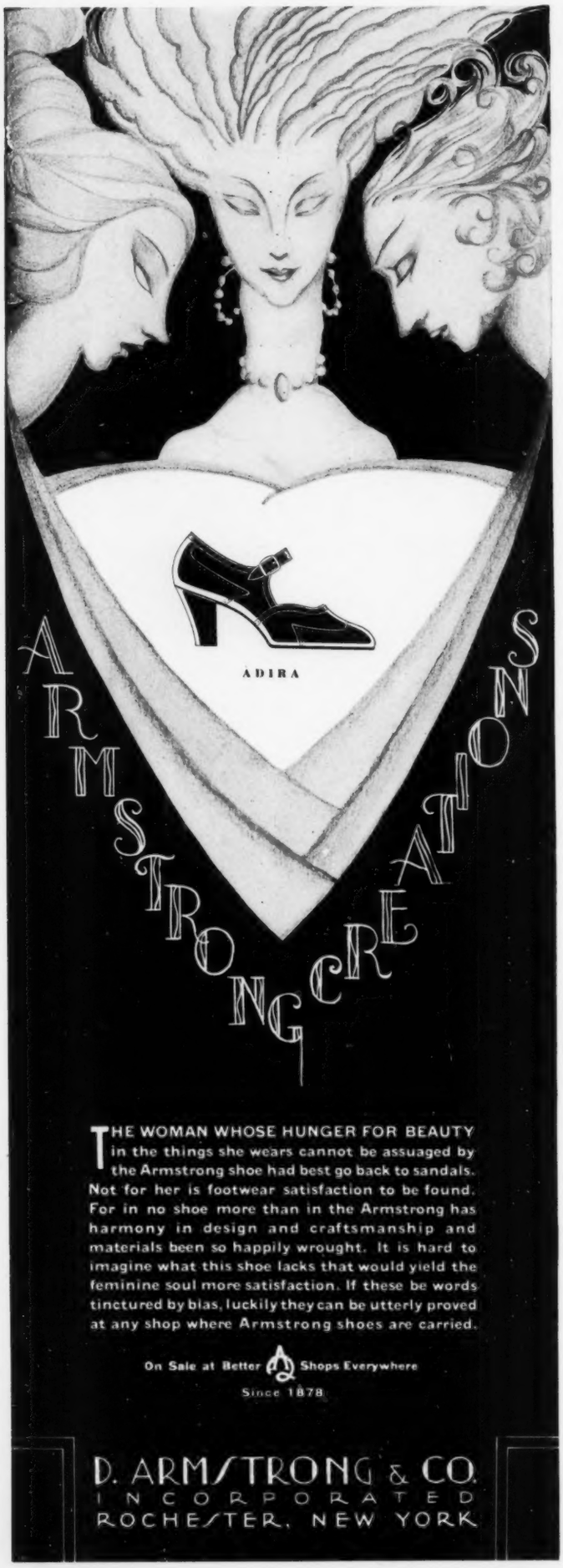
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THE BLOOD-RED RUBY

(*Concluded from page 126*)

unkindly. "I've no doubt your intentions, however foolish they appear, were sincere and well-meant at the bottom. I'll not hold this against you. Good night, Philip."

In a measure Mr. Sanford had understood; in a way Mr. Sanford had thanked him. But Philip did not feel much happier. His walk home through the cool night brought no refreshment, the fabulous lights brought no uplift, his neat little room brought no peace. There was no magic anywhere, and his heart was too heavy to sleep. Above his head Our Lady looked gently down, but her tenderness could not soothe his eyelids nor his heart.

THE next morning Philip served Mrs. Sanford her breakfast in her apartment. He had expected, feared, hoped, to meet another order of reversal. But no; everything was as usual.

She looked lovely in her soft little morning frock, always lovely! and the jewel throbbed red at its neck. She looked pale, Philip fancied, and her eyes had unreadable depths, but she smiled at him! Simply because she smiled Philip's heart, without so very much logic, let slide a load of several pounds as he laid the cloth and arranged the service.

"What beautiful eggs, Philip. They look too perfect to eat! I'm always waiting for you to fall down on those eggs some morning and sort of scramble them, but you never do!"

"Thank you, Madame." Under that respectful gratitude what a mad dive of the heart, what a flight!

Then, bringing his mad heart plunging down, although it was the most intimate tone he had ever had from her: "Why did you do it, Philip?" More than reproach her tone held concern.

"Do what, Madame?" controlling his features, his voice.

"Please, Philip. It only hurts me worse for you to be evasive. You needn't be afraid to tell me. Why did you take the brooch?"

He stood silent with averted eyes. No thoughts formulated themselves in his desperate, blurred consciousness, but he must have been praying.

"I would have trusted you with anything I had, Philip. With my life! I trusted you absolutely. It stunned me, made me feel sort of sick. How could you?"

Then, all of a sudden, Philip found he had decided what to do. Not for the purpose of reestablishing himself, for it would pain her far less to think himself guilty than to hear what she must hear. Yet she must hear.

He lifted his eyes. "I took the jewel out of Mr. Napier's pocket," he said. "It was he who first picked it up from the floor. I am sorry," very, very gently, "but it seems necessary to tell you, Madame."

She flushed, then blanched. There was a terrible little hush before she cried out angrily, "I don't believe it! How dare you make up such a cowardly lie to protect yourself? How dare you slander Mr. Napier? Don't you realize you're getting yourself into infinitely deeper trouble? I cannot answer for what Mr. Napier will do to you when he hears!"

"I am telling you the truth, Madame."

She didn't speak. She gazed at him as if despairingly fascinated, compelled against the control of her wish or will. And in spite of herself she believed him. Philip knew in that moment she would have accepted his word against that of the other, the man she loved. Yet even this knowledge did not yield him much happiness. Those stricken eyes!

But she pulled her head up with a little shake. "Why didn't you tell this story to Glynn?"

"It was not Mr. Glynn's affair, Madame. I had the jewel safely, and knew you would receive it."

"Did you have it so 'safely?' If it happened as you say, you were foolhardy. You had the brooch on you—self-evidence; if I hadn't begged for you, they'd have taken you to jail."

"Thank you for speaking for me, Madame. But I would have gone to jail willingly, if need be. You can see how I could not tell them the truth of the event. Mr. Napier is your friend; it would have given you too much pain."

Again the flush burned up in her cheeks. "But you're giving me pain now!" she cried.

Philip averted his eyes that he might not gaze upon what stood naked in her own. "Yes, Madame, but a different kind of pain. The others do not know; it is not necessary that they ever know. But it seemed necessary that I tell the truth of the event to you."

"Why—to me, especially?" in a muffled kind of voice. She had bowed her head; sat staring down at the table which, this morning, Philip was so unprecedentedly neglecting.

"Sometimes a lesser pain, although it seems great, may be necessary in order to save one from a greater," replied Philip.

He was hunting for the words, and his voice was not easy to control. He was striving his utmost to be tactful. His manner was very courteous, his tone much gentler than he knew. He stood there a little behind her chair, waiting to serve her, waiting for her to speak.

She didn't speak at once, but Philip knew she had grasped his point. It did not greatly matter whether she was angry with him, but Philip did not believe she was really angry, indeed, scarcely thinking of him. Her head was still bowed. Gazing unseeingly across the room Philip found his own eyes in a mirror. He saw the beautiful bowed head of the woman and the young man standing behind her, respectful, patient, waiting to serve. The young man's eyes had in the mirror a mutely hungry look in their adoration. Well, is it wrong to adore Beauty? And crave? A heart is but human, and any heart may dream and burn and leap—and ache.

Philip knew he shouldn't gaze at the mirror. And was it not but an illusive, meaningless picture? Caught for one short moment out of the long years of life. But such ephemeral moments can live deathless in memory, gloriously immortal, never to change!

She lifted her eyes suddenly and caught his reflected in the mirror. Did she suspect? Philip never knew. But she smiled out of the mirror, a smile tremulous but kind and sweet—how sweet! a smile which repaid him for all he had ever done or might ever do.

"Thank you, Philip," she said. "You are a good boy, and a loyal friend." Then she nodded towards her dressing-table, and said, "Will you please hand me my purse?"

She gave him a hundred-dollar bill.

THERE is a tactful, courteous *maître d'hôtel* in one of the palatial new hostelries, whom the most notable patrons know and respect. He fills his not undifficult — but remunerative — position with superb efficiency, dignity, and grace. One of the exceptional things about him is that he is so exceptionally young for the position which he so exceptionally fills. It is Philip.

Philip is extremely grateful to Mr. Sanford for tendering him this most responsible position when he built this splendid new hotel. He is also grateful to Mrs. Sanford. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sanford are very kind to Philip.

Philip's ambition has been fulfilled. He is content. And yet . . . Does he who has possessed a dream ever forget the dream? Ambitions and dreams, you know, are quite different things, of very different stuff. Dreams can hurt, even when ambition is fulfilled.

Perhaps that is why Philip is glad Mrs. Sanford does not reside in this new hotel.

Because it *stays* soft . . . *stays* comfortable

. . . *smart women prefer this sanitary protection*

Sports Apparel from Peck & Peck

Its quick and thorough absorbency, its skilful shaping, are other reasons why women today depend on *Kotex*–the same absorbent that is used in 85% of America's leading hospitals.

BECAUSE it *stays* soft . . . *stays* cool and light . . . women find Kotex better. There's no deceptive merely-surface softness about it. A unique absorbent is used in Kotex . . . an absorbent composed of many filmy, air-cooled layers, which keep Kotex soft and delicate through hours of wear.

Why hospitals prefer Kotex absorbent

This unusual absorbent is used today by 85% of the leading hospitals of America! Surgeons approve it because of its greater absorbency, and the greater comfort it gives their patients. Kotex absorbent is used, not for one or two purposes alone, but for the most important surgical work!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton–it is a cellulose product, which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same functions as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

And Kotex has other features that contribute greatly to the mental and physical comfort it gives.

The clever shaping of the pad, for instance. The corners are so rounded and tapered that Kotex protection is always inconspicuous, even under the filmiest frocks.

Deodorizes by special process

Kotex deodorizes safely, completely, by a special process. And so keeps one dainty and immaculate at times when that is doubly important.

Layers of filler can be adjusted to suit individual needs. With Kotex, you have *always* the very minimum of bulk and weight.

The Kotex absorbent (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) is so easily disposed of . . . one important reason fastidious women prefer it.

Use Kotex once–and you'll be in no doubt as to its superiorities.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 ***In hospitals***–Kotex is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Rounded and tapered corners*** –for inconspicuous protection.

5 ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

6 ***Disposable*** completely, instantly.

Kotex–45c for 12–at any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.
Kotex Super-Size–65c for 12

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Camel Down
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A COAT TO GO WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO!
SOFT
SUMPTUOUS
FLATTERING
For every resort — for every sport. This Coat may be had in purest Camel hair,—in Spring's most favored shade,—Bisque . . . or in a soft new fabric of Wool and Cashmere construction in a delicate Ivory shade. In your own city at your Favorite Shop.

DEL MONTE-HICKEY
IN CANADA.. GOULD-SAMUEL & CO · MONTREAL NEW YORK

PARIS SIGNS A TRIPLE ENTENTE IN SKIRTS

(*Continued from page 71*)

in your new evening gowns, just as you did when I fell in love with you."

Nevertheless, sentiment aside, we are right to protest against any limitation of our hard-won freedom. We should insist upon retaining everything we have gained in rationality of clothes where it really matters. Madame Jenny, a shrewd observer of the times, insists that it is very stupid not to be of one's epoch, at least part of the time. She says, for example, that every modern house should contain at least one modern room, though she would advise no one to throw overboard her priceless antiques, or even her less valuable possessions which have associations just as priceless. She made a very illuminating remark about wedding gowns in this connection, which is worth repeating:

"When girls come to me for their wedding dresses," she said, "I always try to persuade them out of period gowns. I tell them to look at the photographs of their mothers and grandmothers in bridal dress, and to ask themselves why it is that they are so precious as souvenirs. Is it not because the old-fashioned bride expressed her own time so perfectly in her choice of a gown? Don't they want to leave a picture that is really expressive of themselves and their own epoch to their descendants?"

While we are on the subject of evening gowns, I must mention Redfern's excellent idea of one wrap for two gowns, illustrated by Charles Martin on page 71. The evening ensemble, in these days of short wraps that reveal more than half of the gown, is a necessity, and a very expensive one. Redfern has conceived the idea of giving us two gowns, one for evening, and one for formal afternoon wear, in the same colour but in different materials worn with the same coat. Jenny is completing most of her evening gowns, especially those designed for the South, with its warmer evenings, with three-quarter or shorter wraps of velveteen, trimmed, not with expensive fur, but with bands of ruched, gathered, or tucked material, or perhaps with masses of velvet ribbon loops. These, she explains, add little to the cost of an evening ensemble and permit of the extremely smart fashion of a wrap for each gown.

Several of the couturiers are concerned with the exaggerated narrowness, the unimportance, of the new silhouette, especially of the upper body, when worn by a very slim woman. A narrow-shouldered figure looks like a yard and a half of tape in the new long limp gowns, particularly when they are black, as they so often are. Narrow shoulders are a more typical characteristic of the European than of the American figure, it is true. But no one wants to look like a bean pole, after all. So Worth adds, to the lovely black chiffon frock photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 52, a ruffly chiffon capelet that ties in the front. Augustabernard puts a circular capelet, made of thin black lace to match her spiral gown (drawn on page 64), tying it in front, on one shoulder, or in the back, as you will, to lend width to the shoulders. Baronne Fouquier (Lenief S. A.) puts tulle fichus edged with thick ruching, on her frilly tulle gowns with their skimpy bodices. You remember, the last time that evening clothes were long and narrow, how we used to envelope our shoulders in tulle. These new tricks are adaptations of the same idea in modern form. Lelong's prettiest chiffon model, in black, was shown with a little jacket with a circular frill at the edge, and with elbow sleeves also frilled. It looked perfectly charming, as I am sure you will think when you see it in the next issue. Elbow sleeves, by the way, are a strong possibility for spring. If I were a designer, I should do a lot with them. Louiseboulanger uses them with both formal afternoon and informal evening dress. Her version has a point over the elbow, and is tied with knotted ends of the fabric, usually flowered chiffon, just above. Sleeves, in general, are receiving a lot of attention. Jean Charles Worth, whose midseason collection contained a number of formal afternoon gowns, with long skirts (called "Five to Eight gowns"), thinks that the plain tight sleeve looks inadequate with the long spreading skirt, and uses a full soft sleeve in place of it, its widest part near the wrist—another reminiscence of the 'Nineties, by the way. Lanvin, of course, has always taken sleeves as an opportunity for decoration; Madame Wormser shows chiffon afternoon gowns, this year, with jelly-bag sleeves, the point at the elbow, and sometimes embroiders them to boot. Irene Dana puts little puffs at the shoulders of her youthful evening frocks. Schiaparelli would like us to adopt tight, almost elbow sleeves for the beach. She shows them in a new beach wrap, which is not a wrap at all, but a frock, folded over to one side and fastened with one button, and deeply décolleté in an oval in front, while it is high to the neck in the back.

As to evening materials, the midseason collections show little novelty for evening wear. In thin fabrics, we find chiffons, georgette, lace, and tulle, including the new indestructible tulles. In heavier materials, there is a revived interest in the heavy satins, and crêpe de Chine is still important; there is a little velvet and some panne. As to the lamés, some collections made a good deal of them, others neglect them altogether. Louiseboulanger pays special attention to the chiffons that have both a coloured print and a metal broché design. Lelong uses a good many of the novelty patterned fabrics for evening, such as lamé gauze, flowered lamé, printed taffeta, ciré printed chiffon. Lanvin uses plain cloth of silver. The real brocades have their innings in short wraps to accompany evening gowns. There is so little material in these wraps that one can afford (in both senses of the word) to have them of bold patterned material. Patou, Lelong and Louiseboulanger are the designers who have made the most use of patterned materials in the evening. All the others favour plain surfaces, though most of them have succumbed to some of the lovely printed chiffons which make women look like animated flowers. But latitude is wide, and you can choose any fabric that appeals to you for your new evening gowns. Callot has made one in heavy silk jersey—surely novel enough for the greatest individualist.

In the daytime, the feeling is decidedly away from prints and towards unpatterned surfaces. Summarizing the midseason collections, I find that the printed crêpe de Chines are sparsely represented, as compared with this time last year. The eternal combination of printed crêpe frock and woollen coat lined with the print, is now an occasional number in most collections, rather than a favourite. Patou has several afternoon ensembles in a new printed georgette, especially in a pattern of a lily-of-the-valley sprig in natural colours on a black or navy ground. He puts a bunch of artificial lilies on the coat lapel to complete the effect. Printed chiffons appear in greater numbers than the crêpes. For drifting about on a sunny lawn, one can hardly imagine anything lovelier than printed chiffon. The new designs are more often large than small, this is because the new length of skirt, with its concomitant fulness, gives an opportunity to break up the design into natural folds. Louiseboulanger has a very original way of using the "print and plain" combination, illustrated on page 59. She makes a blouse, with revers or scarf collar of leaf design printed chiffon, with a jacket and skirt of plain crêpe, and opens the skirt in front over the same chiffon in a charming way.

The little silks with what the French call "amused backgrounds," that is, with a broché design in the weave, distinct from the printed one, are offered as a substitute for printed crêpe de Chine. Some silk alpacas, especially one in a tiny pin check, with a small shiny silk dot, have been used for models that would almost inevitably have been made of printed crêpe de Chine last year. Yet the fabric

(*Concluded on page 132*)

The call that will wake any mother

ONLY a mother knows the anxious thump of the heart that a child's beseeching call can bring. So often it comes in the dead of night . . . a sudden pain . . . a feverish brow . . . a babyish cough . . . so *many* things might be wrong.

And then, of all times, your medicine cabinet becomes the most important object in the house. What a relief to turn to it and there find the simple, trustworthy products which your physician suggests. And what a comfort to every mother's responsibility to know that the products in her medicine cabinet are the purest and finest obtainable.

Since 1858, physicians have prescribed Squibb Products as standards of purity and efficacy. Four generations of mothers have used them to meet the needs of every-day life and trusted to them in emergencies. They are safe products for your medicine cabinet. Into their making go the same high skill and care devoted to preparing the delicate vaccines and sera for which the Squibb Laboratories are famous.

Select them confidently when you buy —these products that contain the Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

Squibb's Home Necessities

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

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SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB'S OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clear body and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

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SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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Let the ocean breezes blow—seafarers boarding the "Ile de France" are well prepared to withstand the ravages of ocean travel with a bottle of Hinds stowed away in practically every piece of smart luggage going aboard.

"*One mile*... OR A THOUSAND"

ON LAND OR SEA – HINDS CREAM *Takes Care of Your Hands*

BOARD a liner bound for the South Sea Isles, or a street car headed for the shopping district, as fate decrees—in either event you can rely on Hinds Cream to keep your hands velvety-soft and beautiful all the year round. It offsets the havoc of sea-wind and sun, train dirt and grime, keeps them youthful and lovely on two minutes a day. After you wash your hands, and always at night before you slip into bed, give your hands a quick rub over with this magic lotion. Dip an orange stick in Hinds Cream. Rub it around your cuticle and beneath your nails, too. Then you can forget your hands—they'll always be young and well-groomed. You'll find Hinds Honey & Almond Cream at all drug counters—or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

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HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Department 340, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond Cream — the protecting cream for the skin.
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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PARIS SIGNS A TRIPLE ENTENTE IN SKIRTS

(*Concluded from page 130*)

collections, which I will try to describe for you in the next number, seem to be as full of alluring prints as ever. I cannot help feeling, however, that it will be perhaps more sophisticated to hunt for distinctive combinations of colour, in plain materials, rather than to depend upon the patterns designed by some one else. You remember that in reporting the late fall season at the Villa d'Este, I mentioned the great preponderance of plain colours over patterns, among this very advanced group of women.

It will be particularly amusing to play about with plain colours this year, because the general range has changed. Pretty colours are all the rage, and pastels are more than probabilities, especially for the South. This is in line with the general slogan of pretty clothes for pretty women. A short time ago, it was almost a crime in certain very *mondaine* circles to be pretty. Ultra-smart ugliness was the rage and slim lines were more than coronets. Slim lines are still much more to be desired than rubies—oh much more! But they are modified with ruffles and ruches, and something that approaches pretty close to frills and furbelows, albeit that they are still of the limp variety. Curls and capelets join the list of alliterative allurements; satin slipper toes peep coyly from feminine flounces; and a pastel palette for spring is just what we might expect, and just what we receive.

In the meantime, for those who are not going South, black and white remains almost a uniform. Black, with white, I should say perhaps, for innumerable are the ways in which white is introduced into a black ensemble. At the Ritz, I see literally dozens of black coats with white fur trimmings, ermine, or caracul, or some flat white fur, used in a restrained fashion. A black coat may be worn with a black and white frock. Mrs. Julia Thompson wears Chanel's black coat with cape collar of breitschwantz, and a soft frock of black and white raised velvet in a vague design. Or the black frock may have lingerie collar and cuffs, lacy, if the material be velvet or satin, of severe piqué if the frock be of jersey or wool. Or the white may be introduced in the popular crystal jewellery, so many new versions of which are shown at Lelong's, Suzanne Talbot's, and Augustabernard's. White gloves, and a big white chiffon handkerchief, or a bag in white, or in a combination of black and white is still another way of doing it.

I met Mlle. Chanel in the Ritz at luncheon one day, wearing a combination of black and white. A jacket suit in velveteen, with a white satin blouse, and several strings of real pearls, white gloves, and, instead of the silver fox one might expect, a wide scarf of sable. Her hat was a black velvet béret, for several women, including Lady Abdy, liked themselves so well in their summer bérets that they have been unable to wear anything else this winter. While I am describing individual women, I should like to tell you about the costume in which Mrs. Reginald Fellowes inspected the Chéruit midseason collection. She was ordering several of her revived spangled "smokings," as the French call the dinner jacket, with long limp black chiffon skirts instead of full tulle ones. She wore a perfectly plain tailleur of oxford grey, with a blue-grey crêpe blouse, tucked into the skirt. Her hat, from Suzanne Talbot, was a plain caplike affair of heavy black silk, worn far back on the forehead, with a plaited frill across the back of the neck, and an impalpable short veil. Her gloves were Talbot's long grey antelope ones, her shoes one-straps of patent leather, her stockings rather a dark sun-tan, while in her black antelope bag, perfectly plain, she carried a huge dark green chiffon handkerchief, and a double silver fox trailed across her shoulders. I thought this a clever way in which to make a plain tailleur interesting through its accessories.

On the colour pages in this issue, there are models for the South drawn by Bernard de Monvel and André Marty. On the beach pages, by Marty, you notice the pastel range of colours: Mary Nowitzky's new "baby rose," Irene Dana's pale chartreuse yellow, Chantal's combination of ashes of roses with black, and Ardanse's pale old gold. Schiaparelli adds a pale sky-blue to the palette, and several houses favour pale citron yellow, while dove-neck grey and a dash of mauve join the group of pretty colours. When the Paris powers talk about spring colours, for summer, they all mention green first. This is logical, because we have had a blue mode, a red one, orange and yellow, then purple, making up the whole rainbow. Why should we leave out green? Monsieur de Monvel's colour pages show its prominence in the mode for the South, and the midseason collections feature it in all shades from the under side of a willow leaf, that is more grey than green, to a dark myrtle shade. Vionnet has a new special shade of green, which we baptized "heart of lettuce," as the collection was shown to us. It is a pale shade of greenery yellery, with a lot of white in it, and is particularly lovely in satin and panne for evening. You will notice that red also appears on the Monvel pages. Vionnet fancies it particularly. Her reds are all associated with fruits, raspberry, strawberry, currant. Red, however, will be an occasional colour rather than a leader. The short jacket is prominent on these pages as it will be in the mode. Its new length is that of the Eton jacket—very short to show the trim natural waist below. Most of the Southern frocks I have seen fitted the figure fairly closely, accentuated the waist, and were tight and plain over the hips, with fulness for free movement below. Notice Premet's new idea, on the black suit, with the inner jacket of patterned jersey, its fronts buttoned back, if you wish, onto the facings of the jacket. This is a new idea. Madame Charlotte also suggests a substitute for the ubiquitous scarf. This is a sleeveless jacket of Roman striped silk, the stripes used horizontally, worn under the coat of a jacket suit of crêpe or thin wool. The silk suit promises to keep all its popularity and a bit more. For the corresponding months in town, the fur-trimmed suit will be very good as soon as we leave off our heavy coats. Molyneux has a charming version of it illustrated on page 58.

As to Southern materials, everyone is featuring rough-surfaced weaves, like tussore. Flannel, an almost ideal material for beach wear on cool days, is used by Mary Nowitzky and Schiaparelli. The latter is using linen, in combinations of green and orange (her favourite colour scheme), and the new sunburst-plaited skirt, in which the plaits are all run by hand, so that they can never come unpressed. She does this in tweed also and in crêpe, for town wear, with a surplice bodice that crosses in the back and comes round again to the front, where it is tied in a knot of short ends. On Monsieur de Monvel's pages you see that Goupy has used the tiny checks which may to some extent replace small prints in our affections for spring. Several houses have used a georgette with the tiniest white dot both for suits and frocks. Lanvin shows a most original use of cravat silk, in two designs, a dot, and a narrow diagonal stripe. This she uses in combination with wool and plain crêpe, as, for example, a jacket of dotted brown and white cravat silk, with a brown woollen skirt, and a white crêpe blouse; or a jacket suit of black and white diagonal stripe cravat silk, the jacket short and plain, the blouse a tuck-in of white satin, and the skirt so tight over the hips and so flaring below that it is like an abbreviated edition of the old bell skirt of the 'Nineties. Madame Lanvin wears this herself. Another novelty, in material, is the wool etamine that Lenief S. A. has used for Southern coats, with crêpe dresses. I need not mention the tweed jerseys, and jersey tweeds for sports clothes, because they are always with us, and will be for some time. Their designs are extremely discreet this season, for splashy effects and modernistic zigzags seem to have left the mode entirely.

SERVICE

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FROM the very earliest beginning, SERVICE has been the cornerstone of the Ford business.

Far back in 1908, when the first Model T Fords were made, there were few people who understood the operation of an automobile and fewer places to which the purchaser might turn for help when repairs were needed.

Frequently in those days, Mr. Ford would deliver the car personally to the new owner and see to it that some arrangements were made to keep it in good running order.

Usually he would find the best mechanic and explain the construction of the car to him. Sometimes, when no such mechanic was available, the town blacksmith would be pressed into service.

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For the first time in the automobile business it became possible for the purchaser of a car to buy parts quickly and readily and to have repairs made at a reasonable cost. Where formerly it had been the accepted practice to charge the highest possible prices for these repairs, a new policy was instituted for the protection of the owner. The unusual character of Ford Service was soon recognized as one of the outstanding features of the car.

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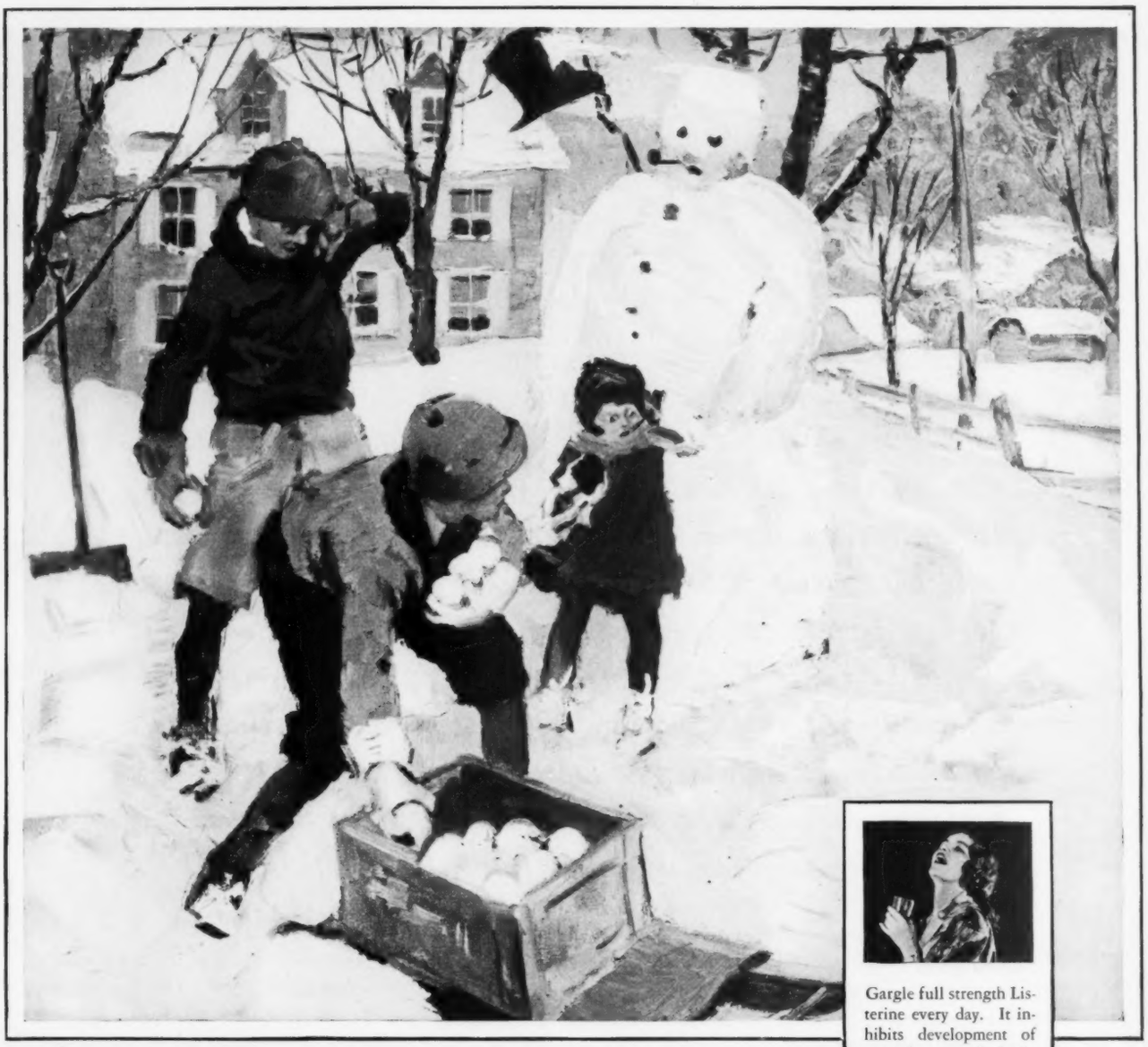

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

Let them play . . . but afterward
Protect them against *colds* and *sore throat*

It isn't while playing that children catch cold—it is afterward, when, still overheated, they sit around in damp clothes or unconsciously expose themselves to drafts. These exposures, like wet feet and sudden changes of temperature, weaken body resistance so that disease germs in the mouth get the upper hand.

Therefore, in addition to the regular morning and night gargle, see that your children, however sturdy, use Listerine on returning from play.

Listerine aids Nature in warding off colds and ordinary sore throat because it is fatal to the germs which cause them. Tests in the great bacteriological laboratories show that full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and the Streptococcus germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the complete satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Yet Listerine is so safe that it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Gargle with Listerine regularly every day, as a preventive measure against infection. And, at the first definite sign of colds or sore throat, increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile consulting your physician. If serious complications are threatening, he will detect and treat them properly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal, destroys the germs ever-present on them.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine *kills germs in* 15 *seconds*

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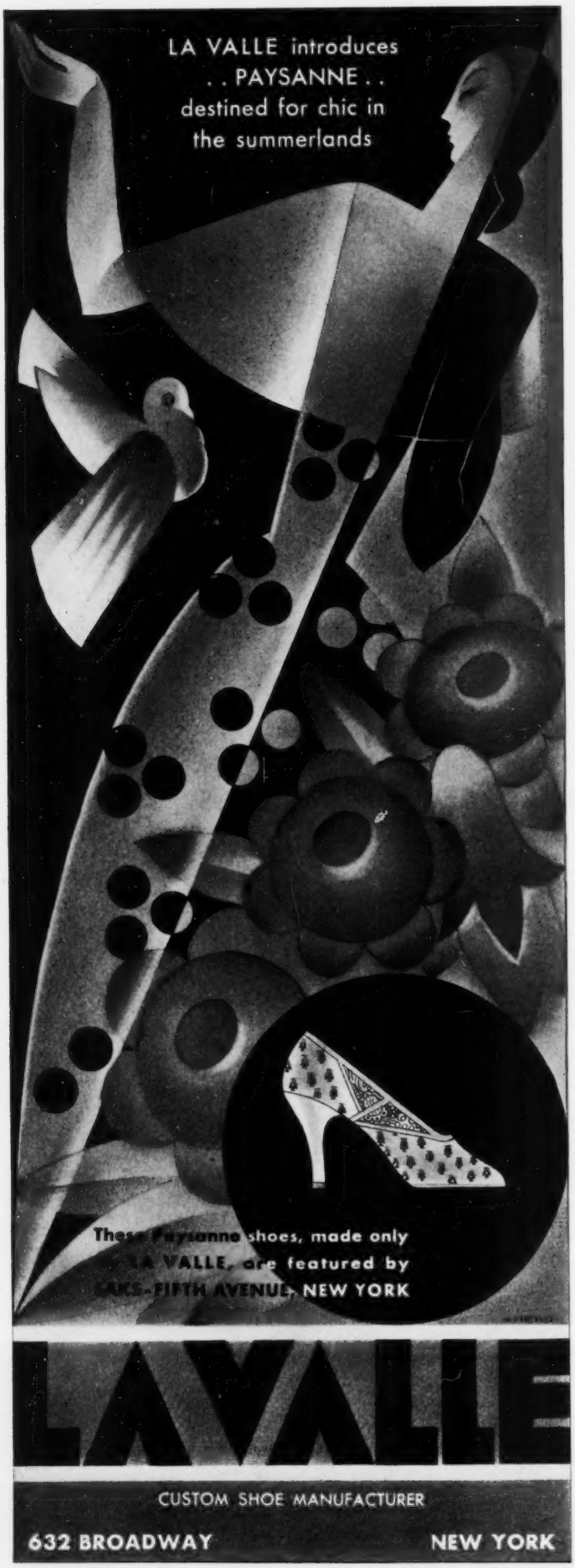

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 77*)

denly being there, so unexpectedly framed, as it were, in one of those pictures of oriental magnificence and luxury which she had so often pored over in books—all that mysterious glamour of the East laid a charm upon her which almost made her forget her peril.

THEREFORE, when a benignantly smiling old negress, who evidently knew sufficient English for her duties, presented herself at her beautifully carved and tapestried bedside, accompanied by two pretty little tiring maids dressed in Moorish costume, and asked if it was her pleasure to take her bath and robe herself, she abandoned herself to the dream-world, the door of which Fate had so strangely thrown open, and smilingly gave herself into their hands. The two maids drew aside heavy curtains beyond which glimmered a little marble room on whose walls danced the reflections of sunlit water from a long square pool, led down to by marble steps. Here they stripped her of her night-robe, and waited while she disported the lovely young statue of her body in the cool and scented bath. When this office had been completed, the old negress who had all along been employing all the English she knew in the hyperboles of oriental admiration, asked her condescending choice of many filmy and shimmering garments.

While Calliope examined one after another, she could not help inwardly smiling at the different wardrobe with which she had perforce to rest satisfied in her cabin among the rough kindly men on the ship where she had but recently made her home. She was captive in a strange land, at the mercy of a cruel tyrant, but she was a woman after all.

For her outer robe she chose one of a vapour-blue gauze that seemed to have been woven by fairy fingers in some secrecies of the dawn. Beneath it there had first come a caftan or tunic of silk the colour of moon-stones, with long hanging sleeves, clasped with a girdle of turquoises at the waist. Her stockings were of so delicate a sea-green gossamer that the deft hands of her tiring maids feared to draw them on. Then came a garment at which she could not resist a soft laughter that brought the dimples around her lovely mouth—those balloon-like trousers without which a Moorish lady's costume is not complete. With what hilarity some young cavalier gallants she knew would greet her in such habiliments!

Suddenly a pang shot through her heart and the smile faded from her lips, as the stern face of her father rose before her. She, his daughter, so garbed! Surely she had given herself up to perdition, to chambering and wantonness! A very Jezebel, a child of the devil and all his works. She prayed that in his grave on yonder rocky shore no whisper might come to him of all this evil luxury. For a moment, she was tempted to cast it away and beg her kindly negress to give her back those worn sea-stained garments which had been taken from her in the night. But the thought of the Captain and her promise to him returned to her . . . after all she was doing no wrong.

At the moment when her toilet had come to an end, with a pair of miraculous slippers sewn with tiny diamonds as the night with stars, two messengers from that potentate craved admission. They were two eunuchs from the Dey's palace carrying between them a carved golden box set with jewels, which they placed before her on their knees, at the same time proffering her a golden key. The negress explained that their lord humbly laid this casket of jewels at her feet, begging her to deck with them a beauty that was lovelier than their own. Calliope sent back a gracious word to the Dey, and when his messengers had withdrawn, she turned the golden key in the casket. Surely she had been no woman if her eyes had not been dazzled by the unimaginable loveliness.

In parentheses it may be said, that she did not know that this very same casket had been carried but three short years ago by the very same eunuchs and presented at the feet of the beautiful sultana whom the Dey had had strangled, in a fit of jealous rage; and whose beautiful face had so strangely resembled her own. But it was as though some instinct had told her, and she turned away from them with a shudder.

She would have closed the box without making any choice, had not her eyes fallen on a tiny illuminated scroll attached to a necklet of supernaturally exquisite pearls. It was in English and had evidently been translated from the Dey's original Arabic by his young Greek interpreter. It ran thus:

If not another jewel please your eyes,
Drawn from the mine or from the sounding seas,
I pray your loveliness to wear but these;
For once their dream was of you in the skies,
Lonely for your white throat—the Pleiades.

As Calliope read this, she saw that it would be dangerous to deny the Dey's request—a request, too, she could not but admit, gracefully worded. She lifted the amazing necklet from the box and the negress clasped it about her throat, with many expressions of wonder and delight.

THEREUPON appeared a magnificent chamberlain to enquire if it was the princess's pleasure to eat her morning meal within the palace or outdoors in the garden. She chose the garden; and was escorted thither by various attendants, among whom was a little negro girl, the daughter of the old negress, who like her mother talked English, and more of it. She carried a zither in her hand. As she played, Calliope's eyes wandered, entranced, over the beauty of that garden which, beautiful as it was, was all the more wonderful to her because it was so unlike any garden she had ever seen before.

There was scarcely a tree in it she knew; though she guessed at those mighty palms from her Bible pictures and the pictures in "The Grand Cyrus"—where first she had seen those amusing garments she was so shamelessly wearing. But for the eucalyptus with its lordly height, the towering cypresses with vast wide-spreading roofs like canopies of thunder, side by side with sunlit groves of reed-like bamboo jetting up so delicately like green fountains, the mimosa with its hanging curtains of green and gold, and then again the giant cactus with its fierce flesh-like limbs, yet throwing up so odd a candelabrum of blossom as though a ship's mast had broken into flower—for these and many another tree in that enchanted garden she had no name, only wonder.

OF the palace itself something must be said. It had been built more than a century ago by the reigning Dey for his favourite sultana, and had ever since been regarded as, so to speak, the official residence of the Queen of the Harem.

It was a miniature of the Dey's larger palace, already described, built after the Moorish fashion around an inner court with twisted columns of alternating marble and ivory, a little fountain in the centre rising from a basin of that rare red porphyry whose colour might well have haunted many of its beautiful occupants, had they been gifted with imagination. Marble steps mounted from its four corners to the usual gallery above, supported by horse-shoe arches of alabaster inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Exquisite objects of art were everywhere, tapestries and vases, and chests of ebony and bronze. In short, all the most valuable treasures that had been captured in its sea-forays since Algiers had commenced its business of piracy had been concentrated in this little palace; where, it was said, were many secret rooms, sliding panels, and hidden corners of observation. It was said, also, that there were mysterious vaults and underground passages beneath the building, of which only the reigning Dey knew the secret. Also, the whole building was surrounded by an ancient wall of great strength; and in one part of this enclosure was a mysterious

(*Continued on page 136*)

PROTECTIVE...YES, but becoming first of all

Shuglovs by Miller offer you a choice of two fabrics: dainty moire rubber lightly but warmly lined, and smartly tailored cloth. Two styles: button-over, and concealed Talon Hookless Fastener with distinctive buckle and strap. Both are easily cleaned.

Light, flexible as a soft imported glove, Shuglovs make lovely ankles appear their very best on rainy days!

PROTECTIVE footwear that's really flattering? Why not, said Miller designers . . . and created a bad-weather accessory as shapely as the ankle it protects.

The name is Shuglov (pronounced Shoe-glove). Shuglovs are light and flexible as a soft, imported glove. They are cut as smartly as an evening slipper. Lines are slender. Color combinations are intriguing.

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Ask for Shuglovs by name, in the smartest shops in your city. The authentic Miller creation bears the name "Shuglov by Miller" plainly stamped on the sole. Accept no other. The Miller Rubber Co. of N. Y. Akron, Ohio.

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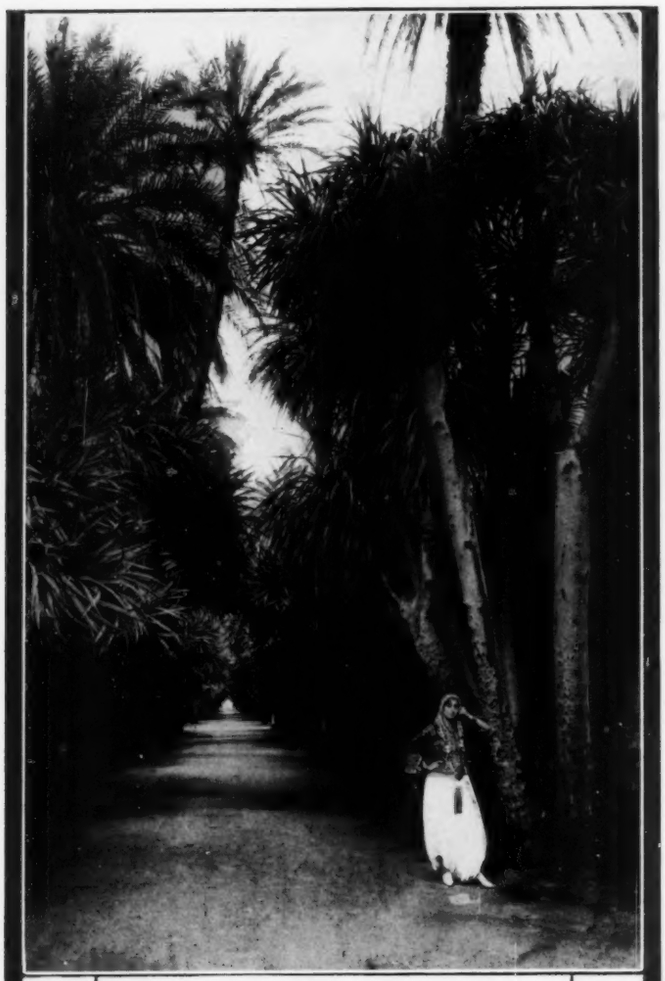

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French Line

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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 134*)

garden dark and over-grown, with a square pool in the centre filled with reeds and water-lilies and ancient fish, its neglected marble sides covered with moss.

Such was the haunted fairy palace, such the earthly paradise, of which the Lady Calliope so whimsically found herself the mistress. As day followed day, the spell of the dream-like beauty with which she was surrounded grew upon her. With a tact so delicate that it could not have sprung from mere cunning, the terrible lord of all those enchantments did nothing to break the spell. On the afternoon of her first day there he had sent a messenger asking permission to visit her. When he entered the exquisite little room walled and floored with blue tiles, where she sat, he came accompanied only by his interpreter. He bowed over her hand like any European gentleman, and talked merely as any host might talk to an honoured guest, saying that he had been anxious to assure himself that his servants had carried out his wishes for her comfort.

He spoke no word of his love, guarding even his eyes from any too disquieting adoration. But, as any gentleman might, he begged leave, before terminating his brief visit, to express his admiration of her costume. She had retained her yashmak, so that nothing was visible of her face but her hazel eyes, though her gold hair gleamed through its jewelled azure net. Accustomed as Selim Hassan had been to the dark beauties of his harem she seemed to him more like an emanation of light and dew than an earthly woman, and he left her with an imagination fired in a way it had never been fired before. The woman whom he had lost and whose face had haunted him with such passionate remorse had been beautiful indeed; but this golden Frankish girl—surely her like was nowhere else in the world.

That evening, as the Lady Calliope's maids were preparing her for bed, a messenger from the Dey brought her a scroll bound in soft perfumed leather and tied with silken cords. On opening it, she found that it contained a beautifully written ode by Hafiz, translated into English.

FROM that day on, Selim Hassan paid Calliope a daily visit, but never before making enquiry in advance if his visit would be welcome. Accompanied by his interpreter, they would read Hafiz together, sometimes in her blue-tiled room, sometimes under the trees of the garden. It is true that the poems he read—through the young interpreter, of course—were those that hinted at his love; and there were occasions when his restraint so far broke down that he spoke of his love directly, with passionate adoration in his eyes and his voice; but never in a way to offend her.

It may well be thought that, not knowing her language, he was at a great disadvantage in his wooing. To have to make love to a woman through an interpreter would seem embarrassing to most of us. But it must be remembered that to the Dey his interpreter was not a human being. He was indeed no more than the pen he wrote with.

One disadvantage only he suffered from the interpreter's presence. He had not, since the first day she stood in his presence, seen her face again—nothing more of it than her eyes. To ask her to remove her veil in the presence of another man, even though he were a slave, a nothing, would have been impossible to him; and had his passion ever so overcome him as to do so, and had she granted his request, his dagger would have been in the interpreter's heart the next instant.

CHAPTER XX.

NEWS OF "THE HAPPY RETURN"

ALL this time, John Ward, the brave little British consul, had been bombarding the high officials of his home government at Whitehall with letters in regard to the capture of *The Happy Return* and the King's loyal subjects who had risked their lives, as, of course, in duty bound, in his service, and were at the moment living under the shadow of that famous sword which hung only by a hair. These letters might as well have been addressed to the grave. Those high officials at Whitehall had something better to do than to trouble themselves about the plight of English sailors at so great a distance, in some absurd foreign land.

As for the King, he had troubles of his own. His own harem was an expensive institution. With a people and parliament beginning to grow tired of supporting it, there can be little doubt that he would gladly have changed places with his royal brother the Dey who, when his exchequer ran low, had only to strangle a few rich men to replenish it.

At last, however, when the plight of those friends, the Captain and Dionysus, from whom he had parted so gaily and affectionately at Deptford, at last reached his ears, he did all that could be reasonably expected of him. He sent a letter to the Dey, "my faithful and ancient friend," over his own sign-manual, assuring him of his continued affection and regard, asking his royal protection for certain faithful friends of his at present sojourning in his royal and warlike city of Algiers, and trusting that his royal brother was not burdened by those cares of government by which he himself at the time of writing was heavily beset.

CHARLES ended by a flattering reference to his royal brother's gifts as a poet, which his ignorance of the Arabic tongue prevented his enjoying. One need not doubt that Carolus Rex did all he could in this admirable letter for his friends who after all, it must be admitted, were enduring no very severe captivity, owing to the peculiar character of the Dey, the witchcraft of Calliope's beauty, and the power of the Captain's laughter. When it was read to the Dey in the Captain's presence, his face assumed an expression of that sardonic humour, which as we have seen on occasion took somewhat fantastic forms; and he looked at his jester with an almost boyish amusement in his eyes.

"You serve a great king, Captain," he said.

The Captain had almost let out one of his great laughs, but his loyalty restrained him, and he merely bowed his head in agreement.

"Shall I tell you why?" Then the Dey answered himself.

"The greatness of kings consists in their power to lie wonderfully."

The Captain paused a moment, then ventured, with a profound bow to the throne: "No one should know better than Your Highness."

Then he let out a laugh which shook the palace, and the tiger at his side laughed with him; but presently he added:

"See how I love you! Had anyone said that but you, his head would have rolled on the floor with the laughter on his lips."

"Your Highness is very merciful to his servant," the Captain answered; "but I have not forgotten since the first moment I stood in your royal presence how great a comedian, as well as poet, is Your Highness."

This grim compliment pleased the Dey. Then, in great good humour, he said: "I will write to your King myself. I must not be out-matched in majesty."

AS THE Captain left the palace to seek his friend, the consul, and tell him of King Charles's letter, his face wore a different expression. His heart was profoundly sore, and the old cry of the loyal servants of kings was echoing through it. "Put not your trust in princes."

"I cannot say that I was hoping for anything better," said Ward, "yet I was, I suppose, hoping against hope that the King might have found the way to send the Dey some rich present, if not a satisfactory ransom. Indeed, remembering what a rich treasure you were carrying, I am surprised that the avarice of the Duke of Buckingham did not inspire him to move others to join him in raising a sufficient sum to persuade them here to let

(*Continued on page 138*)

It's smart to be Lazy

AT LEAST IN APPEARANCE

FASHION is a tyrant, really! For years she made us active sportswomen. Now, with no warning at all, she chooses to see us charmingly idle most of the day.

But any feminine heart is easily enticed to idleness by all her glorious new lounging ensembles and the little slippers that Daniel Green has devised to go with them . . . some of them gay as gypsy skirts . . . others fragile and feminine. In all his years of fashioning intimate footwear, Daniel Green has never made more lovely things. Silk crepes that glow like pearls, bright kids, satins, exotic metal cloth overlaid with embroideries, velvets . . . all are ready in your favorite shop to tempt you the first time you pass. They are priced from $15 down to $2.50, with lovely ones at prices in between.

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"Monte Carlo" is a new and distinguished back strap mule of crepe de chine, banded in gold and silver kid. Above, it is shown with crepe pajamas that have uneven trouser hems and a swathing girdle—from Franklin Simon, New York.

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Pajama boots by Daniel Green are so dramatic . . . especially when they come in crepe de chine with a big fluff of marabou.

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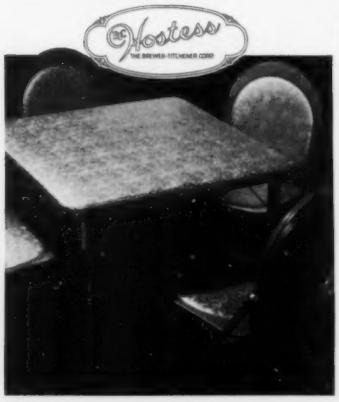

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 136*)

you go free, as you came in, treasure and all."

Then, after a pause: "And that treasure! There is no little talk about that, for no one knows where it is. The Dey cleverly got it into his own hands, and it has disappeared . . . Believe me he is playing a dangerous game for himself and all of us."

On this John Ward and the Captain sat some time in silence. Then Ward spoke again. "Then there is your boat, Captain. I grieve to say it, but I am afraid, after the King's letter, that I shall have to give way, and let them put it up to auction. It is the least sop I can offer them.

At this the Captain gave something like a groan, for his ship was the apple of his eye.

"John," he said, "for God's love, try to keep that off a little longer, a few days at least. Perhaps there is something I can do."

"Be sure, my friend, I will do all I can," said Ward sympathetically, "and nothing shall be done without my warning you."

And on this the two perplexed men shook hands; and the Captain went on his way to John Quince's tavern. There Quince and he sat together, smoking and exchanging confidences, till the Captain caught sight of Phineas Elderberry in the crowd, and beckoned to him.

"Phineas," he said, "try to get me speech with Mistress Gaya tomorrow evening at the end of the garden."

Phineas touched his forelock to his commander. With Phineas, as always, the thing was as good as done.

Therefore, on the following evening, with the friendly assistance of Pear-Blossom, the executioner, the Captain sat with Gaya and her little Moorish friend at the end of Mohammed-bin-Abdullah's garden.

The result of this colloquy was that, a few days later, as the result of word brought him by a gipsy girl who read his hand in John Quince's tavern, the Captain repaired to his friend the Consul with a very different expression on his face than at their last meeting.

"You can let the auction go on, my friend," he said, hugely smiling, "as soon as you like."

The Consul looked at his friend with natural surprise.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Just what I say." And the Captain looked as happy as a boy.

"You mean . . ."

"If you will forgive me, dear friend," the Captain interrupted, "I think it were wiser of me to say no more just now. Enough for now that you can sell her as soon as you like."

"Well, as you are satisfied, I will confess that it will be a help," said the Consul.

"It will be a help to us all," said the Captain significantly.

So on that the two friends parted. A week afterwards, the auction was held. After fierce bidding, *The Happy Return* passed into the possession of Mohammed-bin-Abdullah, who, it will be recalled, was a rich merchant doing much business with Sicily and Constantinople, and in need of a larger vessel for his Turkish trade.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ASTROLOGER ONCE MORE

THE Astrologer, these days, compels our sympathy, little as we may wish to give it. A man of parts, a man of his hands as well as a man of learning, his many and varied talents had so far brought him small advancement. His last enterprise, in particular, from which he might reasonably have expected substantial returns, had failed dismally. The men to whom he had brought large opportunities of lucrative crime had disregarded their obligations; and even the unsubstantial, if sweet, reward granted him by the Dey had been stolen from him almost as soon as granted. There had needed scarcely any of Phineas Elderberry's characteristic persuasions to force him to divulge the whereabouts of that seclusion where Dionysus lay studying music to the sound of the sea. The unlucky relationship between Pear-Blossom and Dionysus' gaoler was sufficient to rob him of his prey.

The cards certainly seemed to be stacked against him. But he still held a card or two in his hands; and, being a man of resource, he was not long in conceiving a possible way to use them.

He was not without friends, particularly among those enemies of the Dey who regarded him as an astute mind and a possibly useful ally or tool. As has been said, one of the sore points with these malcontents was the disappearance of the English treasure. No one knew where it was hidden. It was more than likely, nay! almost certain, that the mouths of those who had been the Dey's instruments in hiding it were silent in the grave.

Now one card in the Astrologer's hand which he played for all it was worth was his affectation, not exactly of a knowledge of the whereabouts of the treasure, but of a strong suspicion. Certain clues, he darkly hinted, had come to him; which might, after all, be illusive, and which he was cautiously investigating. So he inflamed the imaginations of the Dey's secret enemies and fortified his own position amongst them. As a matter of fact, he had not the smallest idea where the treasure lay. He went about Algiers peering and prying into every nook and corner, except John Quince's tavern, with his ears alert for every scrap of conversation. If only he could succeed in finding the treasure, there was nothing he could not do in Algiers. He might even be the next Dey. Why not?

THE whereabouts of the treasure, and—the whereabouts of the vanished Dionysus. To the solution of these matters, day and night, he bent the whole force of a by no means contemptible intellect.

Perhaps it need scarcely be said that the Astrologer had a face of brass. No mere failure or contempt could abash his insolent countenance. Therefore the fact that the Dey had certainly shown him no great favour, or the fact that the Captain regarded him as vermin under his feet and certainly responsible for the disappearance of Dionysus, did not prevent his going in and out of the palace as though he were the most privileged of courtiers. Perhaps this brazen nonchalance appealed to the queer humour of the Dey, amusing him as much as it disgusted the Captain.

At all events, Selim Hassan seldom failed to receive him with courtesy, never forgetting to enquire after the health of the stars. On occasion, indeed, he would draw him into discussion of the art he professed; for the Dey loved learned men, and the Astrologer was genuinely learned. One day Selim Hassan went so far as to ask him if he could foretell the hour of his, the Dey's, death; and his terribly seeing eyes did not fail to observe that, in spite of his hardihood, the Astrologer's face turned ashy pale. The Captain, who like most sailor-men had picked up a little of the language, caught the meaning of the question, and broke in: "It might be more pertinent, your Highness, to ask the hour of his own."

"Nay, peace, my good Jester," retorted the Dey, "let him answer."

By this the Astrologer had recovered himself, and the colour had returned to his cheeks; so imperturbably he answered: "All is written in the stars, your Highness, even the death-hour of the greatest kings. But I dare not look into a future that would bring all your subjects so deep a sorrow. If, by my art, I should be able to read the hour you speak of, it would be my happiness, if such exchange were possible, to offer myself in your Highness's place."

"Gallantly spoken, most learned master of the stellar spaces," answered the Dey, with his strange smile, "and I will spare you the anguish of making such a forecast.

Then, after a pause, "I bethink me that your purse can be none too full." Turning to his interpreter, he said, "Write an order to my Treasurer to pay this gentleman a thousand sequins."

"It is reward enough to be allowed sometimes to stand in the light of your

(*Continued on page 140*)

Have You Travel Trouble?

An urge to escape snow, ice, and bitter-cold winds?

Or an urge to storm the stronghold of King Winter himself?

The wish—but how is it to be realized?

The means—yes, indeed, but who knows the way?

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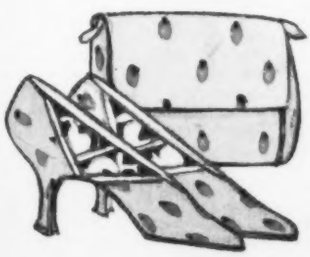
The success of the party is yours, if you wear this adorable dance frock of cotton net printed in moonlit pastels.—BEST & COMPANY.

From top to toe in peasant scarfs—her hat, her shoes, her bag, her two-piece tuck-in frock, made from the scarf of an unsuspecting peasant! It's a costume sure to be famous. SAKS—FIFTH AVENUE.

More and more, the peasant to the foreground—or rather peasant scarfs—here you see them as the delightfully chic coat to a bathing costume. The trunks of the suit—and this *is* important—are of pique! SAKS—FIFTH AVENUE.

Enter—the overall skirt— quite the most delightfully inconsistent and utterly smart beach outfit we've seen in many a fashion-right day. Of peasant squares, of course—by BEST & COMPANY.



Shoes of peasant scarfs—imagine it, shoes—designed by La Valle; and bags and parasols and hats and even beach mattresses, all in the same charming patterns. SAKS—FIFTH AVENUE.

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The Pickford

THERE WAS A SHIP

(Continued from page 138)

presence, my lord," responded the Astrologer.

Then the interpreter proffered the slip of parchment to the Dey, who in turn graciously presented it to the Astrologer with his own hands.

"Go in peace," he said.

As the Astrologer bowed himself out of the Presence, his heart misgave him and he walked down the marble staircase with unwonted misgivings. He had heard it said that sometimes the Dey's favour was even more dangerous than his disfavour. Besides, the Astrologer's purse was not empty. It was heavy with gold that had been given to assist him in pursuit of that vanished treasure. As he passed out of the palace gates, a tall eunuch, with finger on lip, slipped into his hand a tiny scroll.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT LITTLE PARCHMENT

THE Astrologer held in his clenched fist the little strip of parchment given to him by the tall eunuch as he left the palace, till he could examine it in the security of his lodging. Meanwhile, he speculated on its contents, not without some natural masculine vanity. The Astrologer naturally concluded before reading the parchment that some great lady of the palace was in love with him, having caught glimpses of his manly beauty from behind the curtains as he had gone up and down the palace stairs. Being human, he was not insensitive to this balm to his wounded feelings. By the time he reached his lodging he had determined to accept the amourous adventure.

When he opened the tiny scroll and read the few words of Arabic it contained, his surmise was neither confirmed nor denied. It was merely an anonymous request that he would repair to the Cemetery of the Two Princesses at twilight on the following evening. He knew the sad little necropolis hidden among tall houses in a narrow street, entered by a door at the top of three steps as though one were entering into a private dwelling.

The Astrologer, who never had any doubt of his power to defend himself, decided to keep the tryst. At the time appointed on the following evening, he found himself among the shadows of the old fig-trees. There was an old cypress there too, black as night; and he had hardly entered when he became aware of a tall figure standing within its blackness. It was the eunuch who had given him the parchment. Over his arm he carried a shimmering whiteness which proved to be a woman's outer robe, with its veil; and he indicated that it was necessary for the Astrologer to cover up his own garments with this feminine disguise.

THE eunuch escorted him out into the street, till, having walked a few yards, they came to a portico, where crouched an old negress, apparently asleep but whose palm was awake to the gold pieces with which the eunuch filled it. The Astrologer found himself in a dimly lighted place of marble columns and glimmering water, where women in the moon-white nakedness were being bathed by their coal-black attendants. It was the women's baths, the customary rendezvous in Algiers of desperate lovers; where lads disguised as girls met the women they loved, under that frightful menace of torture and death which lovers, with the fearlessness of young blood, have always defied.

There were alcoves surrounding the baths; into one of these the eunuch led him, and left him; thereupon standing on guard with his back turned and his hand on a hidden dagger. So soon as the Astrologer became accustomed to the dim light, he was aware of a white veiled figure reclining on a couch. Even in that semi-darkness he could see that she was a superb creature, splendidly proportioned, with a suggestion of queenliness even in her recumbent attitude. Presently she raised herself and her great eyes glowed on him through the gloom. As he moved towards her with masculine admiration, she laughed a low silvery laugh.

Then she spoke. "No, my friend," she said, in musical Arabic, "it is not love. It is something more important than love. It is hate. Though you have not known it, I am your sister, your sister in hate."

The Astrologer, with his quick mind, was beginning to understand; but as he began to answer her in the form alæ of oriental admiration she stopped him.

"Stay!" she said, "we have no time for beautiful words. Listen. There are two men we hate, and there is one woman I hate. I am your sister in hate. Be my brother, and there is nothing I will not give you—nothing." Her beautiful body seemed to be making promises, as it moved strongly and dreamily in the dim light.

"Say on, most beautiful sister in hatred," said the Astrologer. "Though my eyes feed on honey, my heart listens."

"There is a young English woman, and there is a young English man. I hate one, and you hate the other. They must die."

"And the other?" said the Astrologer.

"He must die, too; but his fate is in my hands, not yours."

"I am ready," answered the Astrologer, "what would you have me do?"

"There is much you can do for me," she answered; "much I can do for you. But you must move slowly, slowly as a panther on the hills yonder, with his eyes on his prey. To hasten might be to lose all. What is a year's, what is ten years' waiting, to those who hate? Think ever of that panther in the hills, think ever of the snake that moves its coils so softly among the leafy boughs. The long, long waiting, and then the sweet, sweet spring, and the fangs in the throat, and the warm sweet gushing blood."

"I am yours," he said, "to do your will. Only speak, and what you ask me shall be done."

"First," she continued, her eyes glowing like great emeralds in the dimness, "first see that this parchment is delivered," and she pressed into his hand a little scroll. "That done, there will be more to do. We shall meet here again, and I will tell you what it shall be."

He bowed his head till it touched her silken knees.

Then above him he heard her voice speaking softly. "Would you taste of the honey your eyes have seen?"

And then again she spoke softly. "Raise your head. Come nearer to me."

Her veil had fallen, and her mouth was on his, like all the red roses in the world. And then her hand sought his and raised it gently and placed it on the white abundance of her breast, and all his manhood melted like wax; for all the gardens of the Dey contained no such flower.

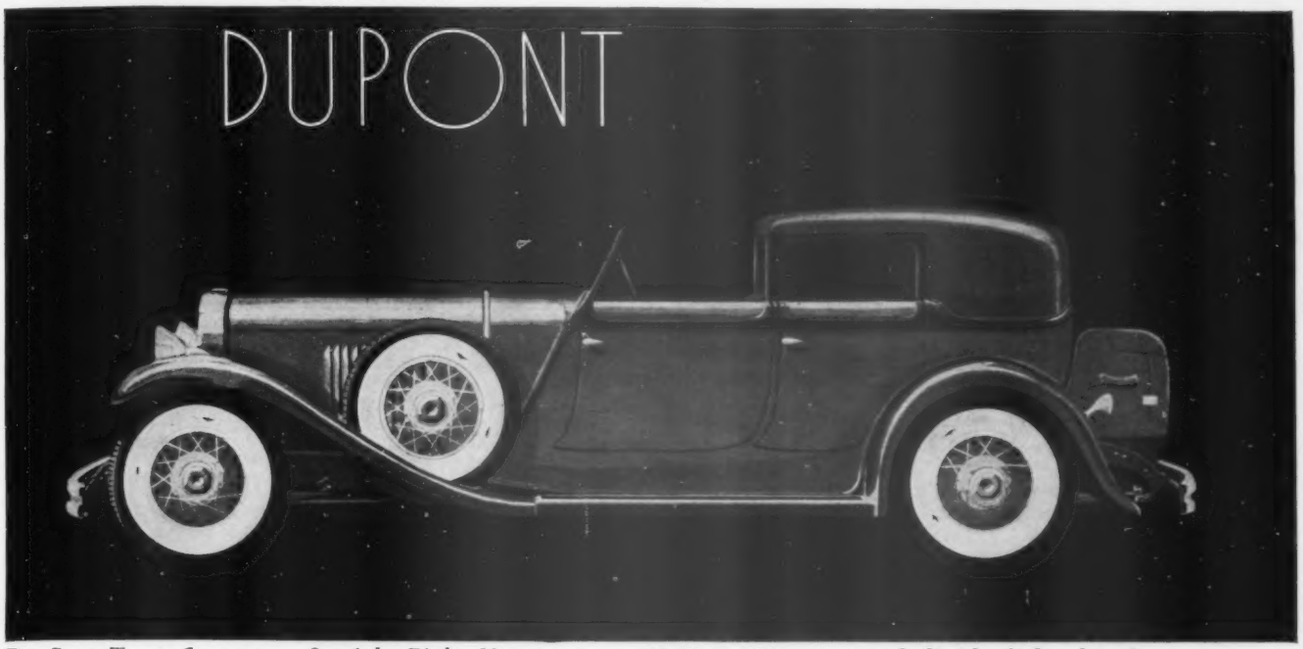
"You will not forget," she said softly. "Only remember . . ." But he could hear nothing but the beating of her heart beneath that paradisal blossom.

Then suddenly she was veiled again, and she called with a low imperious voice to the eunuch. The Astrologer followed him out into the street lost in one more perilous dream.

But for all that honey on his lips, for all those words so fiercely and so softly spoken, for all that firm questioning mind of his, he did not know who this sorceress was. Had he known, had his stars only told him . . . yet even so . . . there are women before whose lifted eyelids the mountains become as whirling dust.

This woman was Zara, that Berber woman from the Dey's native fastnesses in the hills, whose splendid valour of beauty was like a bright sword in a night of storm. The face of the dead woman he loved had been fading away from the heart of the man who had murdered and mourned her, before this living face of lovely power. Only a few short weeks and that little palace with its gardens and birds and talking water had been hers. But that blonde, dawn-like Frankish woman had come and robbed her of all.

(To be Concluded)



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THE REVEALING MOMENT

(*Continued from page 99*)

coqueluche of women, one of the leaders of the Catholic set, would have been to create enmities; and she had no intention of turning back, like Hannibal, before achieving Rome. Sensing as some deadly insect might, that the poison had entered his veins, she could afford to keep him waiting while she carried out a social campaign in which, if featured just enough and not too much, he would be of great assistance. Meanwhile, intimacy with the wife of the ambassador from one's own country was the best of introductions in a foreign land and Suzette made the most of it, slipping without any vulgar shoving or jostling through this small crack into a tight society.

THAT her affair with Salinares was progressing more rapidly than met the eye I should have deduced, if, in no other way, from the fact of his complete neglect of me. But there were other symptoms, observable as Suzette began to display her conquest a little more bodily. *Cavalieri serventi* are almost *de rigueur* in Rome and only scandalous when they portend unsuitable marriages. No one at first dreamed of an engagement between this divorced American and a member of the Pope's Guard, noted not only for inherited orthodoxy but for an extreme personal piety. The regularity of his appearance at all of her parties was, therefore, no subject of comment and as a *sigisbée* he compromised neither himself nor her. Though other people had not taken umbrage or alarm, I saw, however, that the struggle which had been bound to take place in him had begun. Even John noticed the change in him.

"I'm afraid you were right about Suzette and Salinares," he said to me one night, after they had spent the evening with us at the opera. "I should have thought him more perspicacious. However, passion and perspicacity are scarcely alliterative in life. Too bad! He was a good man."

"Don't use the past tense like that, John," I remonstrated, "it sounds like an obituary."

"It is. She will finish him just as she finished poor Struthers. Chary of her body, with no compensating generosity of soul! I know it as well as if God had told me. Of course, Tom turned out a rotter and not a dry rotter at that, but to start with he was a mighty good fellow."

"The trouble is there is so little you can really lay your finger on against Suzette," I said. "Delirium tremens has put better women than Suzette off the practices of matrimony and outsiders don't know it was she who drove him to drink. I wish I could rescue Salinares," I added, meditatively. "My introducing him to her was like shoving him off a dock. Naturally, I believed he could swim. Now that I know he can't, I feel that I must save him."

"Nothing," said John sententiously "can save him, except, perhaps, some revealing moment, something she herself might say or do that would show her up. Not much chance of it, though, for besides suffering from the proverbial cecity of the love-lorn, Salinares will never catch Suzette's subtler inflections. Of course," he added, "we as Americans and Protestants can hardly imagine the havoc such a marriage would create in his life. It will alienate his friends, estrange his family, and wreck his career, political and diplomatic. Salinares had potentialities. There is room in his country for such a man."

This conversation with John had been hardly reassuring and I was doubly troubled a few days later when my motor overtook Salinares' horse on the Campagna. He was riding straight into the sunset as if the devil were behind him. He noticed neither the car nor me, and as I looked back I could see the set of his jaw, the tension of his body, the whole tragic preoccupation of the man.

The previously recognized futility of a foolish action seldom restrains a strong impulse to commit it; and I instantly resolved to defy common sense in an attempt at rescue. To give me courage I began to recall the ugly lining to all the outwardly presentable facts of Suzette's life; the colossal selfishness which had made of her an unappreciative, thankless daughter; her mercenary marriage to an unattractive young man; and worst of all her cruelly casual relations to her child. Tom Struthers had wanted a child; but, born cheat that she was, Suzette resented paying any debt to him or the piper. A child was obviously an enemy to her convenience.

Of course after Bobby's birth, she cloaked her antipathy; bonneted her rather puny baby in lace and ribbons and, since he was irretrievably there, used him as a becoming accessory for the fashionable photography of herself in attitudes resembling those of the Madonna.

Later when Bobby had reached the grubby and less ornamental stage he was seldom in evidence, or at least his personal appearances were curtailed. Governesses and tutors being a nuisance in a household, he was ultimately packed off to boarding-school at the age of seven.

When the crash came, Bobby of course had been invaluable as a means of extracting big alimony from her husband. The neglected wife and devoted mother fighting for the rights of her child, was excellent material for her lawyers and appealed in the Press to all the sentimental traditions which the American theoretically respects and only characterizes as "bunk" when they become personally obstructive. Scenes of Suzette's history passed before me like a moving picture as my motor sped back through the purpling twilight towards Rome. The captions were my own. The accumulated data was sufficient to drive me to action. On reaching home, I indicted a short note summoning Salinares to tea on the following day. Just what I should say to him I did not know. I must trust to the inspiration that often meets, in an emergency, the chance opening.

My letter pleading for a tête-à-tête as compensation for his neglect of an old friendship, brought the swift courtesy of an immediate response. He would be with me at five.

HE ENTERED a little hurriedly with a nervousness I had never seen in him, politeness rigid on his lips like the painted smile of a dancer. The golden glow of the Roman afternoon sun tinged his face with a strange artificiality. He bent over my hand with the old courtly grace, but the balance, the poise of the man was visibly shaken. The preliminary skirmishes began.

I do not know whether Salinares suspected my purpose as I danced round him like a prize-fighter seeking an opening. His offensive, however, surprised me too quickly.

"Cara," he said, leaning towards me, "even though you had not sent for me today, I should have come. As my very dear and understanding friends, you and your husband should be the first to receive the confidence of my great decision . . ." He caught himself, "of my great happiness." As he spoke he looked like a man condemned to the guillotine.

"Do you suspect my news?" The attempted lightness accented his tragedy. "My engagement to Mrs. Struthers is forty-eight hours old. Congratulate me!"

I held out my hand, inadequately mumbling the obligatory commonplaces. I knew that I was too late. To attempt rescue now would be as futile as rolling an already drowned man on a barrel. Suzette had made him swallow the whole Mediterranean. I could not, however, restrain one despairing gesture.

"Your religion," I began. The look in his eyes stopped me. I could not go on.

"It has not been simple," he said after a pause, looking down at his lean hands. "You of a new world and new religion can scarcely understand such a conflict."

"I know," I said, trying to help him. "As Protestants we never seem to protest at anything any more!"

"Exactly! And if you accept divorce, remarriage is its natural sequel. But, picture to yourself me, a Spaniard, a member of the Pope's household, sepa-

(*Continued on page 144*)

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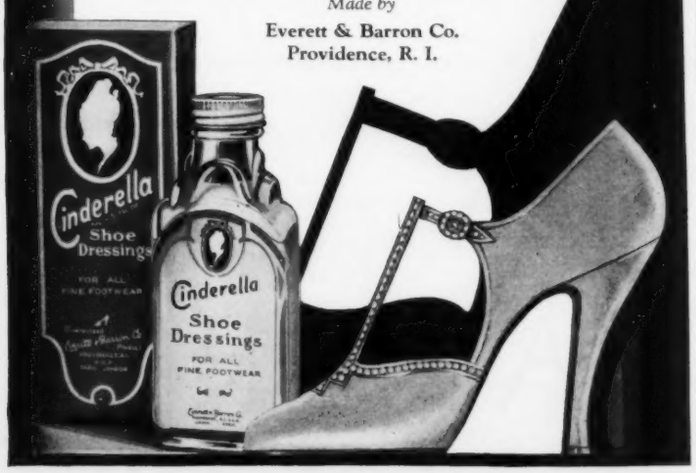

THE REVEALING MOMENT

(*Continued from page 142*)

rated from Suzette by every barrier of tradition and faith. Imagine her, the woman I love, surrounded by the barbed wire of every obstacle, pedestaled, crucified through no fault of hers, on the cross of her own purity. The barriers, you understand, were beloved barriers, my church, my mother, my dearest veneerations." His voice broke. "Of my career I do not speak. Such sacrifices are puerile, mere *soldi* thrown before a shrine. But my church, my mother, that was different!" Again he paused. "If Suzette had been a lesser woman I might have remained outside, longing, suffering, yet still outside. But you know her, her nobility, her gentleness, her steadfastness, her life of renunciation and devotion for the son for whose sake she endured so long all humiliations, all cruelties. The final decision to divorce was forced upon her as an escape from evil influences that were imperiling him."

"This winter," he went on, "has been heaven and hell for us both. How, loving me, as she does—for God forgive me I have made her love me—could I ask her to continue in this way, deprived of a complete happiness against which she herself has no prejudices? But here again she showed her nobility, her understanding. She forgave the conflict in me, though at times I could perceive that the pain I caused her was almost past endurance. You know how fragile she is. At moments I feared for her life. Finally she could stand the strain no longer. She determined to cut the coil, to leave Rome. It was she, the woman, the weaker, that took upon herself the immolation of our passion. She had intended to sail for America next week." His head drooped. On his face I could see the scars of a mortal combat. There was no need to ask who had been the victor.

Presently he began again, painfully. "I have handed in my resignation to the Pope through Monseigneur Gaspardini. I have written to my poor mother."

SILENCE fell between us like a curtain. It was some moments before I could speak, struggling with a nightmarish constriction in my throat. "When will your engagement become public?"

"A little later, after Suzette's ball for the King of Spain; we thought that the announcement preceding his visit would be awkward, creating as it would be bound to do, embarrassing comment."

All at once the transparency of Suzette's feint at leaving Rome before the crowning triumph of her season, filled me with ironic laughter. I hastened to cover it by saying quickly. "You will be marrying the most beautiful woman in Rome."

"*N'est-ce pas?*" He brightened for the first time. I could fairly see the *poudre aux yeux*—the star-dust she had scattered in his eyes. "What a contrast, is she not, to these high-nosed, predatory Roman women, rapacious in the meaner passions and ferocious in the greater ones!"

SUZETTE'S party for the King of Spain was the plumed *panache* of her season. It was also a masterpiece of her lover's diplomacy. He had secured for her through his connections and his *savoir faire* the feather that every woman in Rome coveted for her cap.

The arched ballroom of her palazzo, like the receptacle for a huge bouquet, displayed, that evening, the culled flower, the *fine fleur* of Roman aristocracy. The seating of the guests at dinner had been a *chef d'œuvre*, only a consummate knowledge of factional differences could have achieved it. And Suzette had been adequate to her great occasion, had hit the note in its true centre. Her attitude towards the King had been perfect. It fringed camaraderie without infringing formality. He was evidently captivated. Farther down the table, her real victim, gaunt and hollow-eyed, sat martyred even by this brief separation.

Fascinated in spite of myself, I watched her after dinner, as she dropped the King a shadowy curtsey at the end of the dance with which they had opened the ball. It was only a second after her next partner had claimed her that I noticed Salinares cutting in. Sweeping her only once round the ballroom, he drew her into the embrasure of a window open to the night.

Standing there, in her wisp of pale chiffon, the light catching and then losing, here and there, the facet of a diamond among the tulles and laces, she looked as airy and intangible as one of the tiny clouds tangled with stars in the midnight sky behind her. Framing the two figures as Salinares bent towards her, were the tall ilexes of the great dark garden. I wondered at the breach of Salinares's usual adherence to form in thus separating her from her guests on such an occasion; but then etiquette was not made for lovers, and balconies were!

As I passed the window a few moments later, in my somewhat laboured evolutions with the old Conte Carroncina, I saw that they had retreated onto the terrace beyond range of the light; but from the shadow, Salinares made towards me a scarcely perceptible and yet unmistakable gesture of appeal. I fear I divested myself of my Count with scant ceremony. At all events I managed a few moments later to slip out beside them.

SUZETTE was leaning against the parapet, swaying a little as if in pain. The staccato of her nervous exclamations alternated with an occasional sob. Salinares had his arm about her, soothing, protecting. Hurriedly he explained that she had just received the telegram he held in his hand, that her secretary had opened it and brought it to him to give to her. Bobby had met with a ski accident; the head master had sent for her.

"It does not sound as if he were seriously hurt, does it, does it?" Suzette kept interrupting. "He's quite good at sports, surely it cannot be so very bad." She seemed to implore us to agree. Salinares's deep eyes sought mine. Across her soft hair he signalled to me to spare her, to encourage her.

"No, no, Cara," he consoled her, "it may easily be nothing. The spring snows are dangerous, but few accidents are grave at this season. They were right to telegraph, of course; they knew you would wish to be near your boy, even if he were not badly hurt."

She continued to sob softly. "How can I, how can I? . . . the distance . . . the trains!"

I glanced at her sharply. An ugly suspicion had entered my mind. Her gentian eyes flickered. Salinares continued to reassure her.

"It's only just midnight. There is a train at three. We could catch the express at Florence." He piled on helpful statistics.

"A train at three?" she said. Suddenly on the hateful prettiness of her white face, I read relief. It stood out clearly like the writing of invisible ink under chemical action.

"Of course, darling," Salinares hurried on, "there is not the slightest necessity for you to go back to the ballroom even for a moment. That would be superhuman. No one would ask it of you. The King, least of all. I will go to him and explain. Any one of your friends can replace you as hostess."

She did not answer. Only fingered nervously a bit of chiffon.

"Carrissima, go now and rest. Fortify yourself for the journey. Meanwhile I will arrange for the motor, make the reservations. You will take your maid. Naturally I shall come with you."

She had not stirred. She stood silent, her gaze turned towards the ballroom where the King was laughing his way through a Charleston with the Duchessa Strozzoni. She laid her hand on Salinares' arm. "Stop—we must not upset everyone." Her voice was curiously determined. "The King always leaves at two. It would be an insult to him for me to go now. I shall have plenty of time to change afterwards." The tears still glittered on her cheeks like false jewels. She made a step. He caught at her dress.

"Don't do it, don't, Cara. I know your

(*Continued on page 146*)

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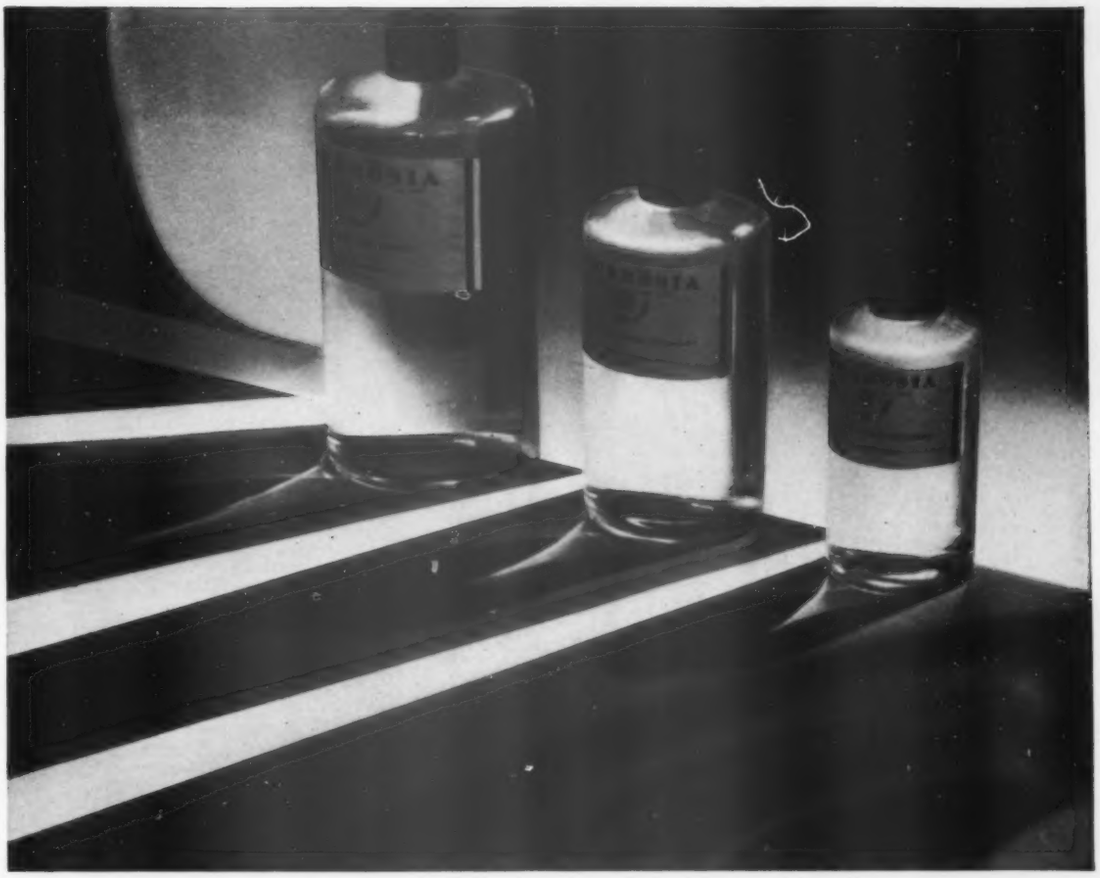

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THE REVEALING MOMENT

(*Continued from page 144*)

courage, but you must not really . . . Supposing afterward . . . after all . . . if Bobby should . . ."

His opposition irritated her. "Can't you see," she cried hysterically, "that it's the only way? How could I rest now? It will help me to keep going. If Bobby were worse we should have heard by this time. The head master is always an alarmist."

"Hiding in the corner with the most fascinating man in Rome!" de Fergonac catching sight of our trio had bounded out on to the balcony and stood bowing before Suzette. "Permit me."

AN instant later she was eddying across the dance floor. On her face, turned upwards towards the light, there was scarcely a shadow.

The silence on the terrace grew faintly ominous. I dared not look towards Salinares. It was only elementary delicacy to allow him a moment's readjustment. She had let fall the first of her seven veils. Surely he must have glimpsed . . .

In a second he said hoarsely, "Thank God, she does not understand!" He was excusing her to himself, protecting her from me.

He passed his hand across his forehead as if to dispel a tangible cloud; then he turned towards me impetuously. "*Cara amica*, come with us, come. Suzette will need a woman, a friend to be with her at moments when I . . . Will you come, will you?"

"Yes," I said, giving him my hand. A quick review of my obligations had proved them mostly imaginary; and instinctively I knew that Salinares would need me as much, if not more than Suzette did. Without a word, he pressed my arm and was gone. I watched him make his way swiftly across the floor between the dances. His face showed the perplexity of a man haunted by the premonition of some unknown and yet half divined danger.

THE Express, rushing through the night, rent it to fragments with a sound like the tearing of cloth. Suzette leaned back in a corner of the carriage. Beneath her dropped lids, thin violet shadows followed the subtle modelling of her delicate cheeks. She had danced until the last moment, but it was one of her many advantages over other women that the evidences of fatigue or annoyance never appeared to result from trivial causes. She looked at this moment so genuinely broken by grief and anxiety that I began to feel that perhaps I had been, after all, too hard in my judgment of her.

Salinares, seated opposite, had never closed his eyes nor taken them from her face. Whenever she stirred or sighed, he would get up and adjust the rug or settle the travelling cushion with that curiously skilful, maternal gentleness, peculiar to Latin men. Occasionally he asked her if he could bring her anything, do anything to make her more comfortable. She seldom answered, simply shaking her head with an air of exhaustion.

We had arranged before leaving Rome to have any telegrams for her that might arrive after our departure forwarded to the train, under Salinares's name. If the worst happened, we could spare her the impact of too sudden a shock. Unfortunately it is difficult to outwit chance.

At the first station, I had gone into the dining-car for a cup of coffee and Salinares had stepped to the end of the corridor to make an inquiry of the guard, when a telegraph boy, finding a lady in the numbered compartment, corresponding to the address on the envelope he had to deliver, gave it into her hand. The buffet car had not yet been opened and Salinares and I returning at the same moment discovered Suzette, whimpering and hysterical, huddled like a wounded bird in a corner of the carriage. On the floor lay the telegram.

"Grieved to inform you your son died midnight await your arrival for all arrangements Johan Mugli."

Even great sorrow seldom expresses itself adequately; but as I look back on it, I can see that in her broken exclamations, there was never once the accent of real love.

After a while we induced her to lie down. Kneeling on the floor, Salinares patiently chafed the slender little arm hanging limp beside him. Sometimes he stroked her hair. At last she seemed to sleep, exhausted by her hysterical babble, punctuated by outbreaks of sobbing.

We were nearing Florence when he got up, stiffened by the long maintained constriction of his position.

"Will you wake her, while I go and see if the train is on time?" he whispered.

I touched her shoulder lightly: "Suzette dear, we must change here at Florence." I was sorry that her eyes, heavy with sleep and swollen with tears, must open so soon upon her tragedy.

She started, gave a little moan, and struggling to her feet leaned for a moment towards the mirror above the seat.

"What a fright I am!" she said; "did Salinares really see me like this?" She reached for her vanity-case. Then carefully she took out the implements of her world-old trade and slowly, meticulously, darkened the fringes of her gentian eyes, renewed the candid, innocent curve of her lips and dusted upon her tired cheeks an additional pallor.

Neither she nor I had noticed that Salinares was still in the doorway; but suddenly in the mirror above her head I caught the reflection of his face, filled with the horror of a man that sees something he loves slowly being done to death before his eyes.

It was a second before he spoke. Then he said, "I'm glad that you're so nearly ready. Our train reaches Florence in half an hour." His voice was without resonance, flat, toneless.

Suzette had sunk back into the corner. "I'm so tired, so terribly tired." Her lids drooped. She began to cry. He took her hand. I realized he was trying to repudiate his momentary disillusion. She did not speak, her free hand held to her breast. Her whole attitude expressed the extremity of exhaustion. For a moment we almost thought that she had fallen asleep again, but suddenly she opened her eyes. "I've been thinking," she said, slowly, "that there is really no reason in going on . . . now."

"Not go on?" Salinares and I spoke in one breath.

"No. After all, what is the use? Surely the arrangements could be made from there . . . I . . ."

Salinares had dropped her hand. He stood up.

"Not go?" he repeated. "Not go? Not go?"

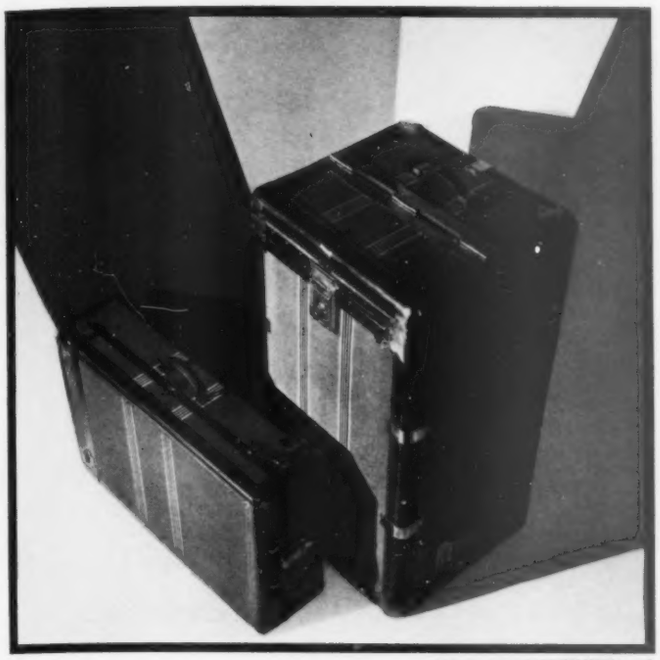
"You see," she began, "the altitude . . . I'm not equal to it, even now." She put her hand to her side. "My heart . . . the salts . . . quick."

I'm afraid I pressed the vinaigrette to her fluttering nostrils with undue emphasis.

"Perhaps you might risk it," I said. "Your heart seemed quite able to stand the strain of dancing all night." The revealing moment was there and I intended to underline it. There was no necessity.

From the doorway of the carriage, Salinares was speaking, formally, as if to a stranger. As I looked at him, a sort of fierce joy welled up in me, for I saw that he was free, his shackles struck away by a releasing lightning as fatal as that first *coup de foudre* in my salon in Rome. Withdrawn, fastidious, and aloof, he stood there, outside her orbit, touching her life remotely, *du bout des doigts*.

"Return to Rome by all means since you think best," he said slowly. "No doubt Madame, as an old friend, will consent to accompany you. But you will excuse me that I do not follow. In the high mountains a boy, your son, lies dead among strangers and even in death he needs me, as he must often and often have needed you in life. I go to him in this hour."



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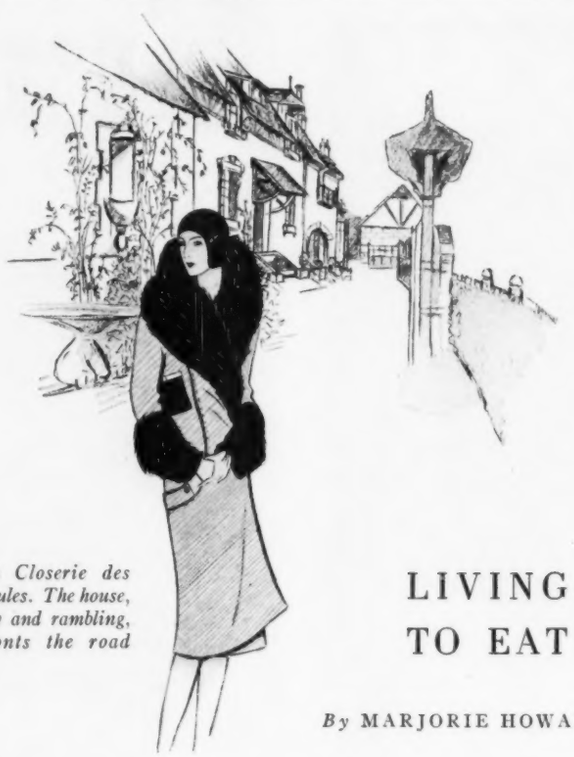

La Closerie des Saules. The house, low and rambling, fronts the road

LIVING TO EAT

By MARJORIE HOWARD

Even in the Winter the Restaurants about Paris Are Pleasant Places for a Superlative Meal

ONE of the joys of a visit to Paris is its superlatively good eating. Famous restaurants draw their enthusiasts as surely as famous historical monuments, or equally famous providers of feminine attire. One wants to visit historical spots once only; one cannot stand for fittings all day long; but one must take food at least twice in each twenty-four hours. So the menus grow longer and more tempting, and the wine lists overcome our resistance with their rich-sounding names of celebrated vintages. Since automobiles bind city to country by long roads boasting surfaces like the proverbial billiard table (even if they do not always quite live up to their pretensions), Paris has become a sort of culinary hub of a wheel with spokes in all directions, each one ending in a temple of delectable food.

Many people say, "I am always hearing about these shrines of Lucullus outside the confines of Paris; but I am never there in fine weather, so that it is impossible for me to visit them."

What a mistake that is. We cannot guarantee fine weather in this part of France, as the restaurant keepers know well. So many of the most delightful of them are fully prepared for anything the elements may do. Nothing, perhaps, is quite so charming as dining in a garden, but lunching in a Normandy thatched cottage, or in a glass-enclosed veranda, or in the corner of an old panelled room beside a roaring wood fire is a very fair substitute. Telephone in advance if you are exigent about the menu, and if you wish to be sure of a choice table, especially on a Sunday.

There are many of these attractive spots within a radius of a hundred kilometres from Paris, some much nearer, and all easy to reach. Your hotel will arrange for a car with a chauffeur who knows the way, if you have not your own. One of my favourites is the Maison de l'Yvette, in the heart of the famous Vallée de Chevreuse, about forty kilometres from Paris. You may go by Versailles, but on Sunday when the roads are crowded there is a good route out of the Porte de Chatillon, up the Avenue du Maine, a wide open street on the left bank. Follow the signs that say "Route de Chevreuse," through Bièvres and Courcelles to Saint Rémy les Chevreuses. Here and there, you must take a doubtful-looking side road, instead of the broad main route, but it is plainly marked all the way.

You may easily slip past the front of the Restaurant Yvon without noticing it, for it is just a stone wall with a door in it like any other house in the grey stone villages of this pretty region. However, they have just stuccoed the front and painted it red-brown. If you have telephoned in advance, they will probably show you into a special little country dining-room, with a fire of *boulets* glowing in its grate, and an oval table set ready for you. The sort of furniture that is usually stored in attics is set around the room, with Brittany plates of doubtful value skew-gee on the walls, covered with one of those depressing papers that seem to cling to country walls in France and nowhere else. But don't let anything like this discourage you.

Once upon a time we were dining alone at the Providence, at Jouy, outside Châtres—also a treasured address, by the way. We began talking to the buxom lady who had given us a meal to be remembered, and we told her that we thought she must be one of the best cooks in all France.

"I'm a good cook," she readily acknowledged, "but there is one who is better. It is Madame Yvon of the Maison de l'Yvette at Saint Rémy les Chevreuses. She is a *cordon bleu* if ever there was one."

Madame Yvon has passed on the chef's cap to her son, but he ably lives up to the tradition of the house.

You begin with country pâté in a *terrine*, with crusty bread and pale yellow butter. Then *homard à l'Armoricaine*, or *écrevisses* with a sauce straight out of paradise; or perhaps you trifle with *rognons sautés au vin blanc;* something spicy and tempting to begin with. Deep-breasted partridges, on a canapé tasting of their very essence, come next, with soufflé potatoes, like overstuffed cushions, and a salad right out of the

(*Continued on page 152*)

EGYPT . . . and the MEDITERRANEAN

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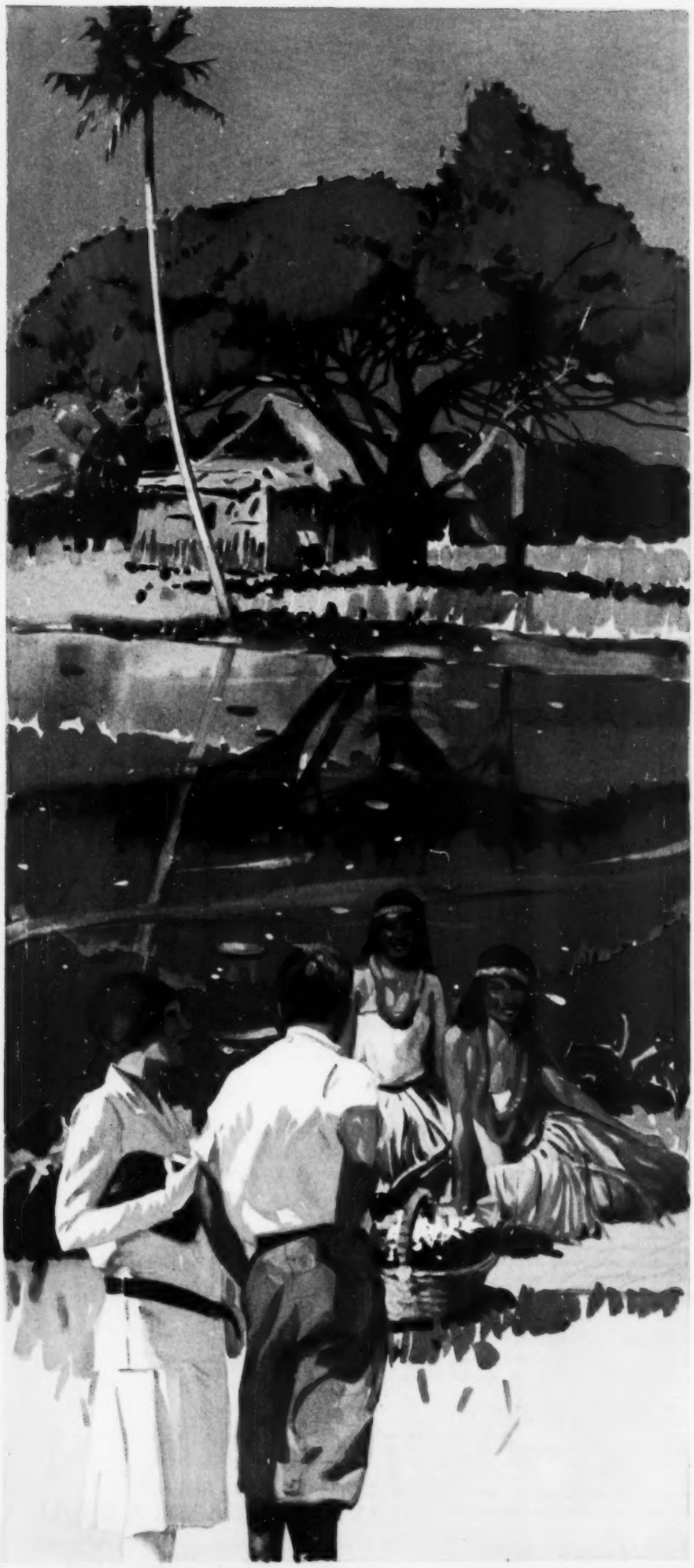

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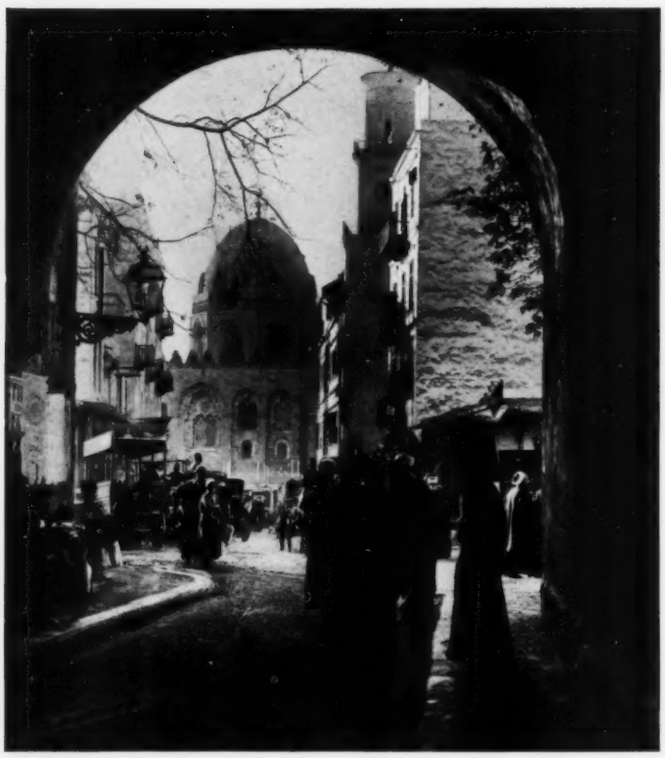

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For information, etc., any Cuban consul, any travel agency, any steamship, railroad or airplane ticket office, or the Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana. : : :

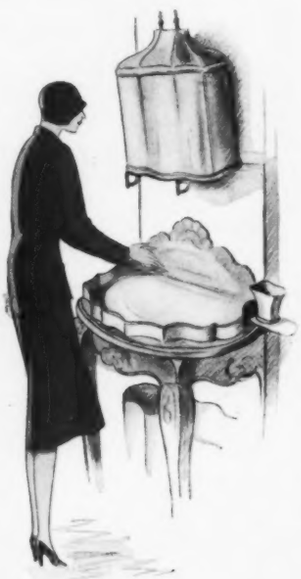
LIVING TO EAT

(*Continued from page 148*)

garden. If you can go on after that, there is a special *flan*, something like an American custard pie after a trip to heaven; or a fruit tart with fruit grown on the premises, and pastry like brown tissue-paper which crumbles under the fork. Coffee and *vieux Calvados flambé* finish the meal. The latter is brought in in a metal tureen, burning with the blue flames of a Christmas snapdragon, and is ladled out into coffee cups, for any glass would crack under the boiling liquid. After such a luncheon, I'll guarantee that you will not care for much dinner, especially as you simply must drink Burgundy with the partridges. One of the lighter ones, as it is luncheon. They have a very good Moulin à Vent, I remember.

You have certainly heard of the Moulin de Bicherel, with its parasol-shaded tables round an old mill-pond, and flowers blazing everywhere in the sun. But under a January sky, when the flowers are all asleep except for a few hardy winter chrysanthemums, Bicherel has its attractions too. You ascend a few steps into the brown-panelled Breton dining-room, with a cheerful fire talking to itself in the wide chimney, and your hospitable table tucked into the corner. *Poulet à la broche* is the specialty here, crisp, brown in just the right degree, and dripping with fresh butter. They boast that they can roast seventy-two chickens in thirty-five minutes.

Bicherel is very easy of access, as it is only forty kilometres from Paris. Take the road to Rambouillet, the President's country château, and you will see signs with "Moulin de Bicherel" on them all along the route. Presently you turn sharply to the right, following the signs, and find yourself in a pretty rolling country, with the Moulin hidden in one of its valleys. You may return by another route, continuing on to the right, and coming out on the road to Houdan.



At the Bois Joli we wash our hands at a big pewter fountain.

On the celebrated road built by English soldiers during the War, and called "La Route de Quarante Sous" because that was the toll-gate fare for using it, you will see large blue and white signs of "La Closerie des Saules." This charming hostelry lies on the road to Tessancourt, a battered-looking village with a typical square stone church tower. The last bit of road descends sharply, just after you pass Tessancourt itself. Go slowly, and presently after descending as low as you can, you turn to the left, between green hedges, and come upon La Closerie des Saules, so called because its winding streams are an ideal spot for weeping willows. The house, low and rambling, fronts the road, as most of them do, and across the way is a pretty water garden fringed with willows. In winter, one lunches or dines on the glass-covered terrace, decorated in Chinese fashion, no one seems to know why; or in the big arched hall, with Chinese painted ceiling. In summer, the glory of the place is its immense variety of trees. There is a huge Japanese cherry, a fountain of bloom in the spring; but the yellow leaves still clinging to the trees, or floating on the winding streams have their own winter glory. Almost everything you eat here comes off the place itself, for there is a most efficient farm and kitchen garden, all the vegetable beds set off with apple trees, growing low and spreading their gnarled arms like fences. They are a garland of blossom in the spring, but I keep forgetting that we are in the middle of winter. You will forget it, too, as you lunch on delicious dishes, served on brightly coloured china, with colour all round you to help you ignore the dull skies outside.

The Moulin de Bicherel has a cheerful fire in the wide chimney.

If you have more time, and are not afraid of a hundred kilometre trip, then I thoroughly recommend the Bois Joli, or, to give it its nickname, the 104 Kilometres de Paris, because the mile-stone with 104 on it leans against the very door. This is on the road to Brest, just outside a little village called Tillières, another house-front running along the street, giving very little hint of the delights within. It looks a typical Normandy farm-house, which is just what it was until the owner turned it into a cross between a restaurant and a museum of precious old furniture.

You enter a little reception hall, with an ancient mantelpiece, upheld by stone pillars with carved stone heads at the top of them, like those on the great portal of Chârtres cathedral, but black and shiny with much handling. To the left is a magnificent kitchen, the most magnificent kitchen I ever saw, with a huge fire of glowing wood embers across one end, where chickens are slowly roasting on the spit; while a blaze of copper pots and pans hangs from walls and broad-beamed

(*Concluded on page 154*)

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Apr. 12, 1930	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

LIVING TO EAT

(*Concluded from page 152*)

ceiling. Again a glass-covered veranda, only it is more like a passage this time, with four little dining-rooms opening off it, each housing a treasure of period furniture, Louis XV., Louis XVI., Directoire, Empire. The tables are spread ready, even when there is no one to eat at them, with flowers in the centre and glass and china of the same epoch as the furniture. One table was spread with a cloth which had a new idea—new to me, at any rate. At each corner, there was inset a little basket of lacework, a real basket, separate from the smooth damask foundation, and in each basket was a real flower and a sprig of green. Isn't that charming?

The view is charming, too, across an orchard of apple trees, under which the tables are set in summer, and falling away in the distance abruptly, so that one overlooks the rich many-coloured valley. We lunch in the glass-covered passage, first washing our hands at the big pewter fountain, hung on the wall and filled from the top, with a huge pewter basin under it, just as they did it in the eighteenth century. The table is an old one of deep brown oak, and it is spread with gay printed cotton, red and blue flowers on pale green, and every plate throughout the entire meal is of a different colour and design. The very glasses are squat ones of dented orange lustre glass. Everything is special and unusual. Again we begin with a country pâté, one of those delectable mixtures of meat and herbs, many of the receipts handed down from generations, and no two tasting alike. Then we have little soles, that I am sure were swimming at five o'clock in the morning, served with melted butter full of chopped herbs into which lemon juice is squeezed at the last moment. Or you may have a sort of fricassee of fish, in a sauce that simply must be swobbed up with a bit of bread afterwards. Thank goodness, we are in France, where swobbing is allowed, even expected. Lord Chesterfield himself could not leave it. With it, we drink an excellent Chablis. The wines are what they pretend to be, and that is a rarer thing than you might imagine.

After this, game in season, or chicken roasted on the spit, or done in a casserole with brown and succulent mysteries clustered about it; or a simple roast, just what anyone might have, but no one does, because it tastes like a new dish when turned slowly before the glowing embers. Red wine with the roast, Burgundy or Bordeaux, according to your palate. For dessert, a specialty of the house, Galette du Bois Joli, a triangle of toothsome pastry, crisp yet chewy, smothered in smooth chocolate that comes in a little brown pot of its own. You may have crêpes, any sort you fancy, from Suzette down, but I recommend the galette. I have never tasted anything just like it. They bring you any fruit in season, but I doubt if you will be able to do justice to it. Perhaps a grape or two, those little white grapes of France that look so unpromising and taste like globules of honey.

Climb the stairs after luncheon if you can manage it, and look at the bedrooms, the Louis XVI., Directoire, Empire, and the Bijou, each with its treasure of period furniture in a perfect setting. One may stay for a week-end. How I should like it!

This is a fashion magazine, so we must not forget a word about clothes. Wear your fur-lined tweed coat, so that you may leave the windows of the car wide open and breathe the sweet country air, scented with the spice of fallen leaves and of freshly turned earth, where the ploughs have been busy. It is comfortable to carry one of the new purse-puffs, as Patou and Maggy-Rouff have made them for us this winter. A simple wool jersey or tweed frock, not too warm, as most of these interiors are well heated. I always wear woollen stockings and sensible shoes for an outing like this, so that we can take an appetite-breeding stroll before luncheon. I don't feel like strolling afterwards. Woollen gloves, if the day be chilly, are quite a comfort, too. And warm fur rugs for the car. You want to sit quite still going home, thinking over your luscious meal, item by item, and not letting any disturbing thoughts of possible colds mar the perfect digestion of such a repast.

And they have just brought in a mode that calls for strenuous banting. What cruelty!

Illustrations by Iris Schweppe

The Bois Joli, its mile-stone at the very door, is nicknamed the "104 kilometres de Paris."

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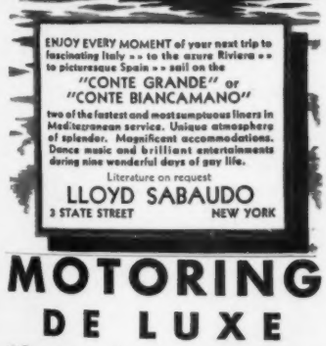

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